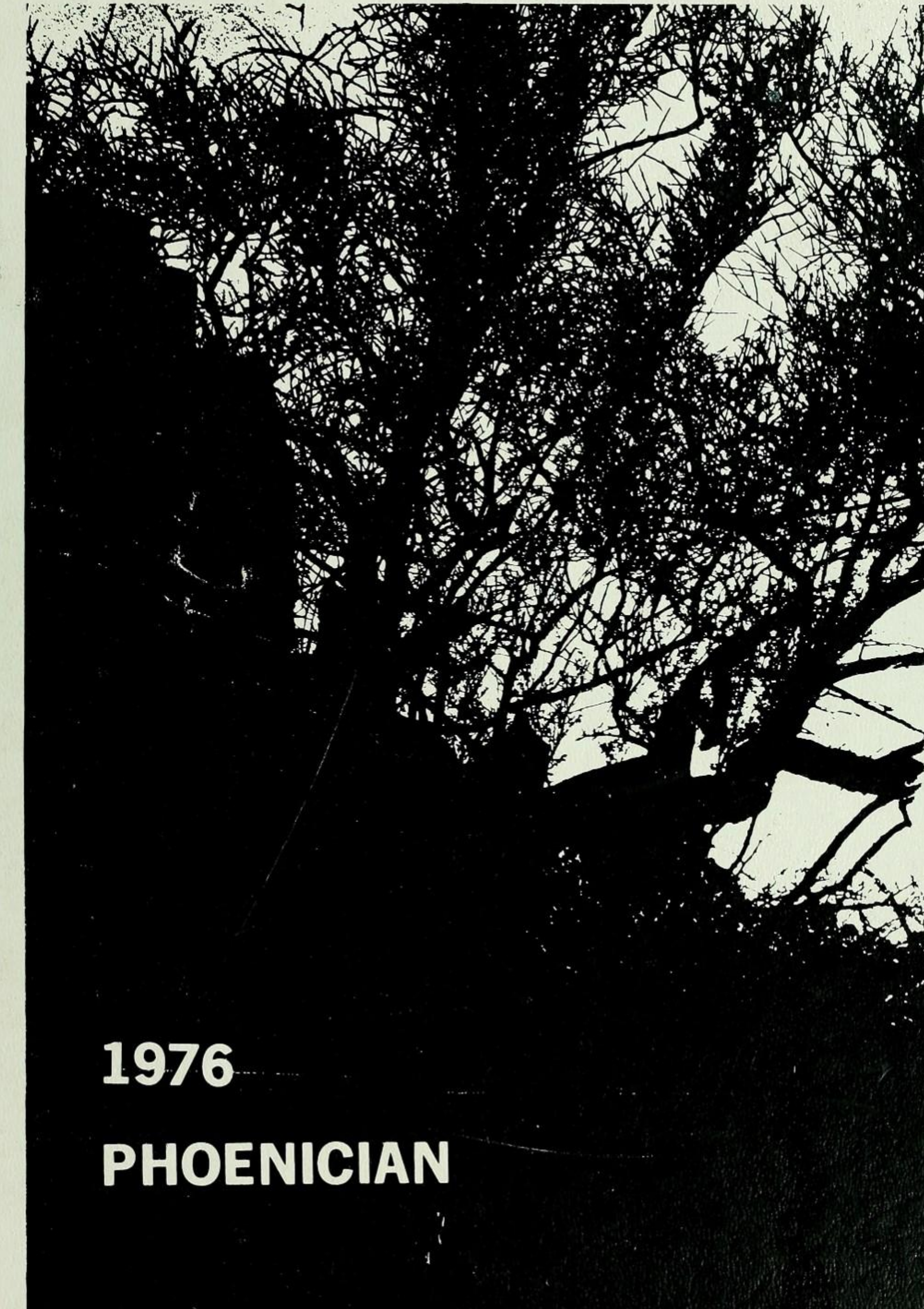




1976

PHOENICIAN

Robert Leach

Jennifer Moller

Pam Hinchcliffe

Peter Madler

John Marcarelli
Shannon

Danger

John Wilson

Gosh
Lerry

Penny Soper

Jennifer Schoffler

Good Luck Ralph - Mrs. Suss

Ralph

Robert H. Peirce Jr.

Ralph D

Wendy
Peterson

Bobby Peirce

Brian

Bryant



Mrs. Linda Bryant

Douglas All's worth

Donald
Mc

I feel better
and have a good
summer. Love
C. Phillips

To Ralph: I've enjoyed
working with you and
hope you have a nice
summer! Mrs. Peterson

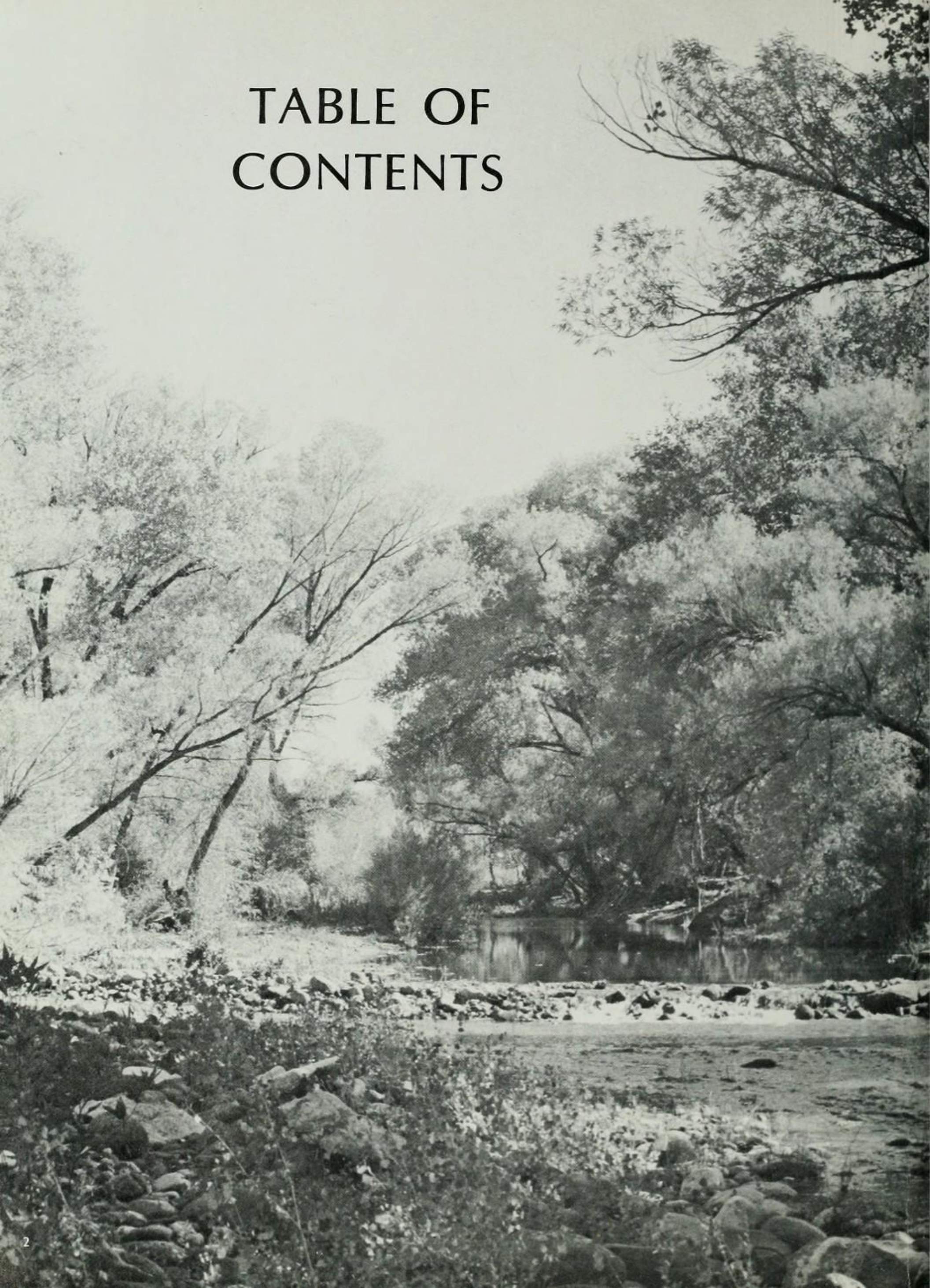
Mrs. Brown
See you next year!

Yearbooks 200e

I-20194

**PHOENICIAN
VOLUME XII
1976**

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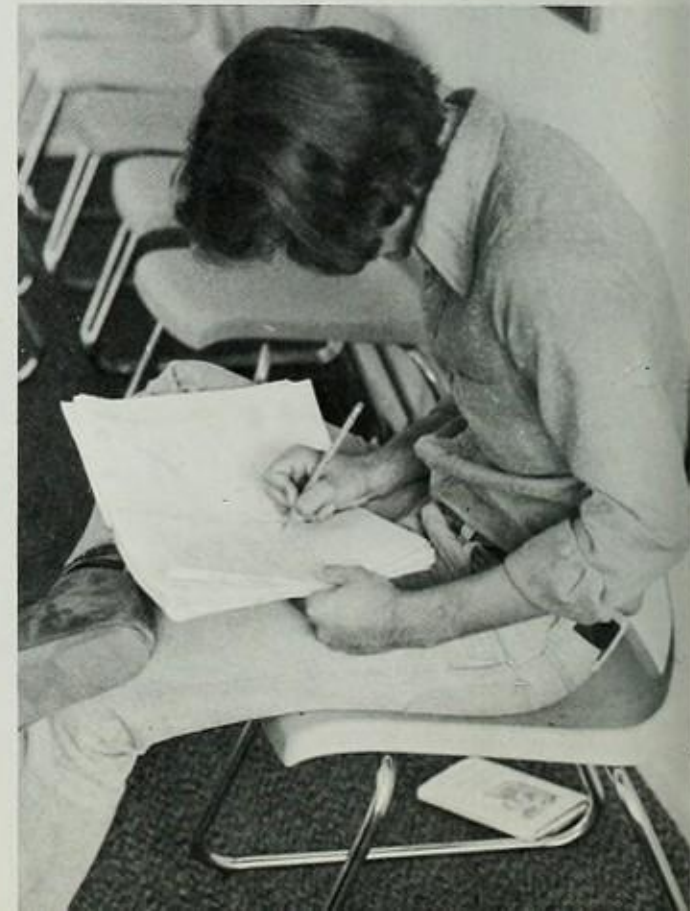
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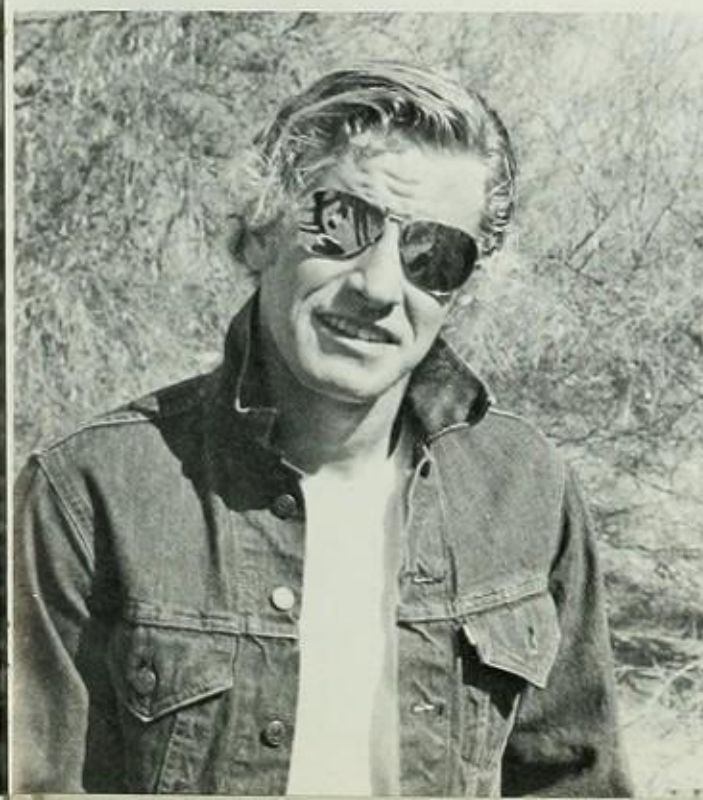
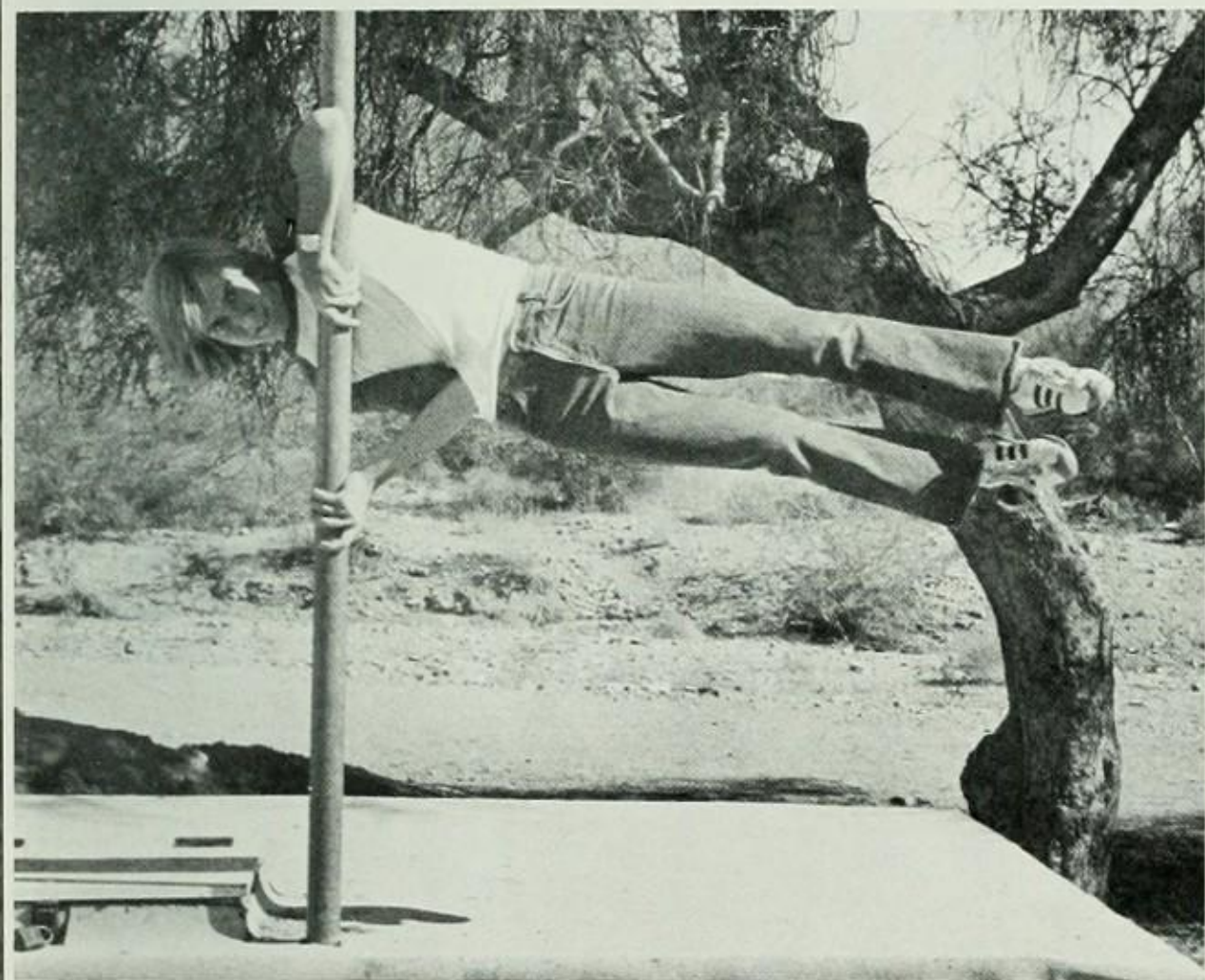
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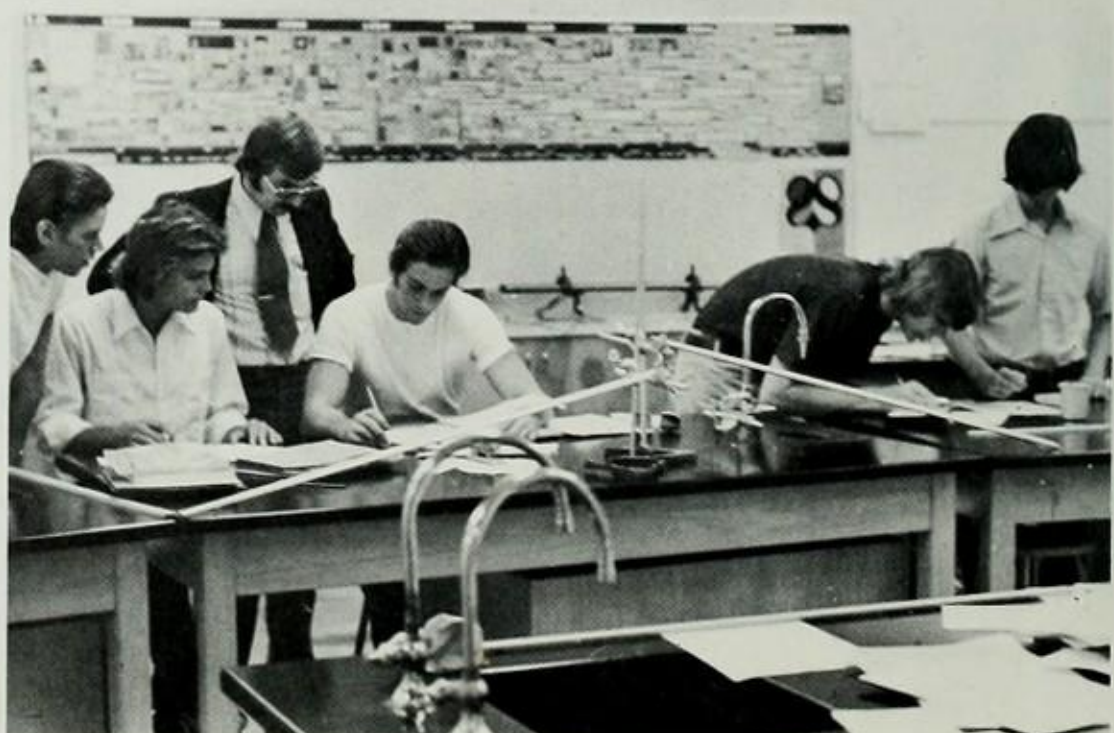
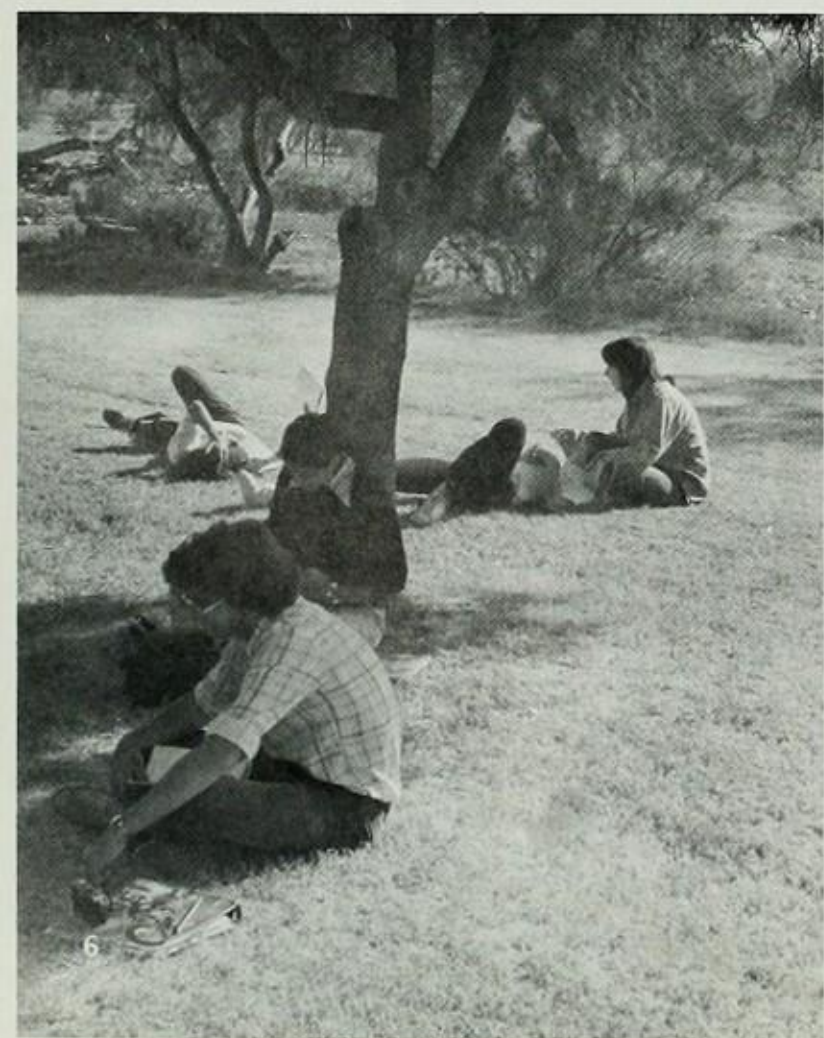
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PHOENIX COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

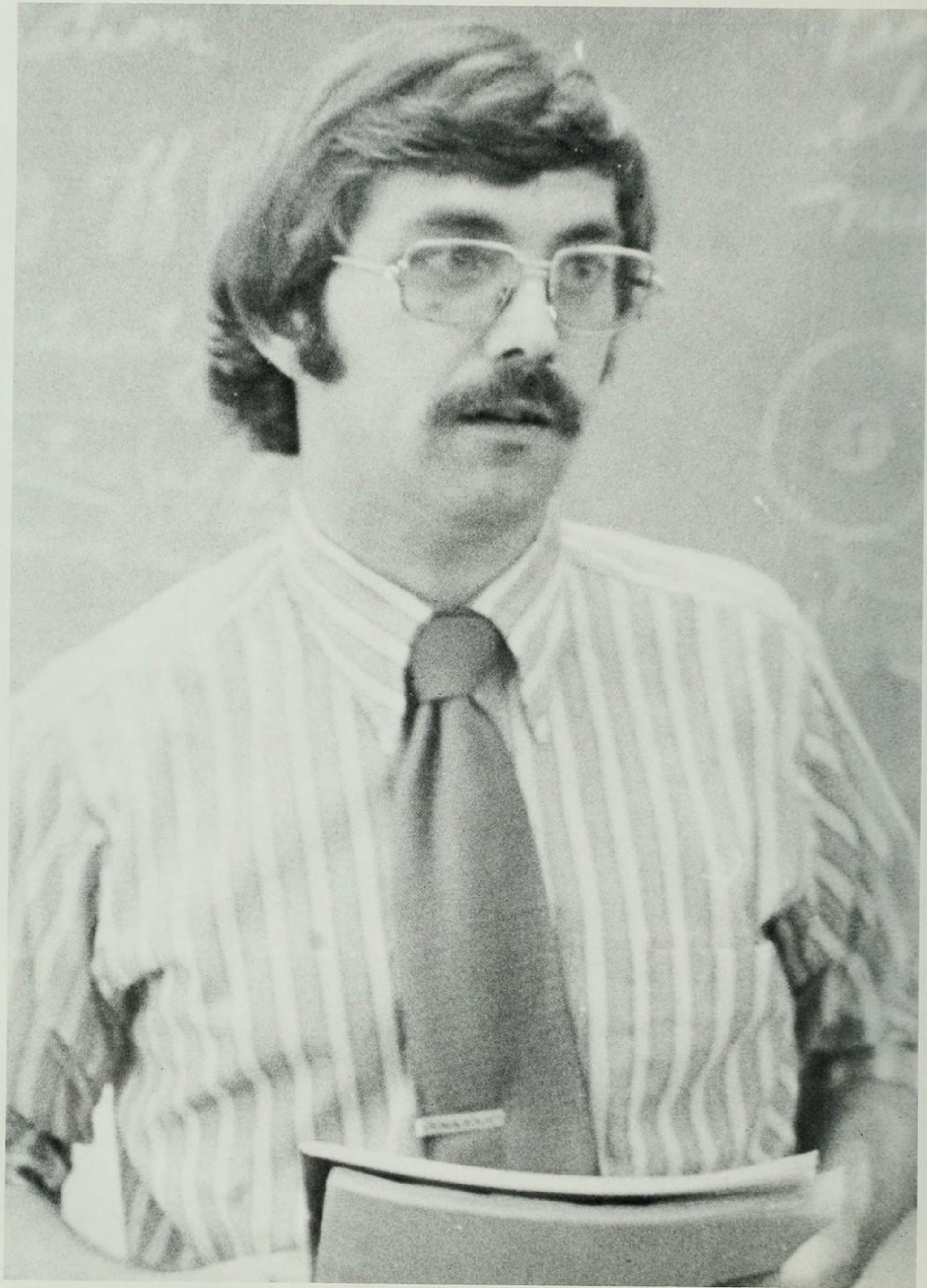


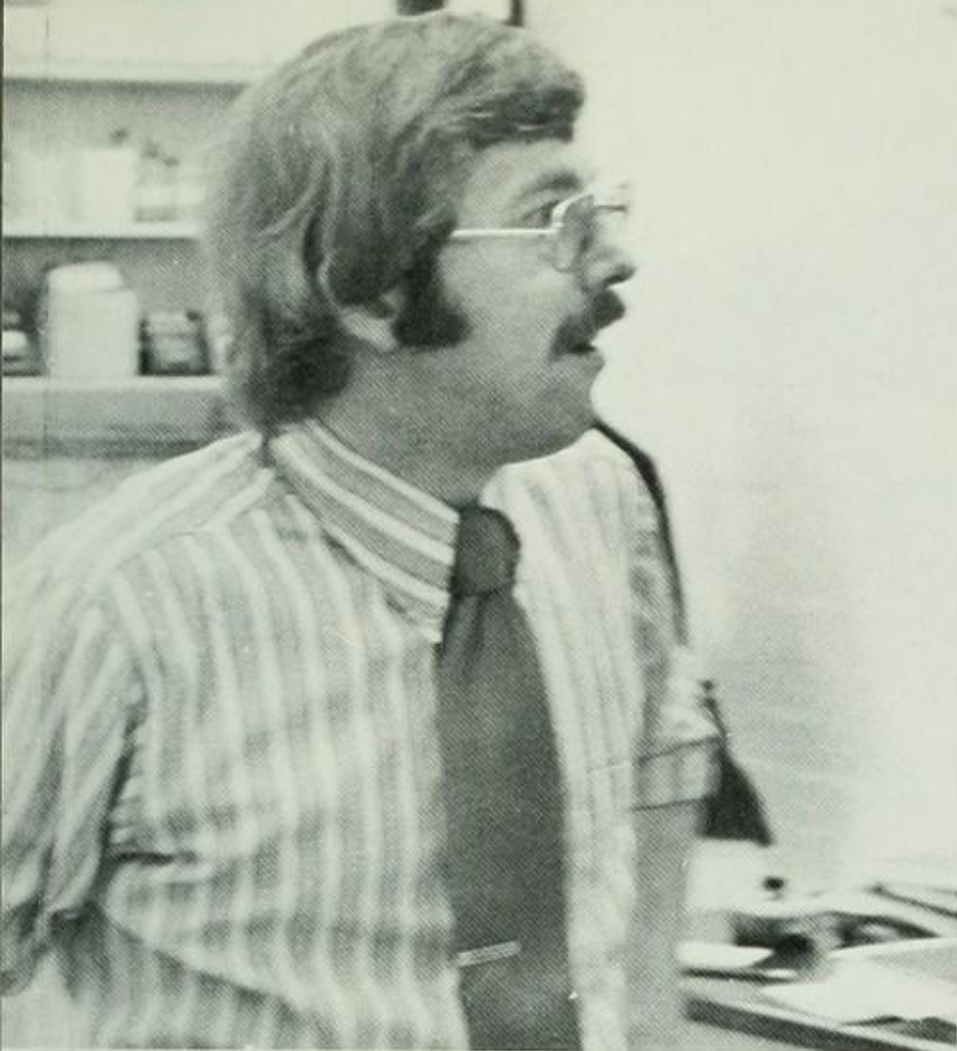
1975-
1976



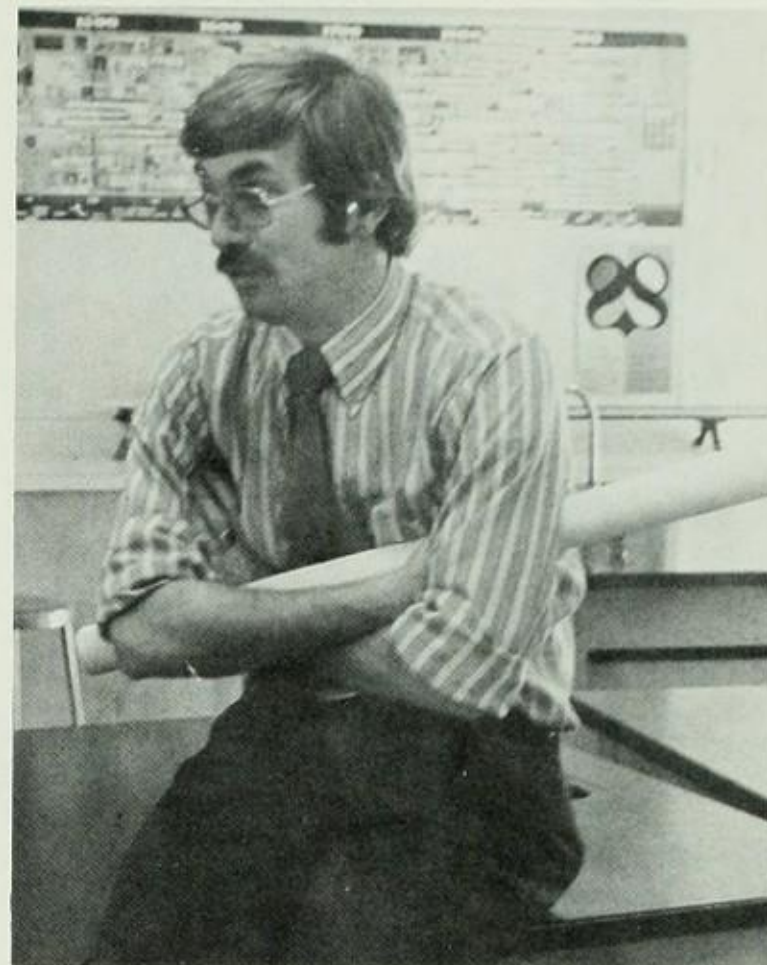




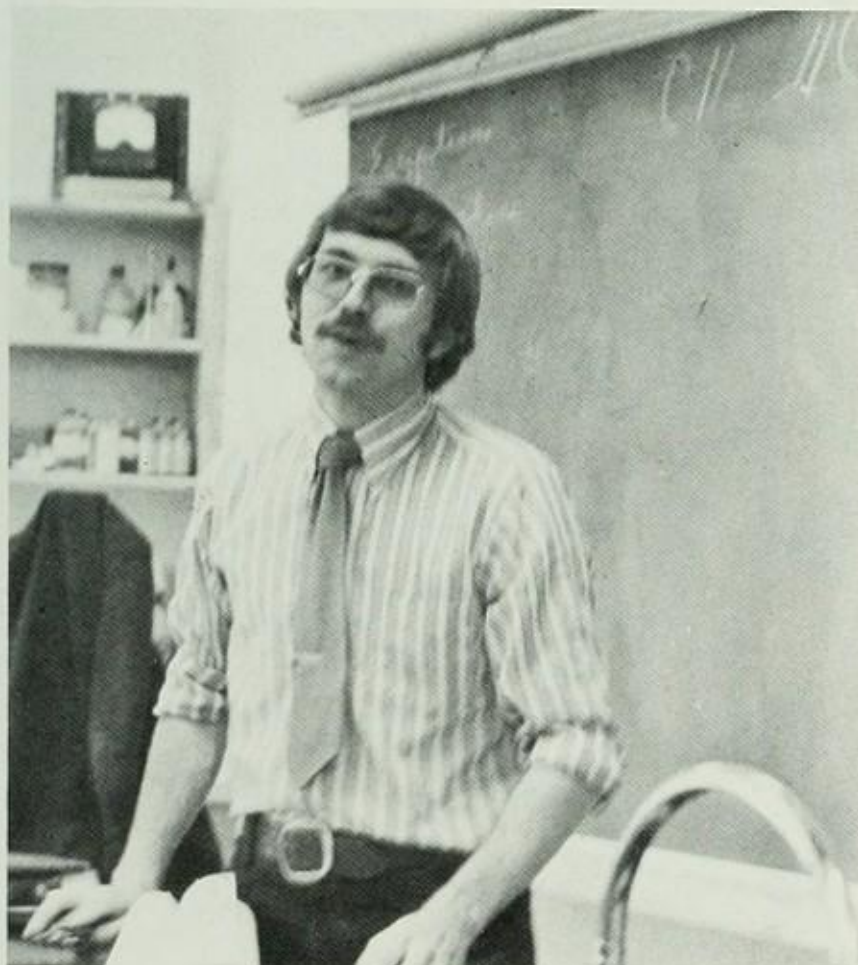




Thank you, Mr. Wilson, for being a teacher, a scientist, a lousy pun artist, for always having the quote up on the blackboard, and especially for being a great friend. We dedicate this yearbook to you. The seniors.

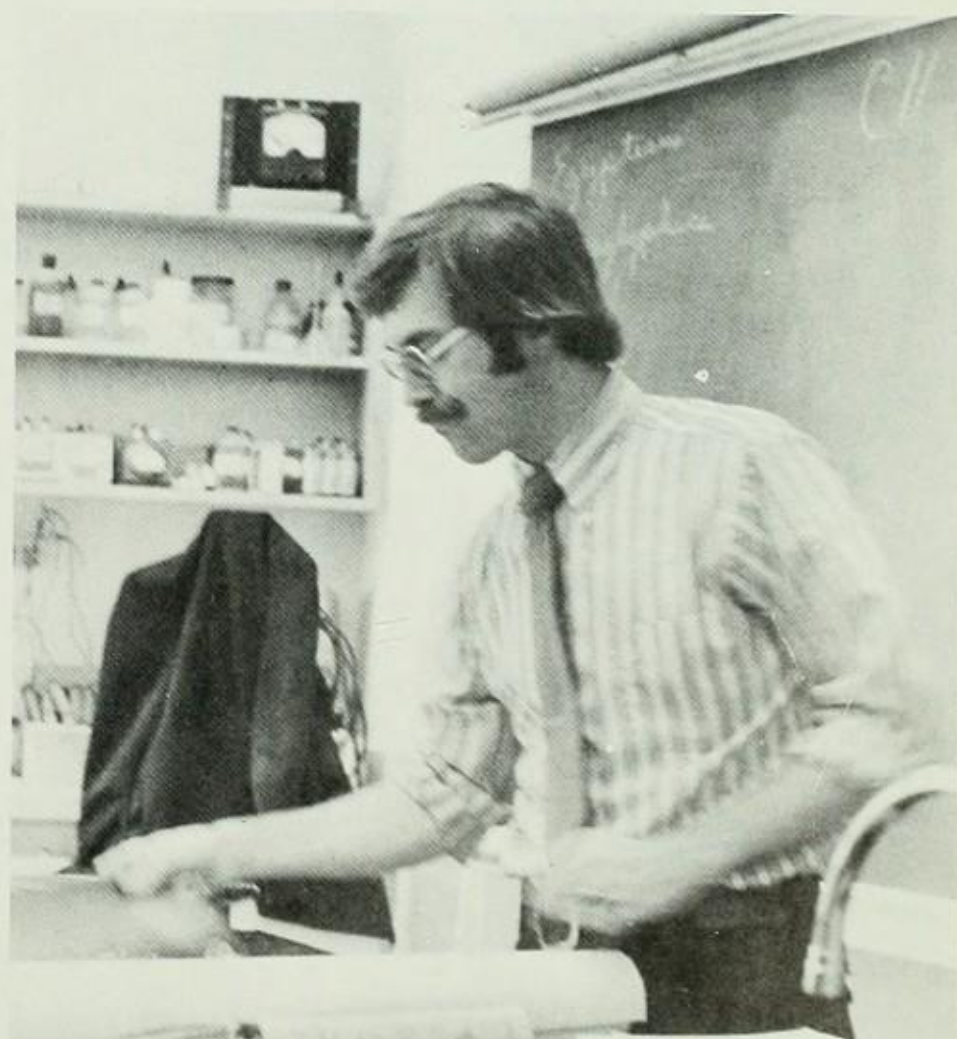


The true profession of man is to find his way to himself.



Teachers open the door, you must enter by yourself.

Did you hear the one about..?







PHOENIX COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

P. O. BOX 15087

PHOENIX, ARIZONA 85060

HEADMASTER'S OFFICE

Life is changing on this campus. We have had many more courses offered, activities planned, a new form of school government established; in addition, enrollment continues to rise.

The task of education undertaken by Phoenix Country Day School is to develop the all around abilities of each student so that the special talents of each may be made fully effective. Our curriculum is made up of academic, social, aesthetic, governmental and physical exercises.

No one particular area is all important at our school, just as no one individual can exist for himself alone. Each plays an integral role in the development and progress of our educational enterprises. Each is needed if we are to continue to provide the kinds of educational experiences our students deserve.

While there is a tendency in American education to provide ready-made experiences for our students and a spirit of "having things done for you," perhaps the most important contribution P.C.D.S. can make towards the solution of the complex problems of today is to demonstrate to students how they can help themselves.

We can all take pride in this year's accomplishments. New programs, expanded library holdings, a record enrollment, student intellectual and athletic accomplishments are just some of the indications that we continue on the path of educational excellence.

The future, however, will demand much more from us. As our graduates matriculate into some of the most demanding colleges in this period of rapidly accelerating competition, perhaps the greatest challenge facing them will be the good sense to value other human beings as individuals for their individual worth.

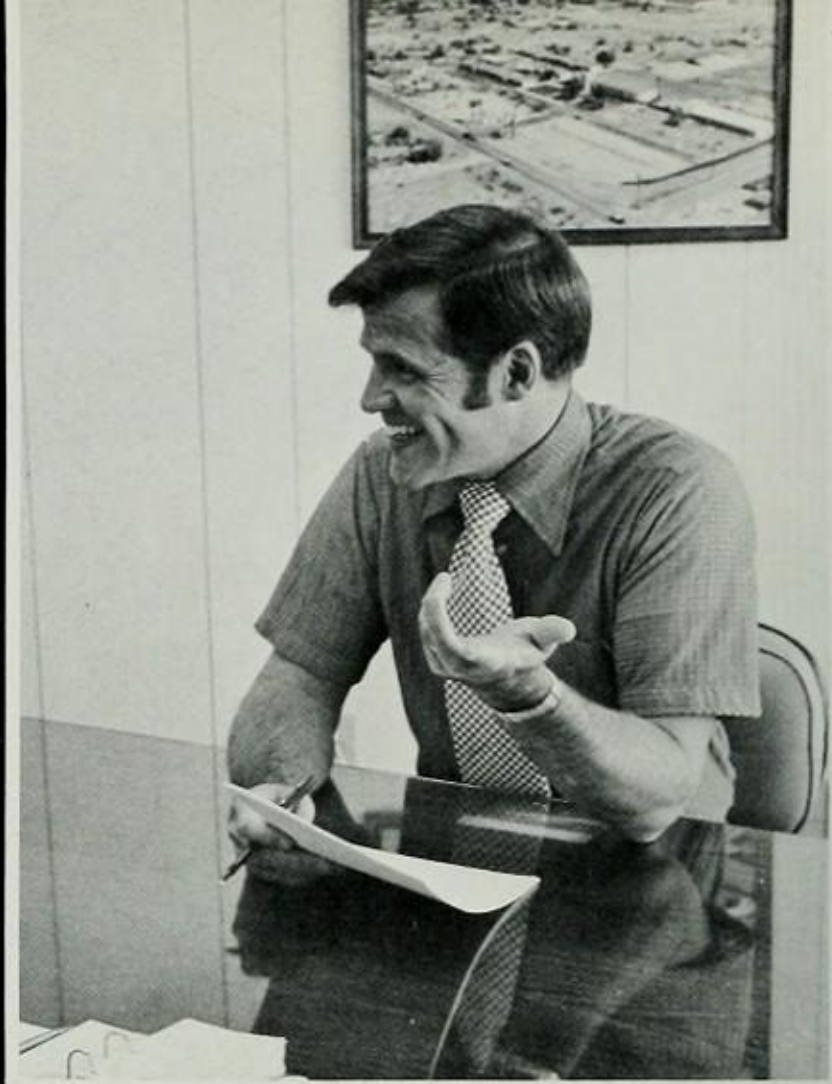
Robert W. Peirce, Jr.
Headmaster



ADMINISTRATION/FACULTY



Bettye Mobley



Robert Peirce

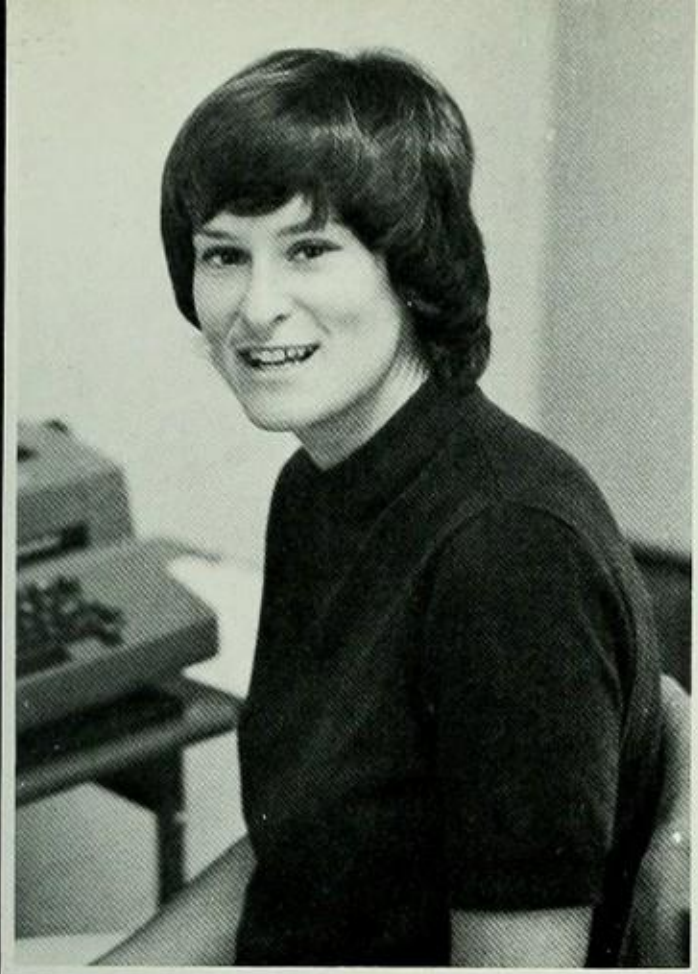
ADMINISTRATION

Karan Wood



Vera Morrison





Peggy Jaeger



"The Ladies in White"

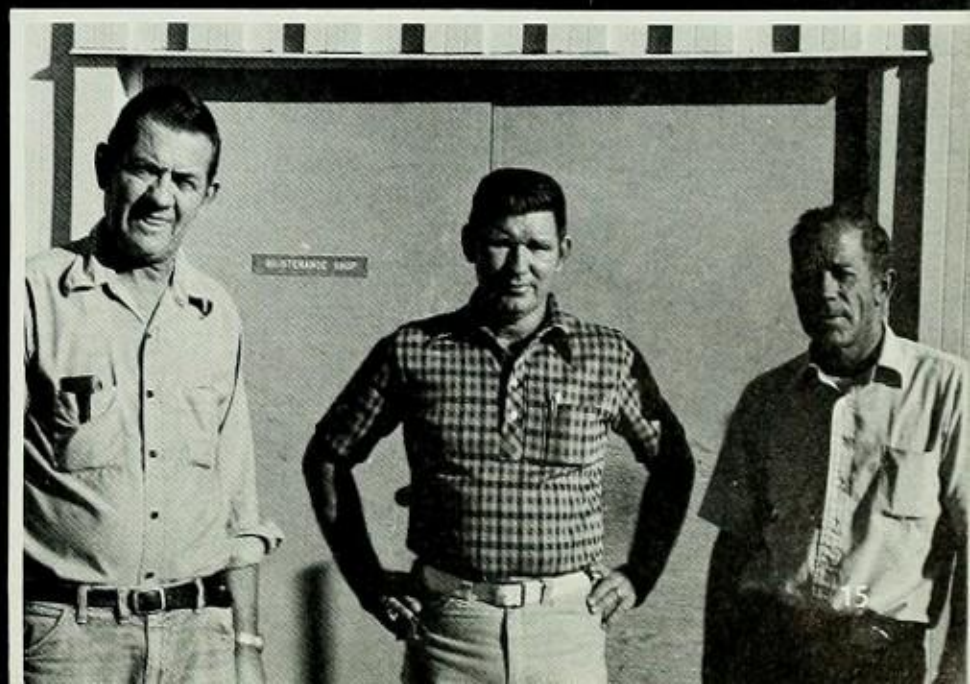


Mary Stephenson



Rudy Moraga

l to r, Ralph Phillips, Charles Tipton, Fred White





Becky Stump



Joan Oliver

FACULTY



Avdis Deen

Kathy James



Pam Dunn





Susan Funkhouser



Lovice Peterson



Judy Riden



Mary Lu Syllaba



Margaret Ruccolo



Roberta Crane



Janice Grosso



Sue O'Donnell

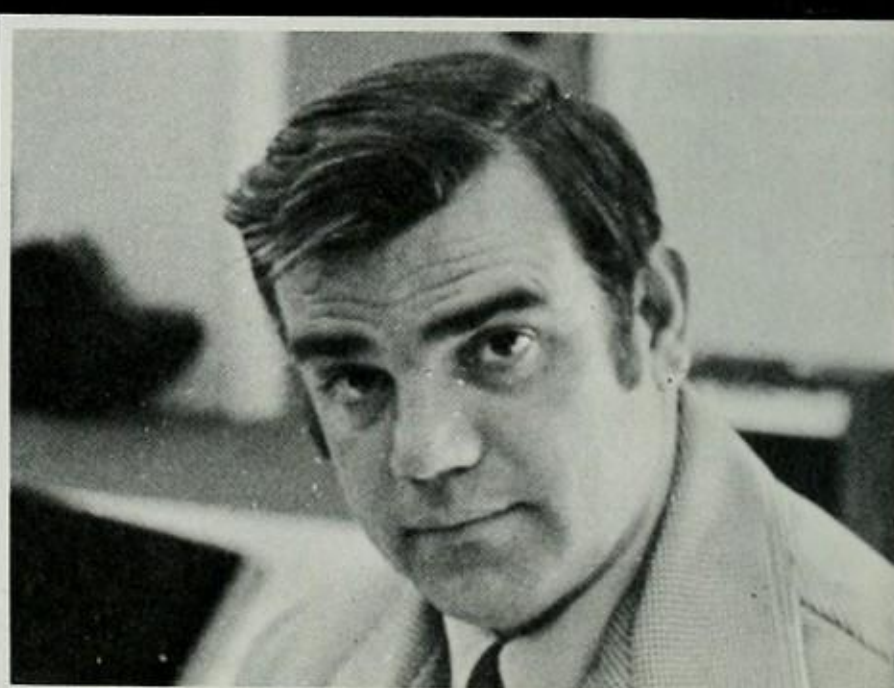


Lou Gallucci

Ruth Grove



Joyce Jensen



Marc Schluter



Arlevia Snyder

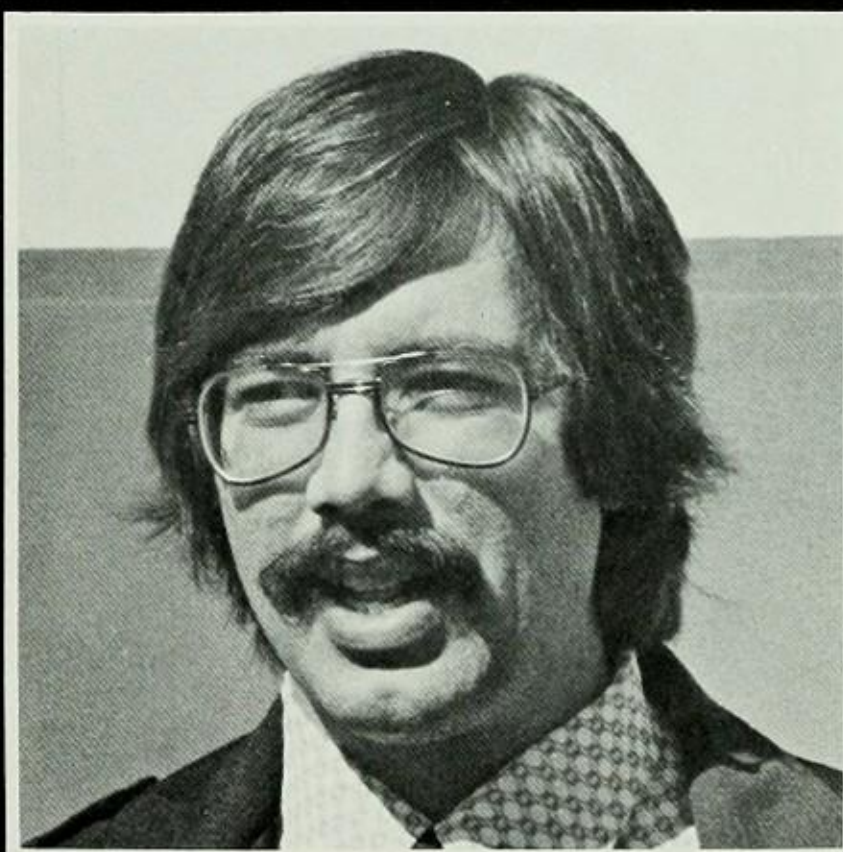


Mary De Marzo

Jeanne Russo



Fran Vierck



Mark Engelsman



Mark Lacy



Frank Sykes



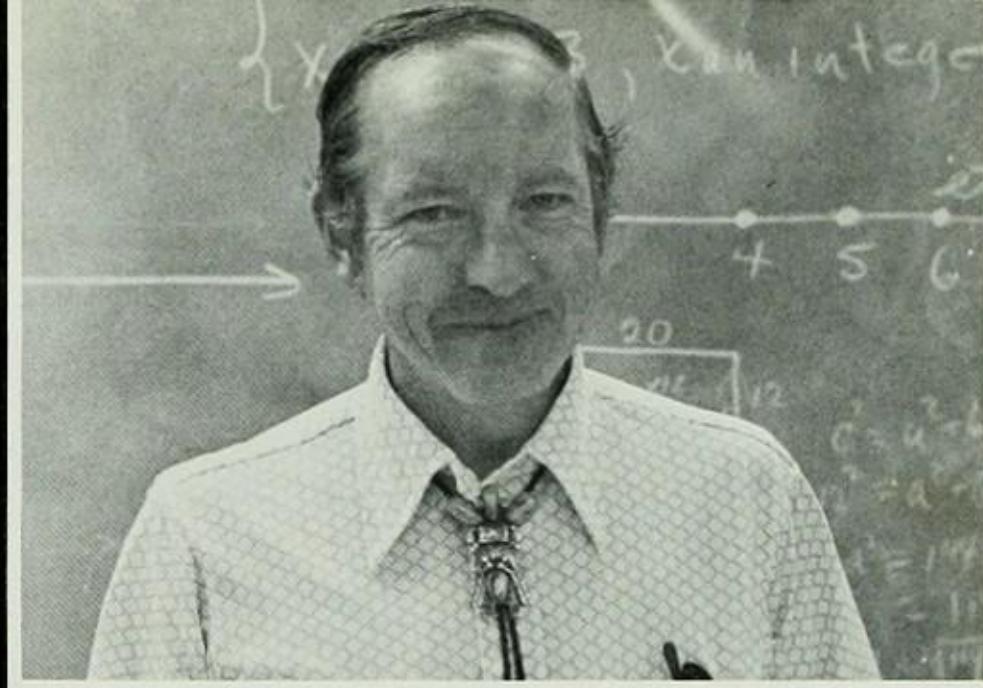
Kae Knight

Georgia Buelow



Pat McKee

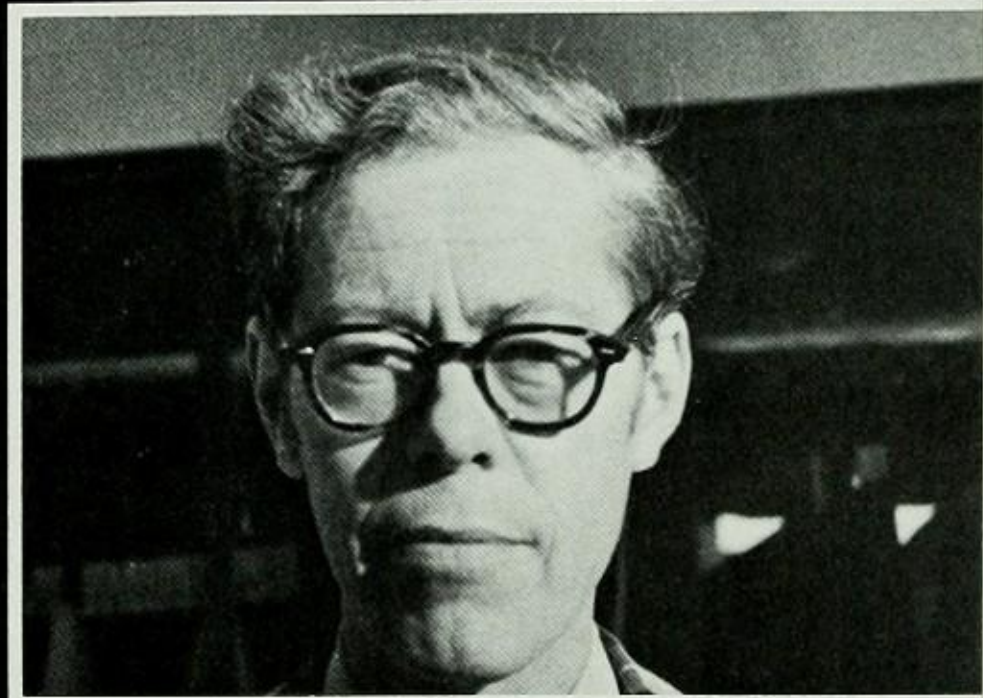




Donald Singer



Linda Bryant



Michael Morris



Anne-Marie Sykes



Joe Phillips



Paul Schweikher

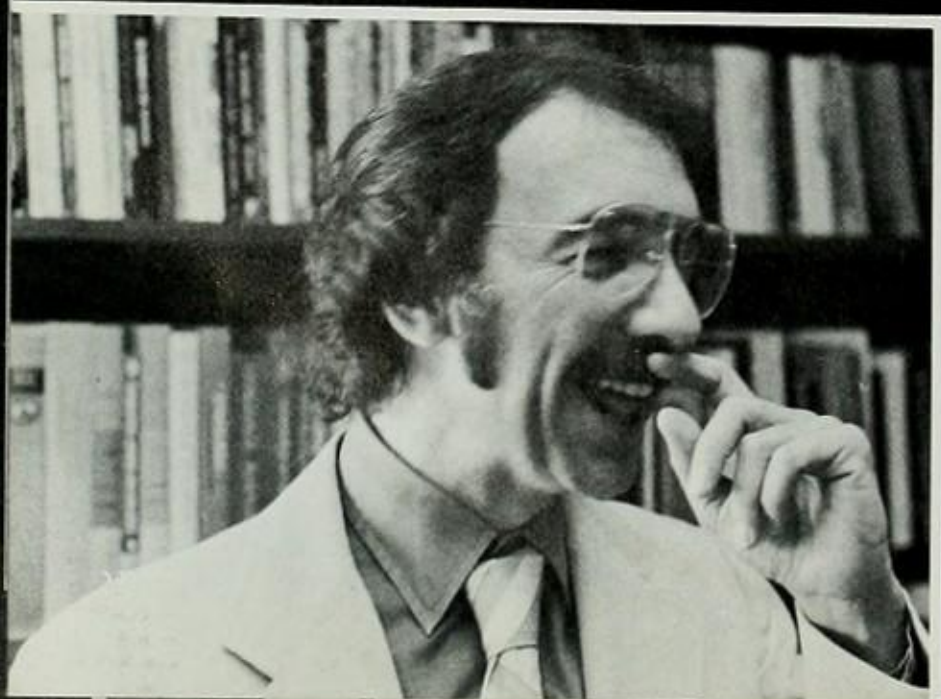


Harry Houle



Kathy Sonderman

Jim Roof



Jim Bruning





Dave Raymond

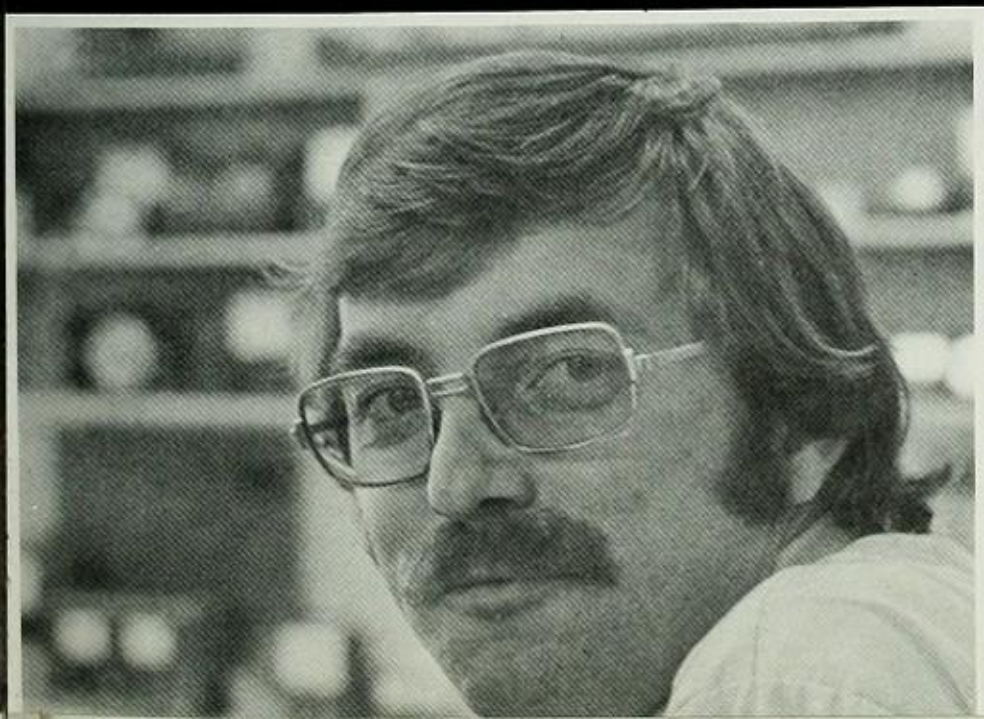


Arlette Hagstrom

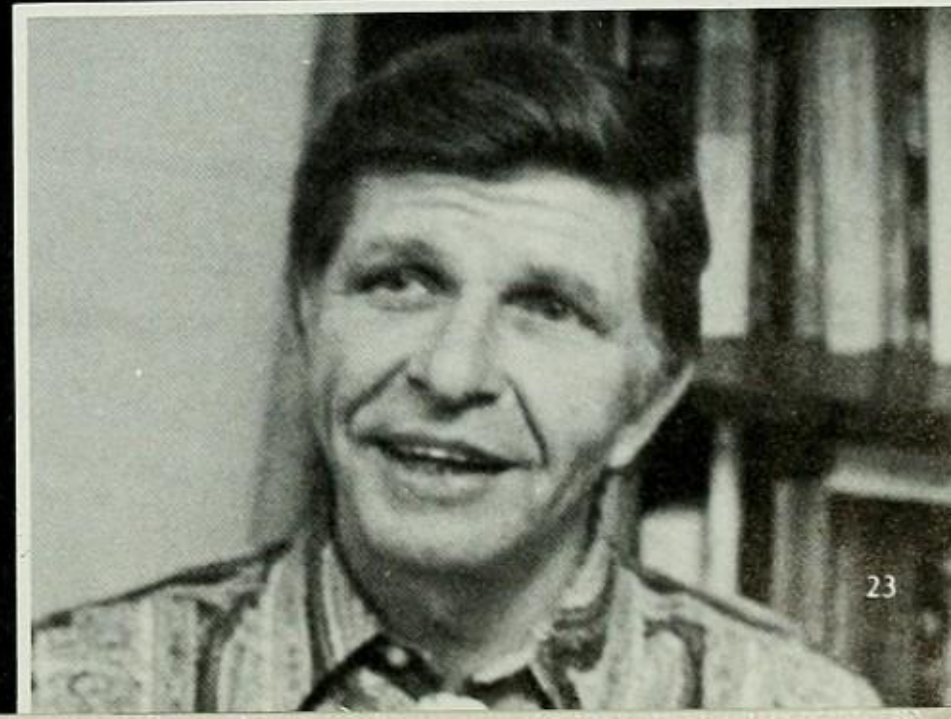
Chris English

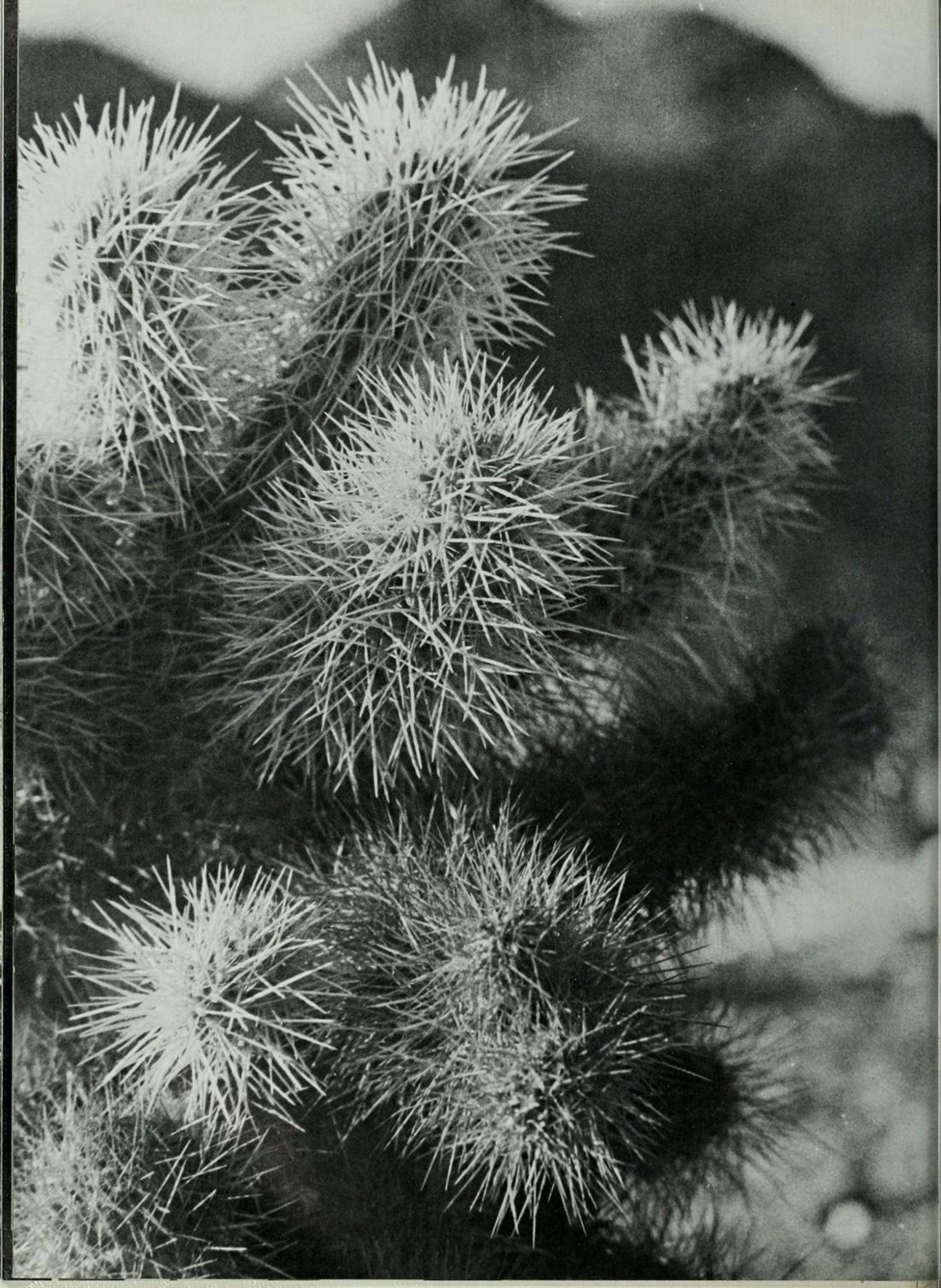


Bob Wilson



Chet Seroka





SENIORS



Monica Barahona

Thank You
P.C.D.S.
for a
Great
Year!

Good Luck
Class
of
'76



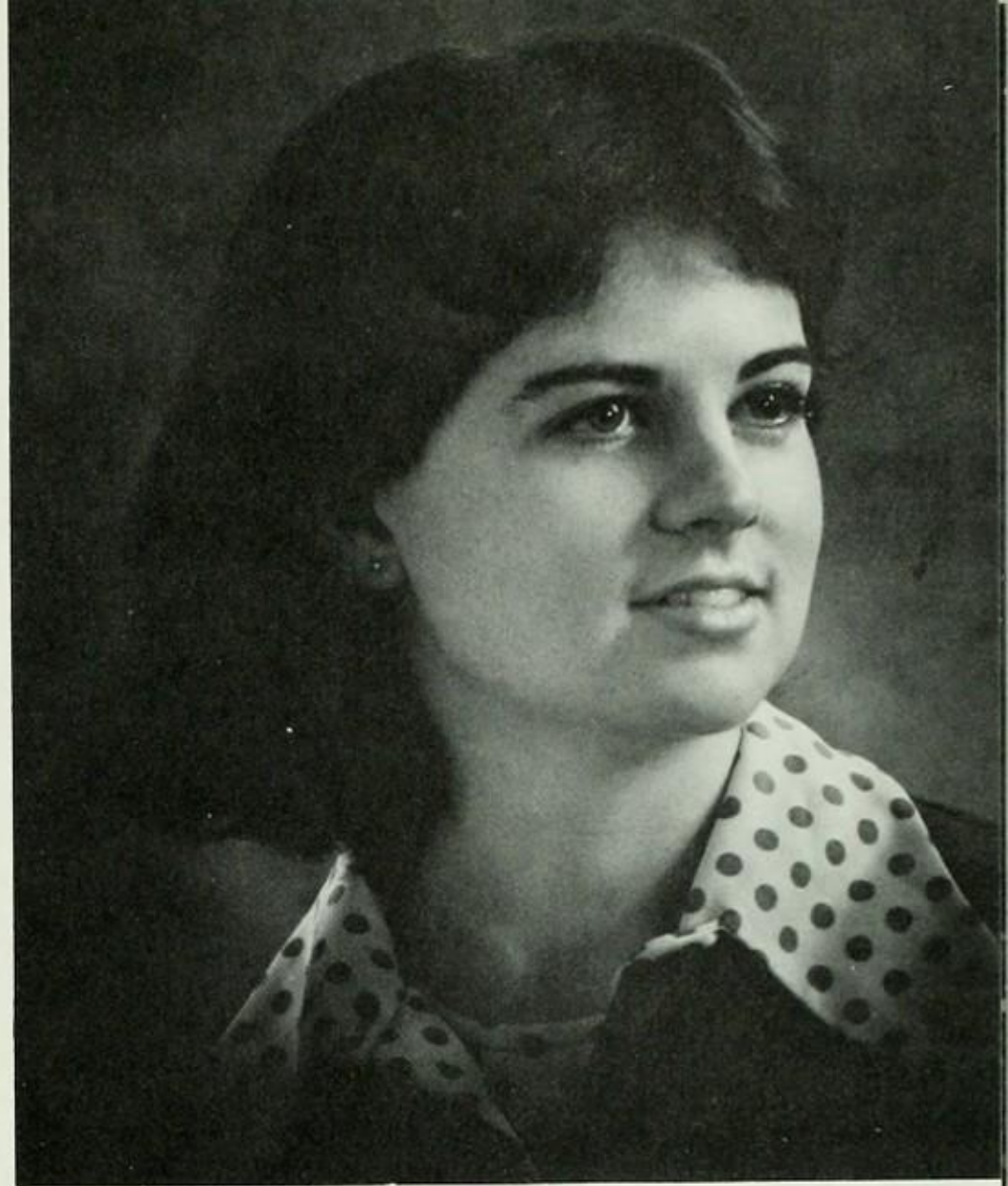
Where am I going? I don't know
 Down to the stream where the
 king-cups grow
 Up on the hill where the pine trees blow
 Anywhere, anywhere. I don't know.

Where am I going? The clouds sail by
 Little ones, baby ones, over the sky.
 Where am I going? The shadows pass
 Little ones, baby ones, over the grass.

Where am I going? The high rooks call:
 "It's awful fun to be born at all."
 Where am I going? The ring-doves coo:
 "We do have beautiful things to do."

If you were a bird, and lived on high
 You'd lean on the wind when the
 wind came by
 You'd say to the wind when it took
 you away
 "That's where I wanted to go today!"

Where am I going? I don't quite know.
 Where does it matter where people go?
 Down to the wood where the blue-
 bells grow--
 Anywhere, anywhere. I don't know.
 -A. A. Milne



Barbara Jane Baxter

I would have you learn
 this great fact; that a life
 of doing right is the wisest
 life there is.

-Proverbs

Mais les yeux sont aveugles.
 Il faut chercher avec le
 coeur.

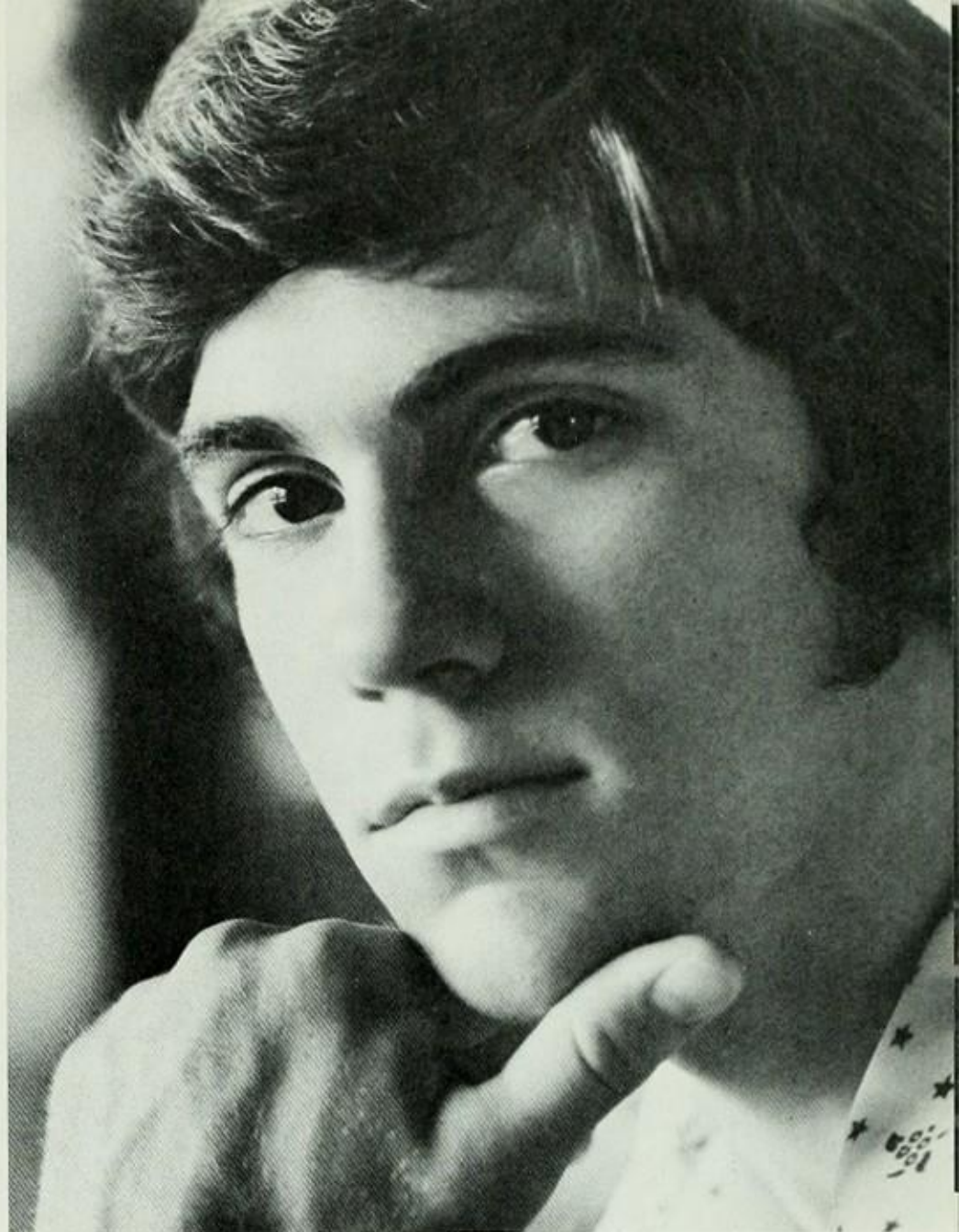
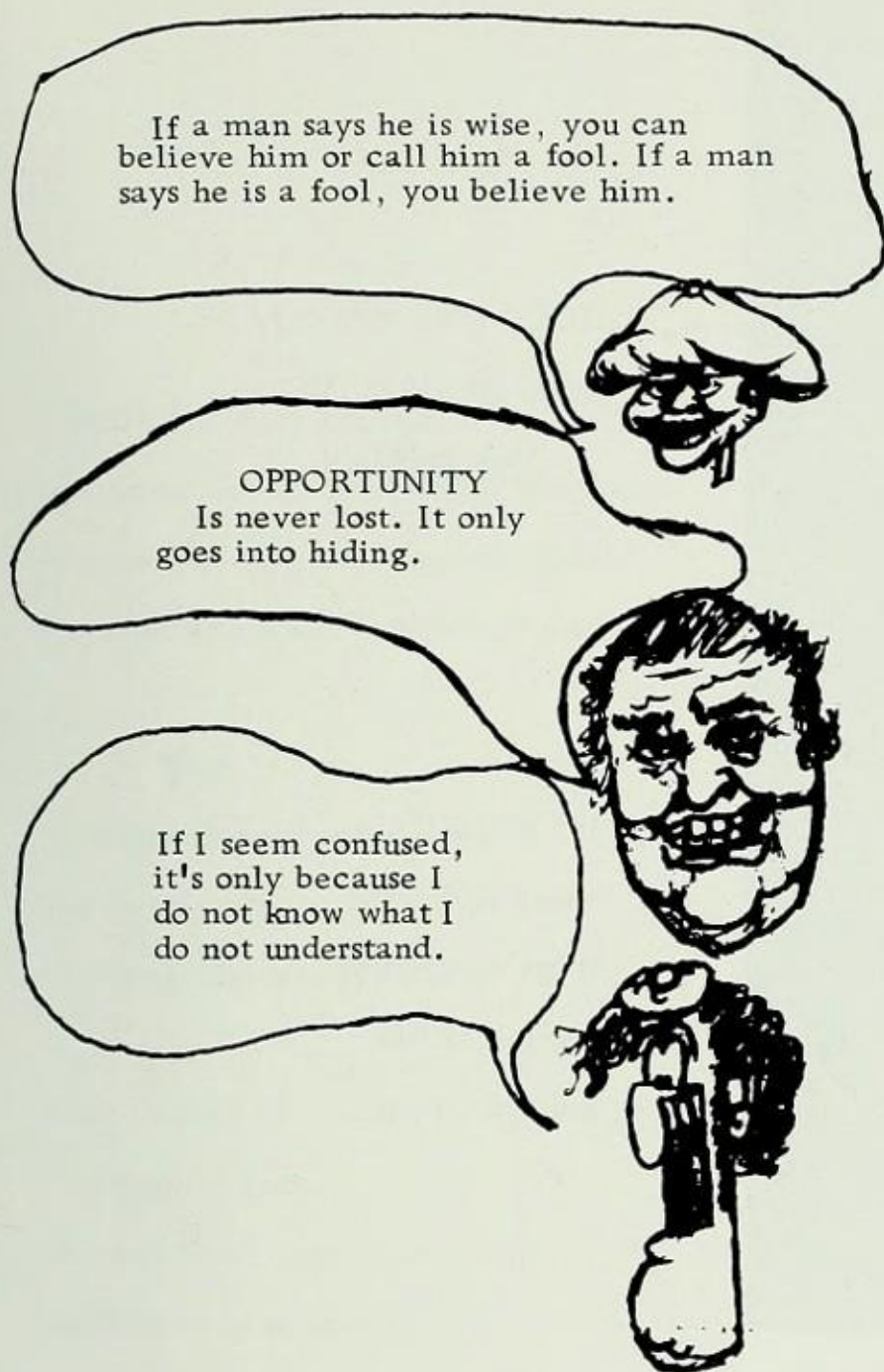
-St. Exupery

I have come that you might
 have life in all its abundance.
 -Jesus Christ



Thank you to the special
 people who have touched
 my life and given me
 three years of memories
 at Country Day.

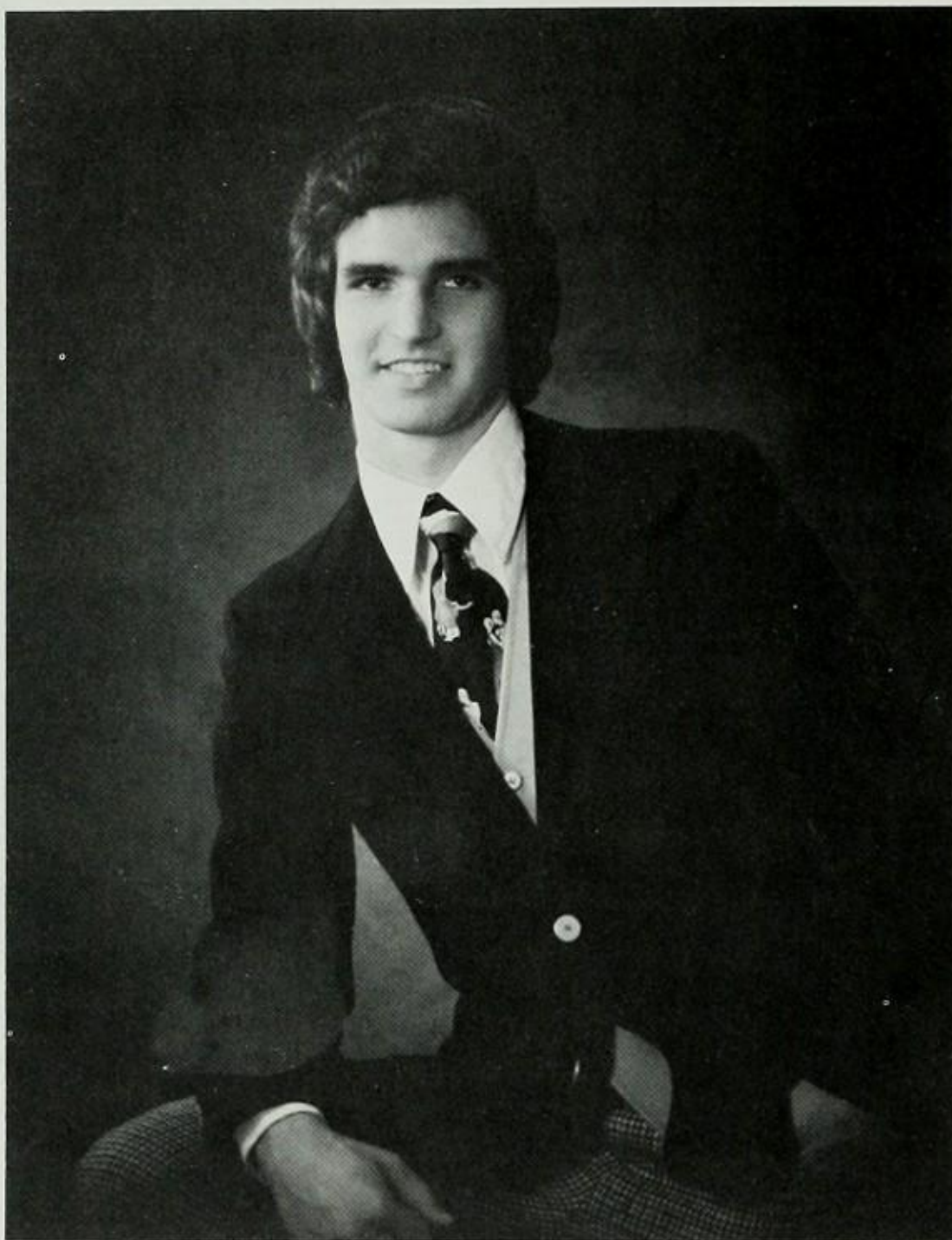
Michael Begam



Genuine interest and caring are shown by those who are there when you need them. THANKS D.O.R., R.W., C.S., and A.M.S.



Five years of education,
Thirteen cans of Root Beer,
Four seconds of time,
Three Fotos or Maroons,
Five strange diseases,
One Fons,
One S.M.H.S. and
Numerous strike outs,
One Furry,
Seven Ski trips.



Steve Casselman
"Hound"

LONG LIVE THE GUY
WHO FIGURES OUT
THE WOMAN.

If I die will the
world still turn?
What miniscule
portion of life
am I?...You?

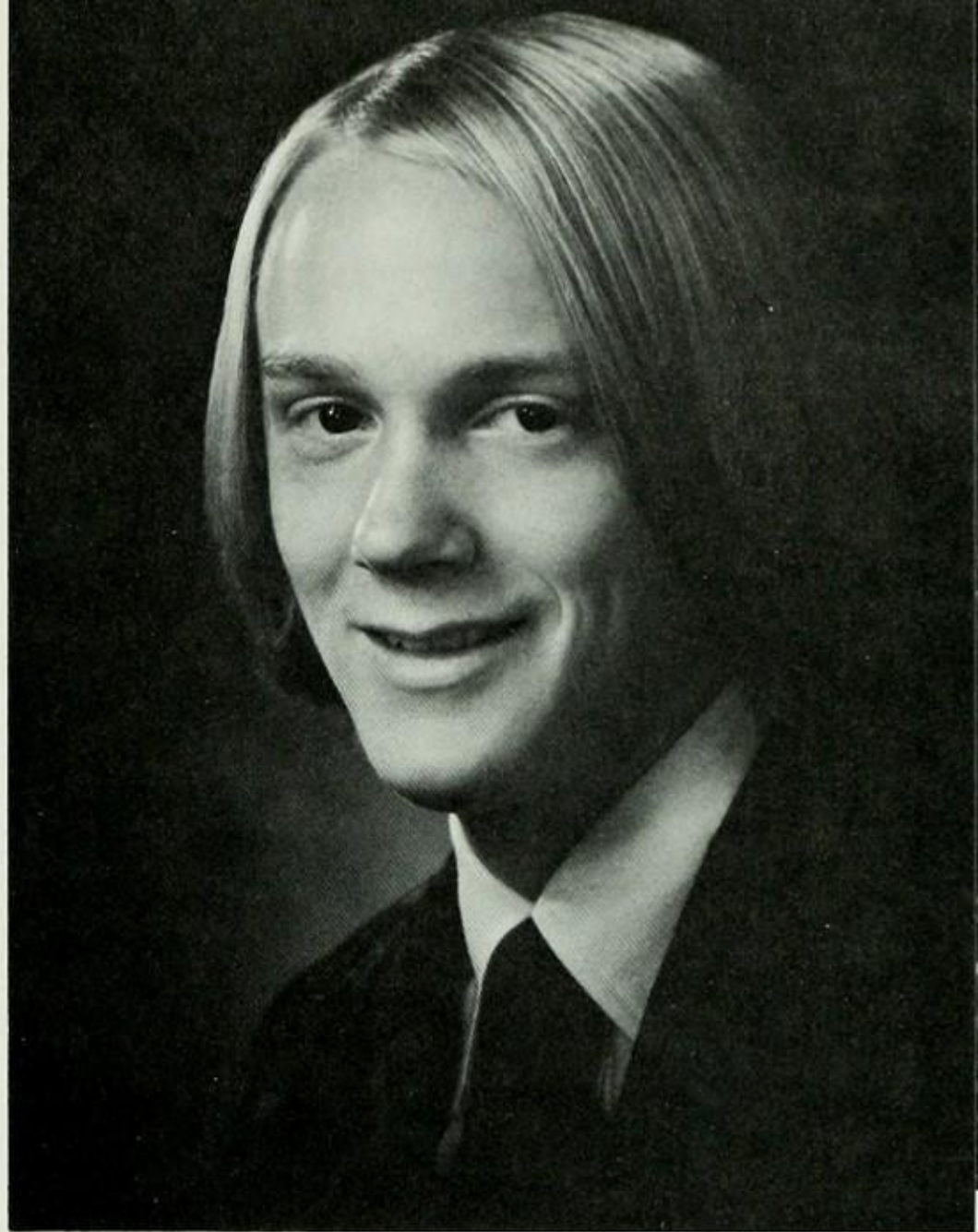
THE ESSENCE OF LIFE TOO FEW KNOW:
HOW TO TOUCH, HOW TO CARE, HOW TO FEEL,
HOW TO BE HUMAN. I DEDICATE THIS PAGE
TO A WOMAN WHO KNOWS LIFE! SHE IS LIFE.
THANKS, TO ONE OF THE FEW TEACHERS I HAVE
EVER HAD!!!

I met a girl from Ecuador,
She would not let me through the door.
"Go away!" was her desperate plea;
But I knew this was the girl for me.

For my love,
I brought flowers and candy.
She threw at me
Anything that was handy.

While asking for a date,
I gave her a daisy.
She said that to go out with me,
She'd have to be crazy.

Now I know that to have loved and lost,
Is better than no love at all.
But why does she hang up
Every time that I call?



John C. Cox





But he remains as still as a night
 (unaware of the sands and waves,
 pale sunlight and cold winter morns)
and the child and his womb are as close as
 a yawn and its echo
 a leaf and its green
 a man and his shadow
 a star and its gleam
until a wind carries him gracefully
 and painfully
into the sun
 (Filled with the emptiness and
 resentment of becoming one).

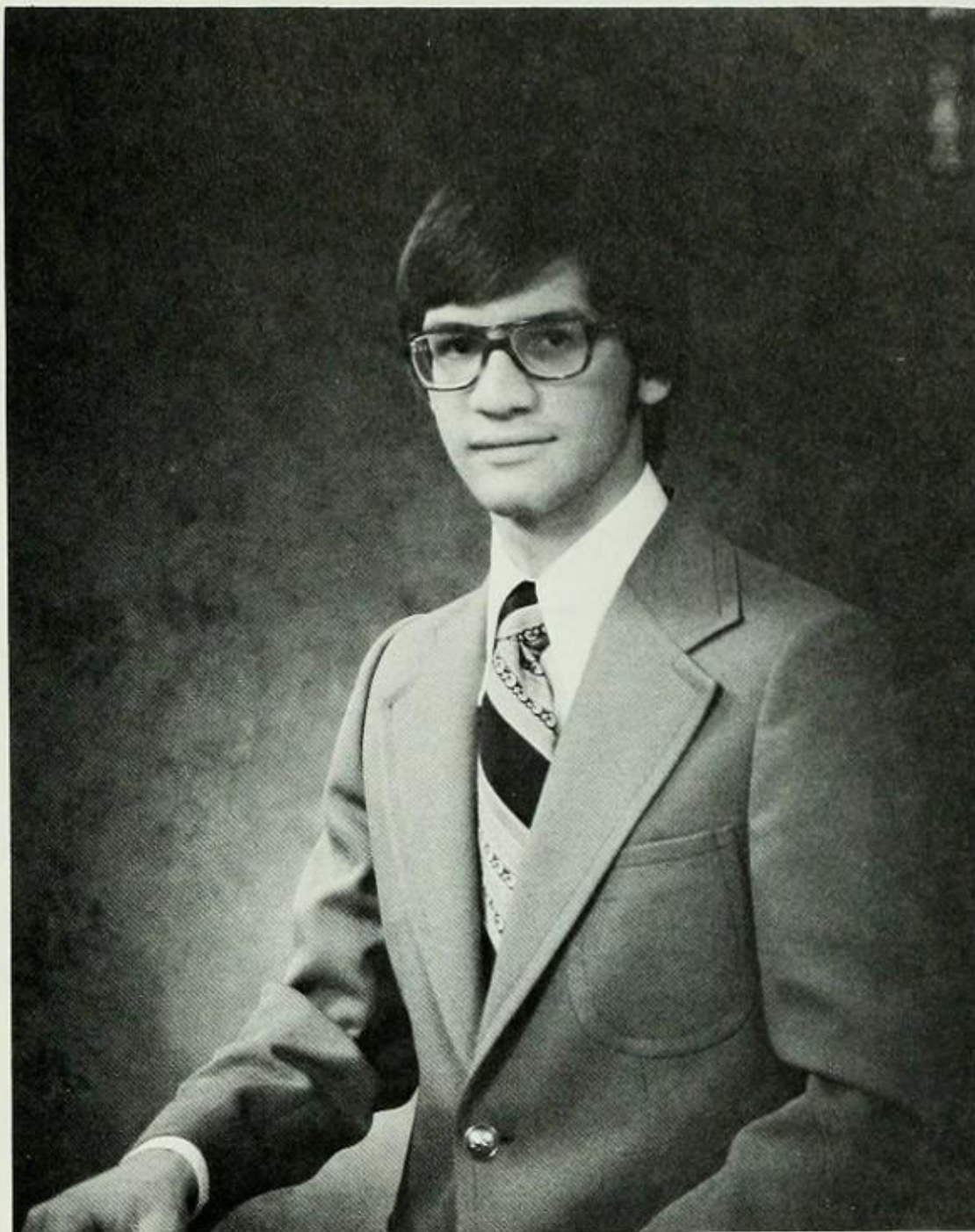
i stand:
in the disassembled church
of a mind
and search the corners
for the magic i once delighted
to find
perched on dusty pews
which once held many
in song
in a time when birds settled on bell
towers strong
and soft breezes rustled past
doors of oak wood
and sweet children's voices
played games while they could
But now:
only dust moves under the wind
and still clock
no one is singing:
the doors are barred and
locked.
The temple of this mind
holds only time
which seems to linger
as stones from its walls
: crumble with the touch
of a curious finger.

ELECTRONICS

MUSIC

MORALS

PEOPLE



David Lee Gates

LOVE

WTRF-FM, 107.5

SOUND

GOD

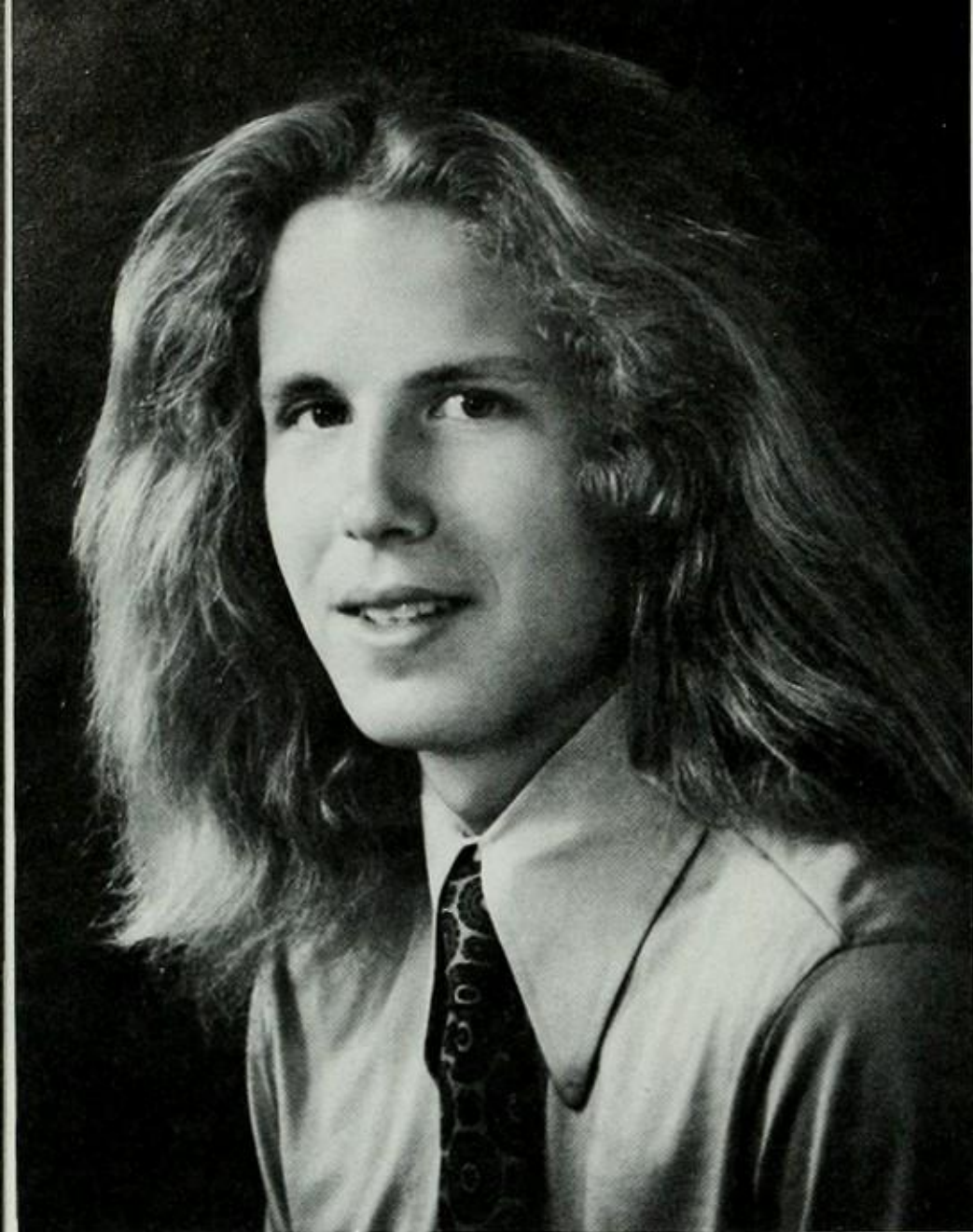
BASEBALL

FRIENDSHIP

RADIO

SOCCER

PARENTS



* LET it Be

* Happiness means
everything - appreciate
it when you have it

* Michelle Thankyou
Thankyou very much!

Day is ended, dim my eyes,
but journey long before me lies.
Farewell, friends! I hear the call.
The ship's beside the stoney wall.
Foam is white and waves are gray;
beyond the sunset leads the way.
Foam is alt, the wind is free;
I hear the rising of the Sea.

Farewell, friends! The sails are set,
the wind is east, the mornings fret.
Shadows long before me lie,
beneath the ever-bending sky,
but islands lie behind the Sun
that I shall raise ere all is done;
lands there are west of West
where night is quiet and sleep is rest.

Guided by the Lonely Star,
beyond the utmost harbour-bar
I'll find the havens fair and free,
and beaches of the Starlit Sea.
Ship, my ship! I seek the West,
and fields and mountains ever blest.
Farewell to Middle-earth at last.
I see the Star above your mast!

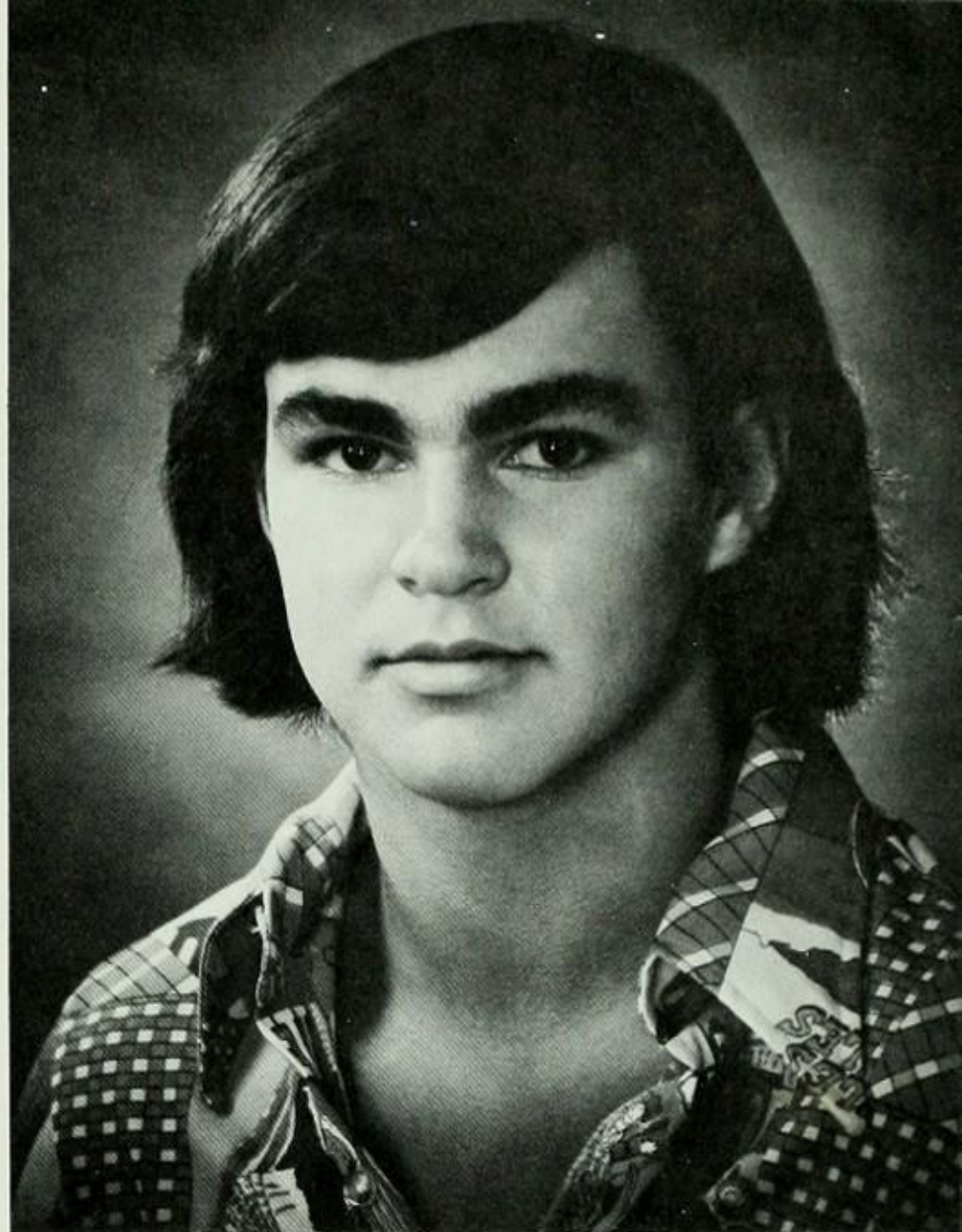
J. R. R. Tolkien

"You are not at all like my rose. As yet you are nothing. No one has tamed you, and you have tamed no one. You are like my fox when I first knew him. He was only a fox like a hundred thousand other foxes. But now I have made him my friend, and now he is unique in all the world."

"Men have forgotten this truth," said the fox. "But you must not forget it. You become responsible, forever, for what you have tamed. You are responsible for your rose...."

-Antoine de Saint Exupere-

CHAO



Christopher E. Holland

Smile to the world
it feels good.



Thanks!

Sailboats cut the
waves,
As the sun parts the
sea,
with a golden knife
Little people no longer
play.





Tuula Lynn Kaynee

Everyday we have
Permission to begin
Anew....
There glimmers a
Hope in every morning
grey.

Johanne Koren

Who Knows! A brighter
Future lies in a
Smile's trail.

Nils Collet Vogt

What one learns
Year to year
Is written on his
forehead.

Adam Oehlenschlager

Teenage wastelands cultivated,
Sunrise on the planes,
Uneasiness vanquished,
Humanity melting at angles,
Flowing toward the end,
Feeding magic beans
Of the beanstalk to life.

A Jellybean

Thanks, Mom and Dad, for
all your understanding.

Goodbye Country Day.

got get off
going to get
have to get off all alone

got to find out
got to find
need to find life on my own

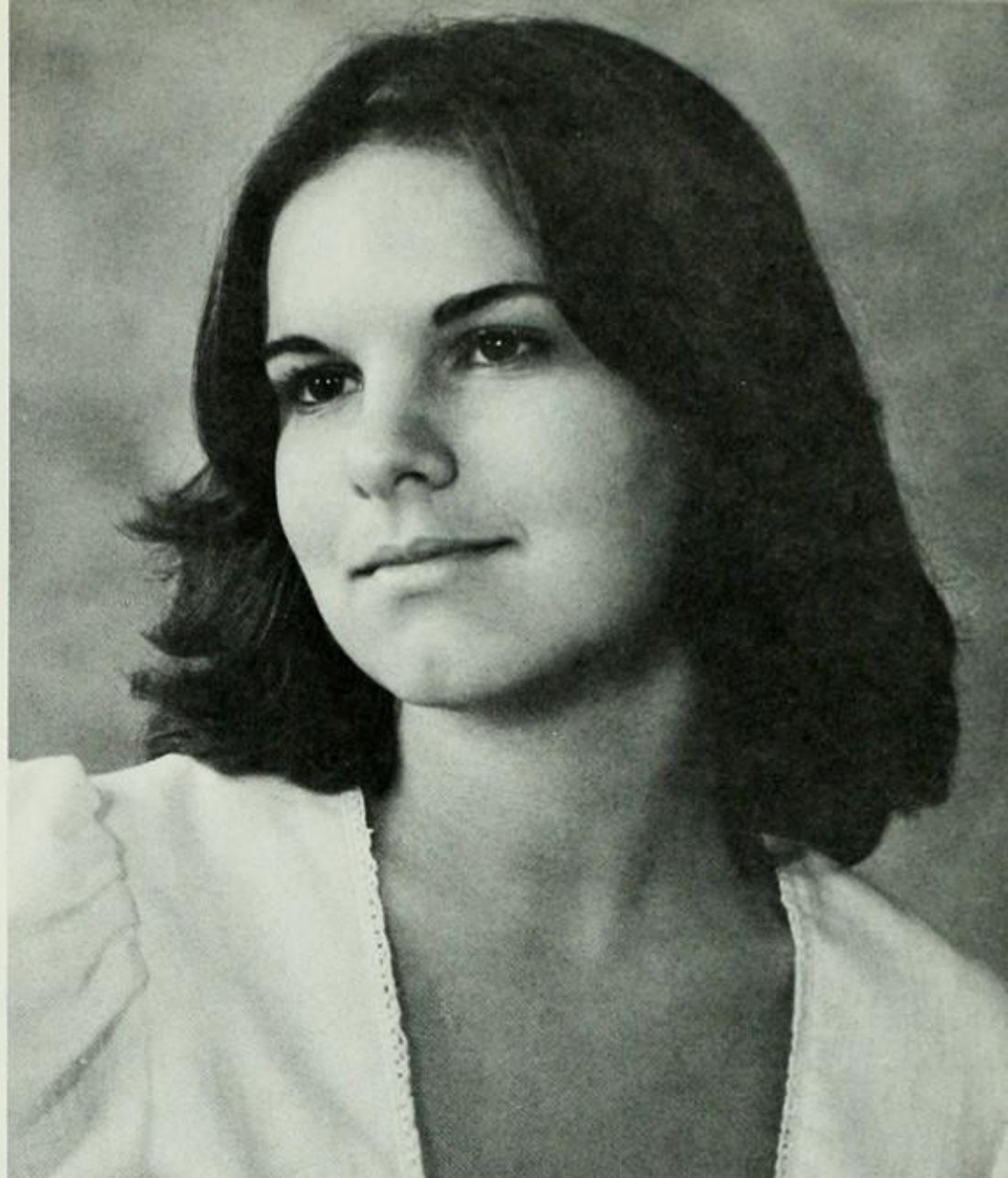
when will I know
where will I
how will I know what I'll be

if I don't go
if I can't
if I don't go where I'm free

Tell me
when will I know
what will I see
who will I be

From "Valley of The Dolls"
Dory & André Previn

Used by Permission
Copyright 1967, Twentieth Century Music Corp.



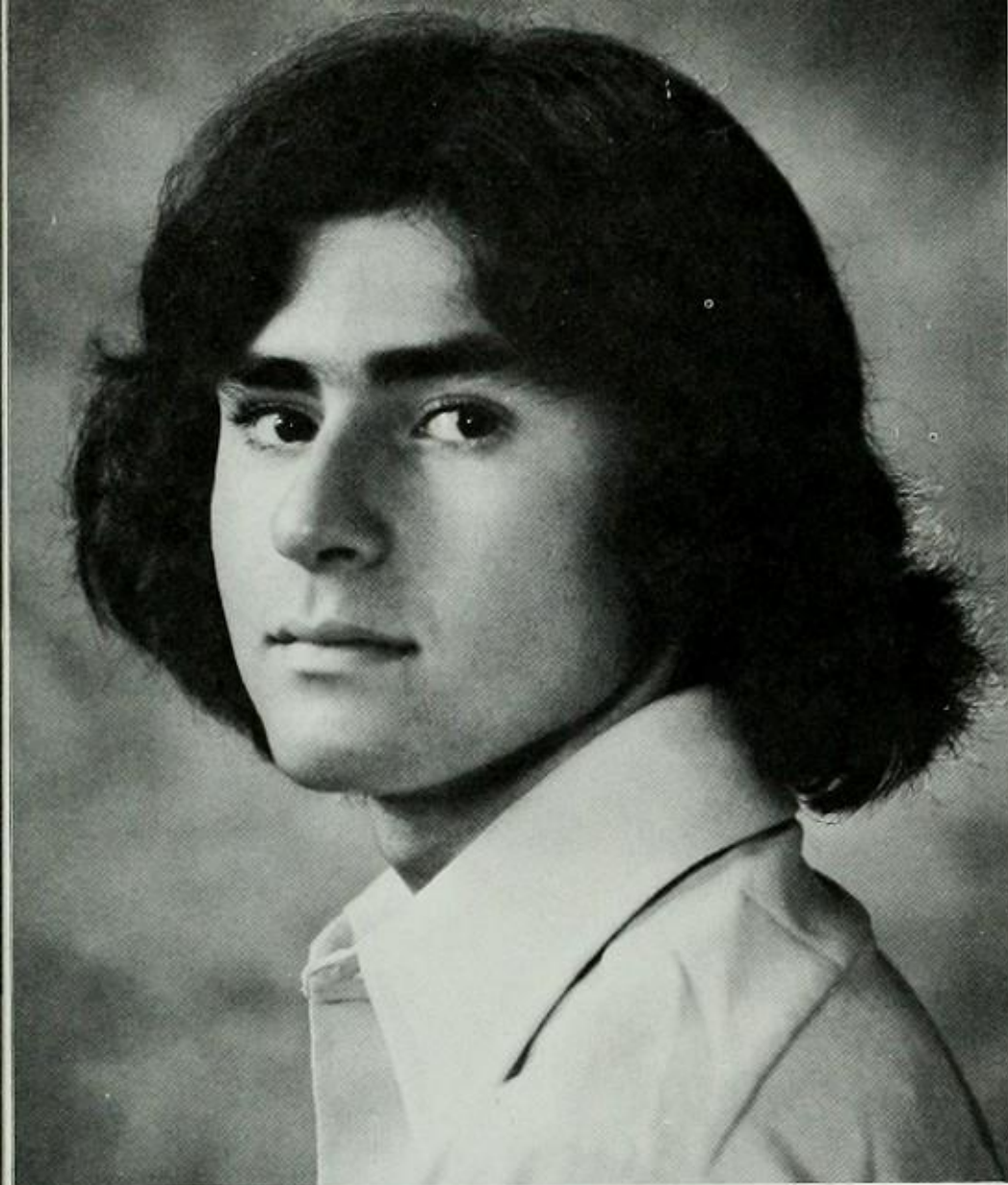
Susan Barbara Kerrigan

S.I.R., rainy days, Bubbles, no creo, \$5000 dollars worth of what?, shall we say here
we are, Trackstar, circle, wine, I wish I were a baby dinosaur, Redlands, Hey Butt,
b-line for the Junior parking lot, beep, banned from Smugglers Inn, DEB, VAL, SOOZE,
You know what?...and me you, You Bert!, peanutbutter and jelly sandwiches!

Two roads diverged in a wood, and I-
I took the one less traveled by.
And that has made all the difference.

-Robert Frost

THANKS!



It's all over Ken,
let's go celebrate.



Knot here?

If people could fly, you can
be sure that every day two or
three would get run-over by a
747.

SO LONG P.C.D.

THE GOOD TIMES HAVE BEEN MANY



I watched him and I reflected what a truly baffling mystery is this life of ours. Men meet and drift apart again like leaves blown by the wind; your eyes try in vain to preserve an image of the face, body or gestures of the person you have loved; in a few years you do not even remember whether his eyes were blue or black.

-Nikos Kazantzakis

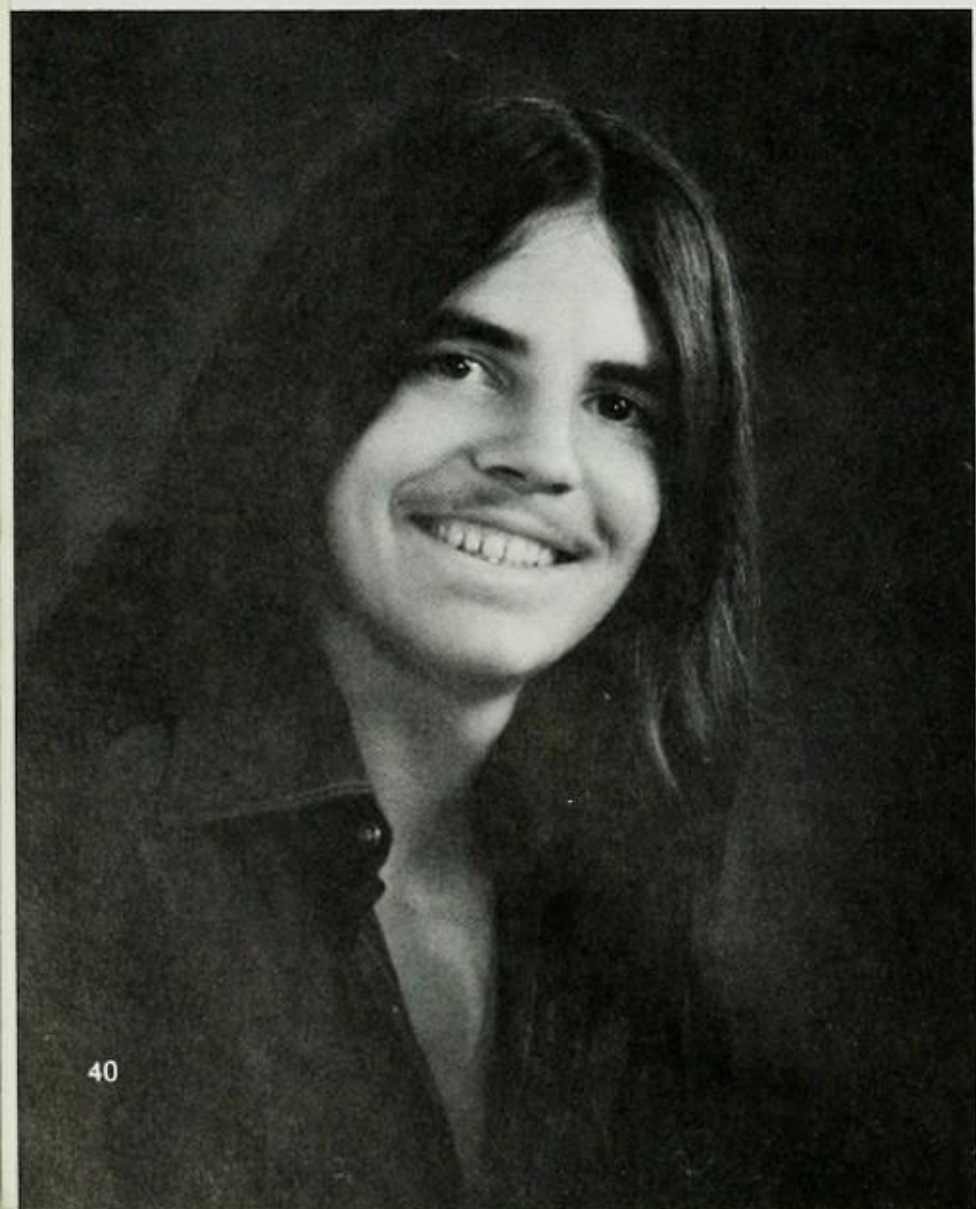
DEBBIE LATISH

hey Steve, is she really shaving? six in how long? Where does it hurt?
 Nov. 25, San Diego! Nov. 26, I don't owe you one, I owe you 697.
 Carlitos market. bagels. the bass has hips! how about getting drunk.
 a little Fleetwood Mac Creedence at top volume. I'll have a gin'n'
 tonic, hold the club soda. vodka? what vodka, this is water. 100
 mph steve...ah steve. let's teach'em how to drink!



He ain't heavy,
 He's my brother.

JAMES R. LINCOLN



...I knew that there was some sort of love and we would be
 fantastic friends forever. I can look at her know and gain
 strength and we can look at each other and be totally at
 ease.

A motivated supersonic...

BAD PUPPY!

Could you higher it please?

House lights? what house lights?

A woman has the right to:

- a.) Be as late as she likes
- b.) Change her mind as often as
 she wants to

What were you saying when the silence so rudely interrupted
 you?

You are as you are, your personality and facets as a person
 are yours. To change these would be to destroy the person
 underneath.

...But still, are we sure that the whole world isn't just a
 beginning-end? What is the meat of existence, the in-be-
 tween, or is it just a joke for us to laugh?

The poor man is not
he who is without a
cent, but he who is
without a dream.

-Kemp-

Friendship improves
happiness, and abates
misery, by doubling
our joy and dividing
our grief.

-J. Addison-

One must not tie
a ship to a single
anchor,
nor life to a single
hope.

-Epictetus-

If you climb to the
top of the tower
at the top of the
world ---
don't look down...
for you might find
you are no higher
than anyone else.
If you should climb
to the top of the
tower at the top of
the world ---
don't look down...

GROW WINGS.

-D. Sutphen-

When all else is lost,
the future still remains.

-C.N. Bovee-

From Atilla the Hun to
Empress Tsu Hsi, Moujul
dates, Quasimoto Uhivi,
those 8 miserable water-
ing places in the Mid-
dle East, the BIG DIG
(cough) and Puzzle, we've
managed to survive each
other. I won't question
how, I'll just say
thanks, Ms. E.

-Irene-



The dreamers
are the saviors of the
world.
He who cherishes a
beautiful vision, a lofty
ideal in his heart,
will one day realize it.
Cherish you visions
Cherish you ideals
Cherish the music that
stirs in your heart,
... of these, if you but
remain true to them,
your world will at last
be built.

-James Allen-

The journey of 1000 miles
begins with a single step.
Lao-Tse



Mylessa Nickelson

Have a little smile for
those who have pain.
Agony is systematic,
 while you're standing in the rain.
And there's no one, who can smile
like you;
 i wish i could smile like you.
Someone told me, that
love is a dream, that grows until it breaks
And if i find the love
i want, i hope it's not
 a snake.
You have a smile that
ceases all pain.
Share a little corner, so i
don't die in vain.
And there's no one, who can smile
like you;
 i wish i could smile like you.

e. s.

My manner of thinking, so you say, cannot be approved. Do you suppose I care? A poor fool indeed is he who adopts a manner of thinking for others! My manner of thinking stems straight from my considered reflections; it holds with my existence, with the way I am made. It is not in my power to alter it; and were it, I'd not do so. This manner of thinking you find fault with is my sole consolation in life; it alleviates all my sufferings in prison, it composes all my pleasures in the world outside, it is dearer to me than life itself. Not my manner of thinking but the manner of thinking of others has been the source of my unhappiness. The reasoning man who scorns the prejudices of simpletons necessarily becomes the enemy of simpletons; he must expect as much, and laugh at the inevitable...If then, as you tell me, they are willing to restore my liberty if I am willing to pay for it by the sacrifice of my principles or my tastes, we may bid one another an eternal adieu, for rather than part with those, I would sacrifice a thousand lives and a thousand liberties, if I had them. These principles and these tastes, I am their fanatic adherent; and fanaticism in me is the product of the persecutions I have endured from my tyrants. The longer they continue their vexations, the deeper they root my principles in my heart, and I openly declare that no one need ever talk to me of liberty if it is offered to me only in return for their destruction.

The Marquis De Sade,
in a letter to his wife

oh, that's a pleasant thought

p. w.



Try not to think of artists as being special men
Better yet consider all men as special artists.

Pic

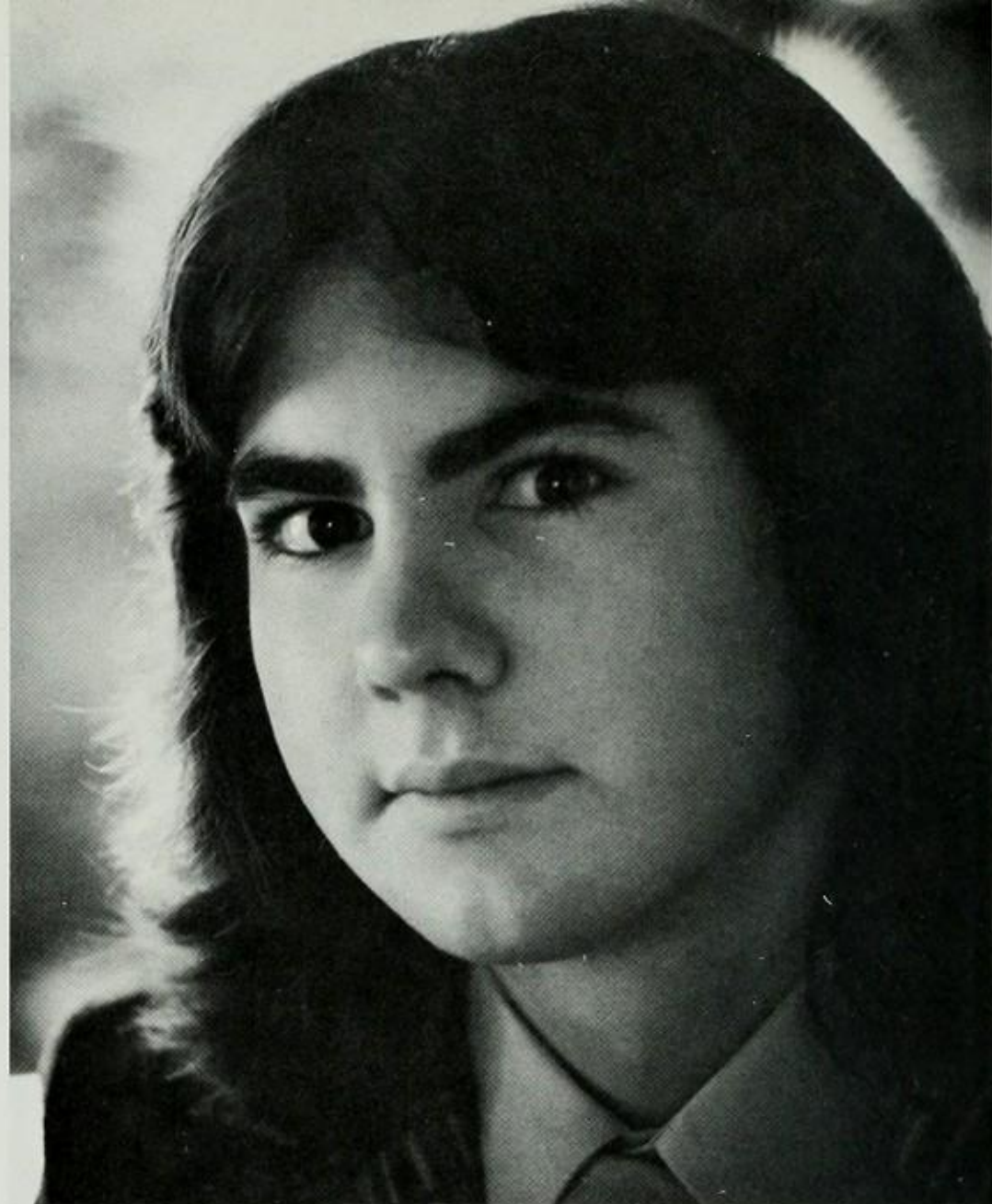
Jeannine Irene Survaunt Pickrell

'Good bye'





To my old friends that are now in the service...Mark W., Tim C., Phil V., Scott P., and Rick H. I salute you



WALTER SPENCER REPENNING

Preston, I heard Jazz isn't dead; it just smells funny. But I also heard that Rock & Roll is here to stay. Whatever the name --KICK IT OUT!

Humpty Dumpty said with a short laugh: "my name means the shape I'm in--and a good handsome shape it is, too. With a name like yours, you might be any shape, almost."

Shiprocker sailing free and easy--hearing what the Dormouse said

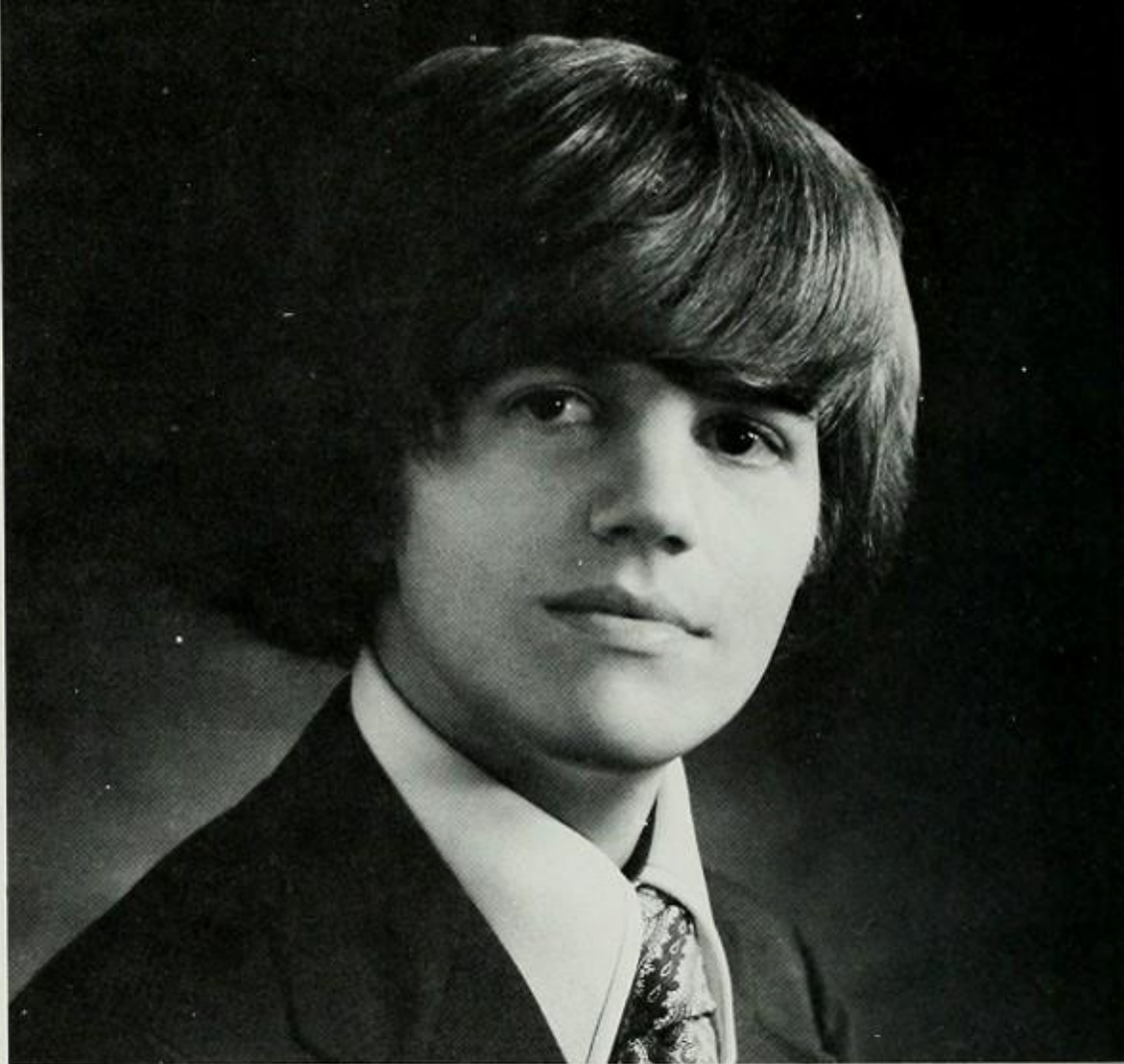


Steven Smith

Remember Country Day's First Prom? How independent we felt when the Student Court won the right of appeal. Going back a little further, what a joyous occasion it was when the Court gave us the right to have long hair. Where are the innovators responsible for its implementation? Remember fiberglass in our arms that belonged in the student lounge? On the field and in Burch Hall, I can hear the ghosts of the J. V. Eagles and Russo's Raiders. Of course, there was the Country Day National Grammar Survey. How strange it is that the Middle School Student Council once fought so that girls could wear pants in the winter. Whatever happened to the confetti dropping device? Why does no one now use the old clubhouse in the wash? Who harbors injuries from Tontazona British Bulldog games? Wirt was Student Body President, Varsity Athlete-Everything... I felt a surge of pride during his dynamic farewell address. Those who were here then will never forget the cheerleader squad under Polly's outstanding leadership. Cheerleader suits were more revealing then. They wore small one-piece outfits that would invariably fly up over their hips as they jumped. Unfortunately, I was too young to enjoy it. Herb, I want to apologize for stealing your shoe the first day of first grade. It was an awful thing to do.

An institution designed to design the minds of the future.

A school built to build the leaders of tomorrow. Until now, this has been the responsibility of the faculty, administration and ourselves. Now, it is solely ours.



David Miller Steiner

DEAR

... nous ne vivons jamais, mais nous
espérons de vivre; et, nous disposant
toujours à être heureux, il est inevitable
que nous ne le soyons jamais.

Blaise Pascal

Le silence éternel de ces espaces
infinis m'effraie.

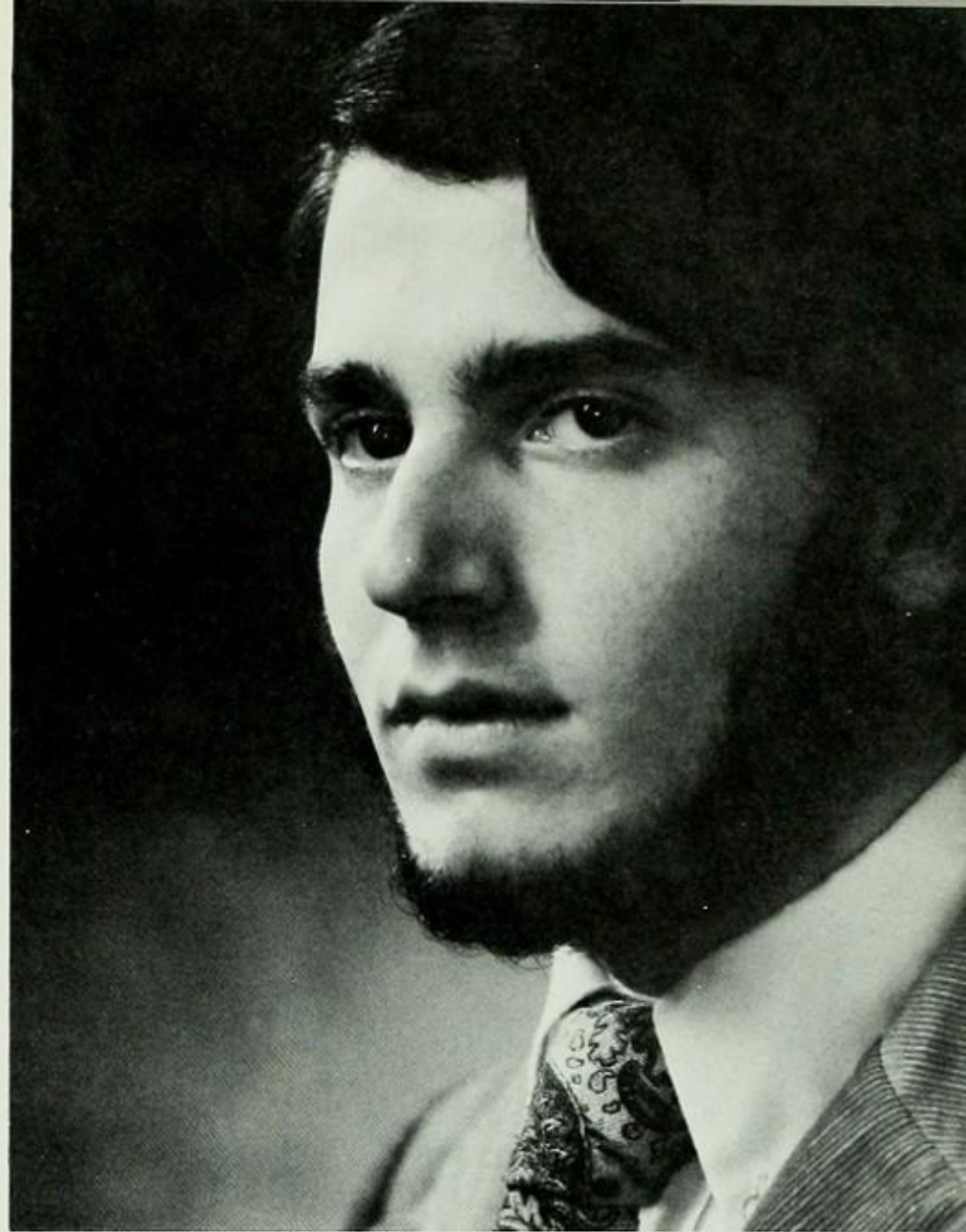
Blaise Pascal

Being aware of one's life, one's
revolt, one's freedom, and to the
maximum, is living and to the
maximum.

Albert Camus

Le gravité est un mystère du corps
inventé pour caacher les défauts de
l'esprit.

La Rochefoucauld



Manuel Ellis Tancer

Let us go then, you and I
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherised upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with oyster shells:
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question...
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
Let us go and make our visit.

T. S. Eliot



Alison Elizabeth Wrigley
"LI"

If you always have
a smile on your face
and joy in your heart,
life will be a breeze.

-T. C. K.

...yet almost everyone has
something uniquely his own to
contribute to our lives--and
equally important, a place in
his own life that perhaps we
alone can satisfy.

-Marjorie Holmes

It takes both rain and sun-
shine to make a rainbow.
-anonymous

I do my thing and you do
your thing
I am not in this world to live
up to your expectations, and
you are not in this world
to live up to mine.
You are you and I am I,
and if by chance we find
each other,
it's beautiful.

-Frederick S. Perls





Peter January Wulsin

THRENOS

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:-
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

For patience, sincerity, and love,
thank you J. R. W. and H. E. W.

-P. J. W.

From her own ashes,
The phoenix will rise.
And let tomorrow grow
From these goodbyes.

-From The Phoenix and the Turtle,
by William Shakespeare.



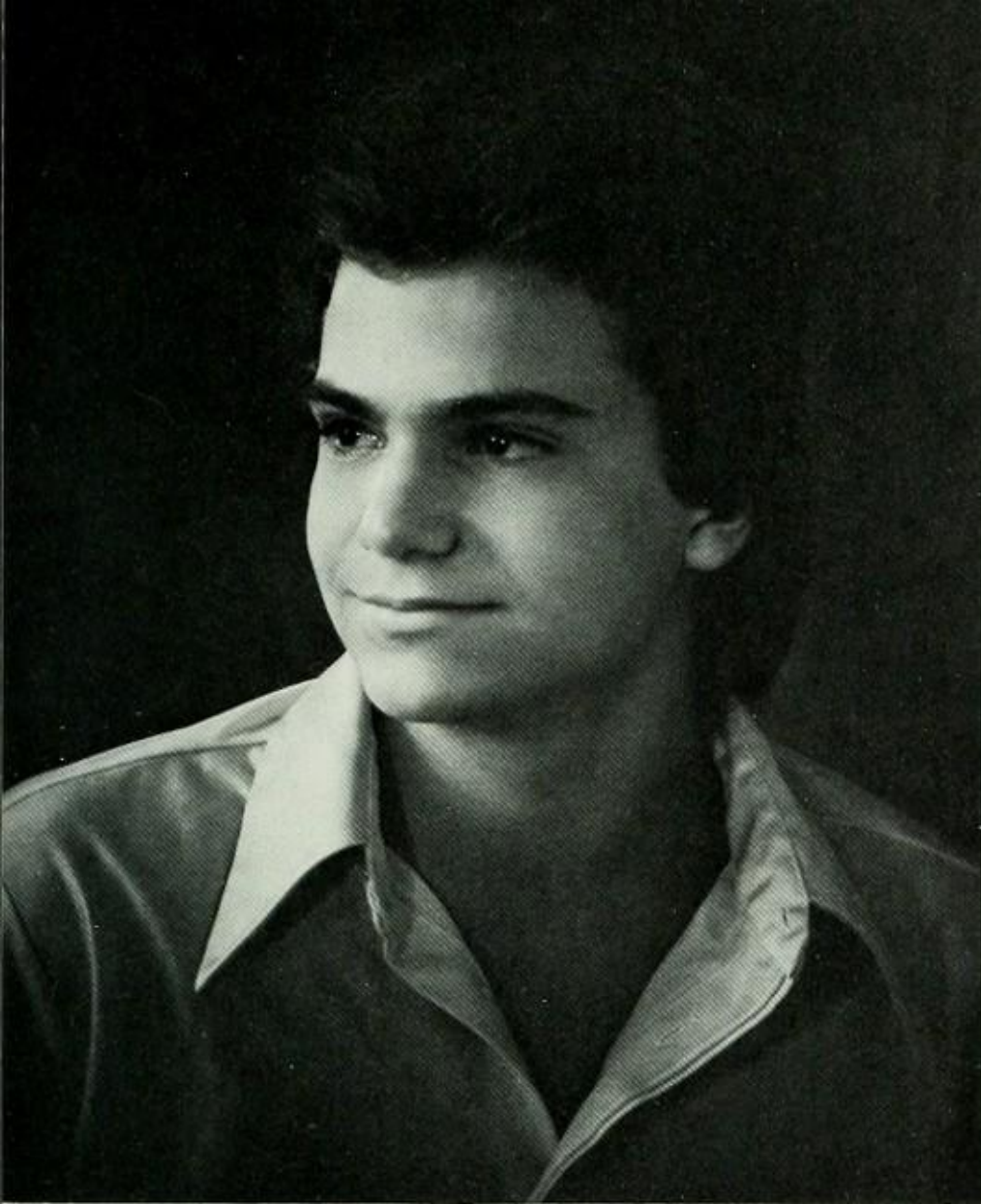
Keith Yavitt

Truth

Truth hath so many faces
So good and right in most places
But, used as a weapon can torment
The most honorable man to some extent
So think this truth and try to seek
Some honest kindness before you speak.

Crisis Exchange

If one could only train oneself to
escape the unnecessary
And sometimes eliminate the accessory
There might be a so-called crisis
exchange
Between important actions and super-
fluous ones which range
Between that which has meaning and
that which has none
And then, only then will correct action
be accomplished and done.



OK, VI I'M READY.
THANKS TO ALL-----



WHY KNOT?

HASTA LUEGO

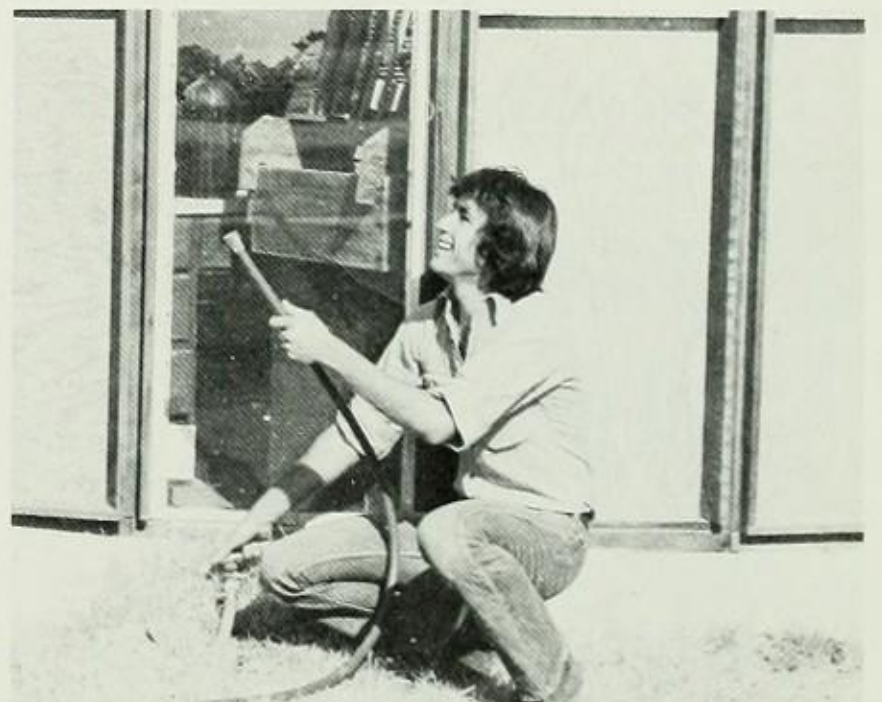
NOT GOOD-BYE

LETS MEET AGAIN SOON.

BERG--THANKS TO YOU

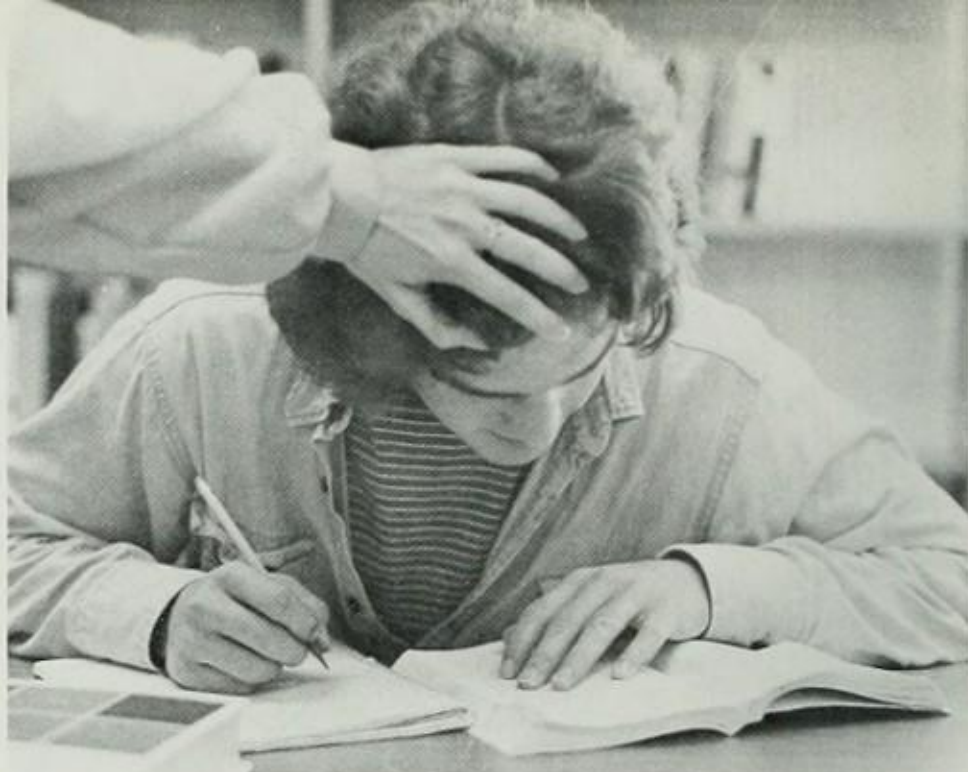
AND

MUCH MORE





"Hey, no one crosses the fonz!"



"Hands off, ladies"



"How's your love life?"



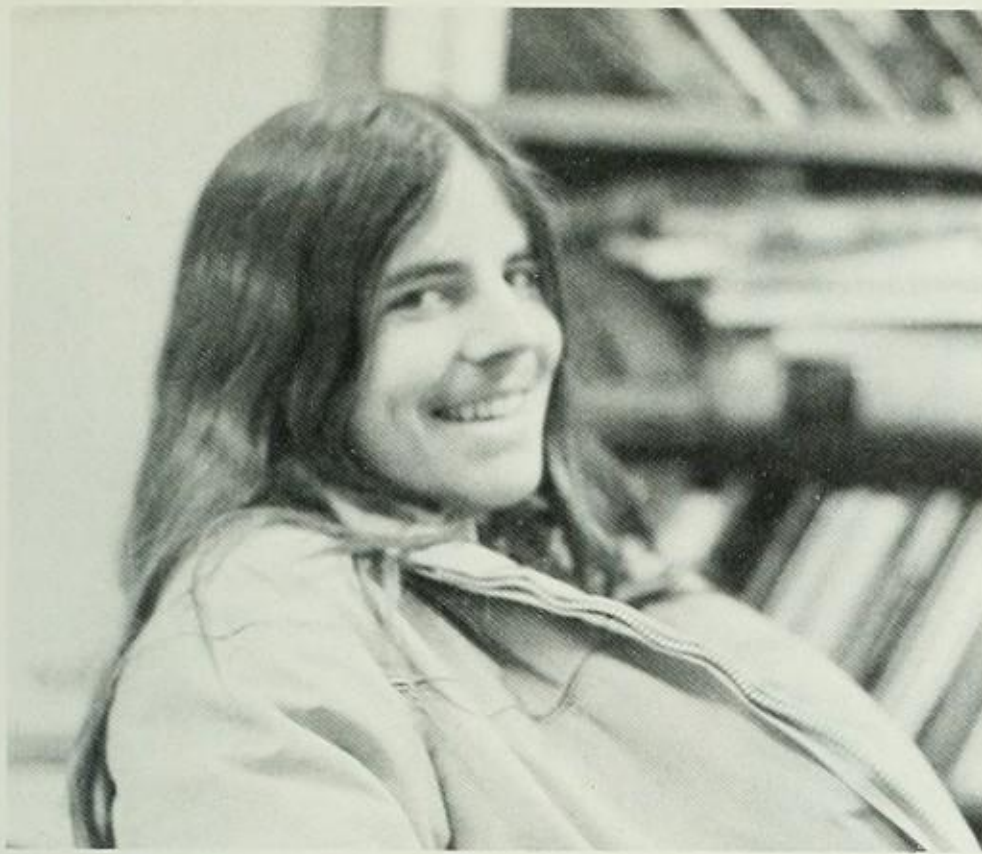
"Guess who?"

"I told the man, I don't do proofs. "



"According to my calculations, when I turn this knob, water should flow. "





"Call me. . .Jimmy. . ."



"Oh, really!?!"



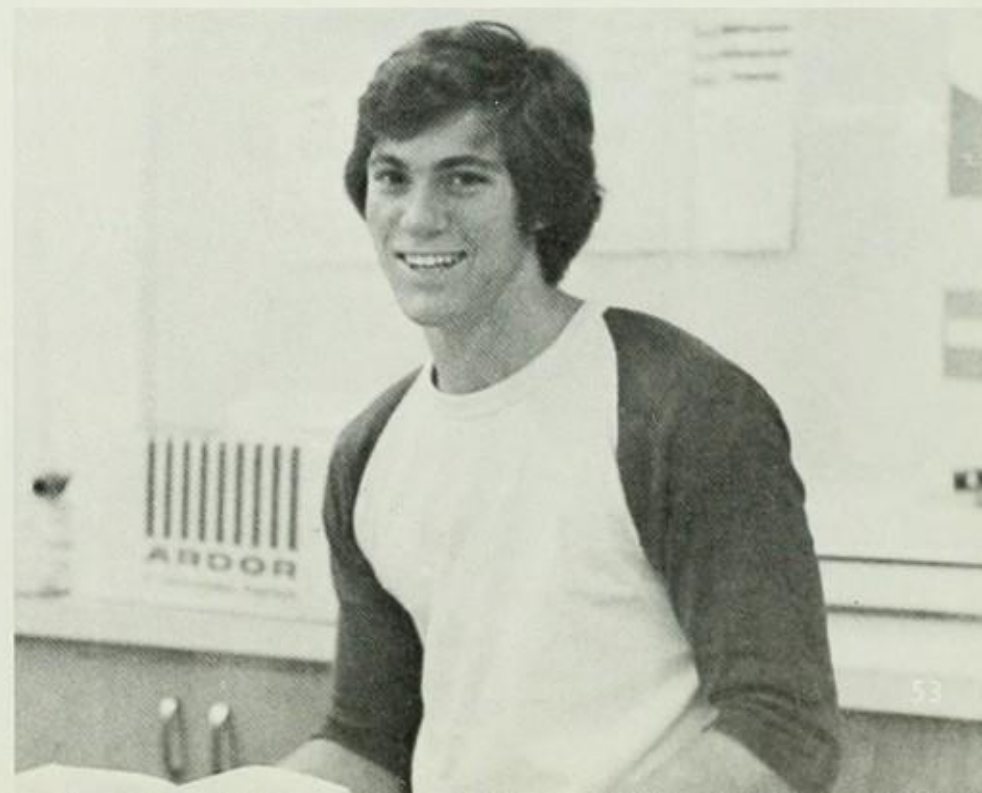
"Go get 'um, Jimmy. "



"12:10 already?"

"The results of this experiment are shocking!"

"God will get you for that, Liza"



"Yes. But your victories will
never be long lasting; that's all."
Rieux's face darkened.
"Yes, I know that. But it's no
reason for giving up the struggle."
Albert Camus

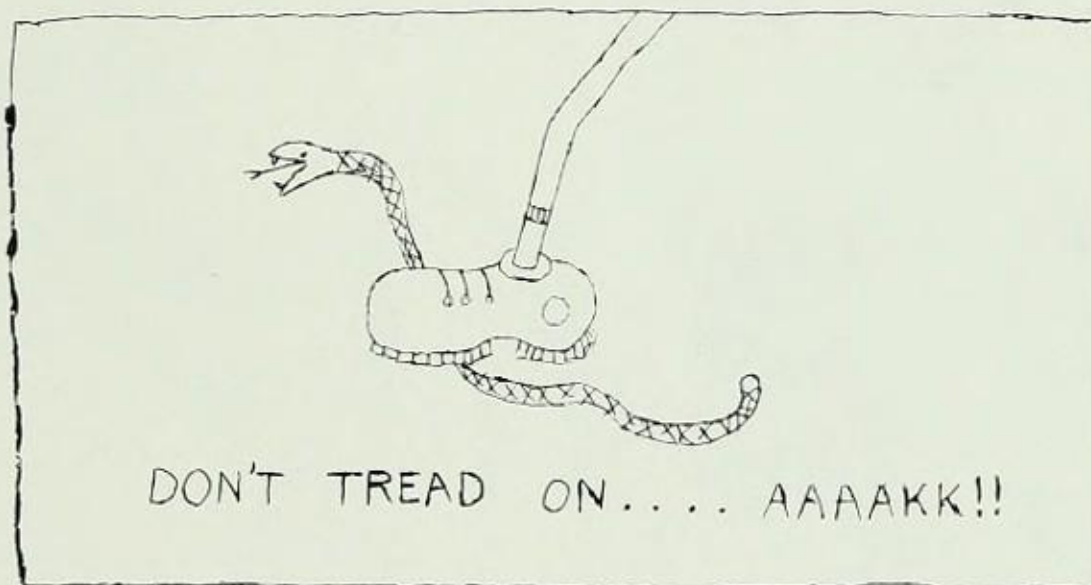


Did you ever have
a friend
that you could trust
and love without
feeling embarrassed
and
did you ever wish
you both could stay
that way
always?
Cindi Pratt



COME TO BEAUTIFUL STEINGATE

Capitol: Daveberg
Form of Government: Mediocracy
Official Language: Assorted grunts and snorts
National Motto: Oscula me corissima
Population: Insufficient women
Size: 2000 sq. ft.
Flag:



PREMIER STEINER

My friends, we always know tomorrow
Soon enough becomes today,
And brings with it joy pain and
sorrow
Which soon fades into yesterday

How many of those whom we see on
the street
Have we ever seen, maybe known be-
fore?
Is it not permitted to once again
meet
And know them less but love them
more?

Life is a comedy to those who think
A tragedy to those who feel.
-Horace Walpole
I fancy myself as one who thinks
But I think that I feel more than I
fancy.

PRESIDENT GATES

Mr. John Q. Knowledge is always right on the spot
whenever one of his "friends" seems to be in trouble.
Mr. Knowledge speaks high and low about the correct
way to handle any situation. He can tell you the
"right" way to deal with any lady, boyfriend, or
banker. He seems to be the man who has it "all to-
gether."

The sad part is that Mr. Knowledge has been
divorced twice, owes everyone in the world money,
and is currently between jobs.



P.E.

Sugar daddies, retrieving olives, I'm the face, incoherent stuttering, eel pie, you nerd, room 138, tommy 603 times, stickshift, omigod, oh fuh, charles nigalippi jackman, PCDS' 3 eligible bachelors, attack, 10 feet, bopping, getting flustered, roger dalglape/joe namath, wadhurst, burwash, holmeshurts manor, sussex, shepherd's bush, acton, oh jolly good, slapping junior mints across the theater, petey, brillfspp, you bite, "move over, here comes ganter," sweeney, charley chaplin, fut-face, beep beep, a nose on lges, let's have a chest or two, peaceful perce, "god, my jaw hurts," all the TV sets blew up at once, vroom vroom-click click, I'm just the cleaning lady, teenage wasteland, hey james, "you're looking poorly, dear," metronome, macdonald land cookies, fat city, golden grahams and birthday cake all over, innit, pointed toes and repulsive comics, goober-nose, yucky-wucky, a year of total hysteria, jesus...christ, "slam my locker again and you'll get your face kicked in," you got it, chucky, you should have ssen your face, picking out our honeymoon outfits from the lingerie dept., four on the floor, Kicking Donkey pub, you and me on the run...we had some fun.

To Li:

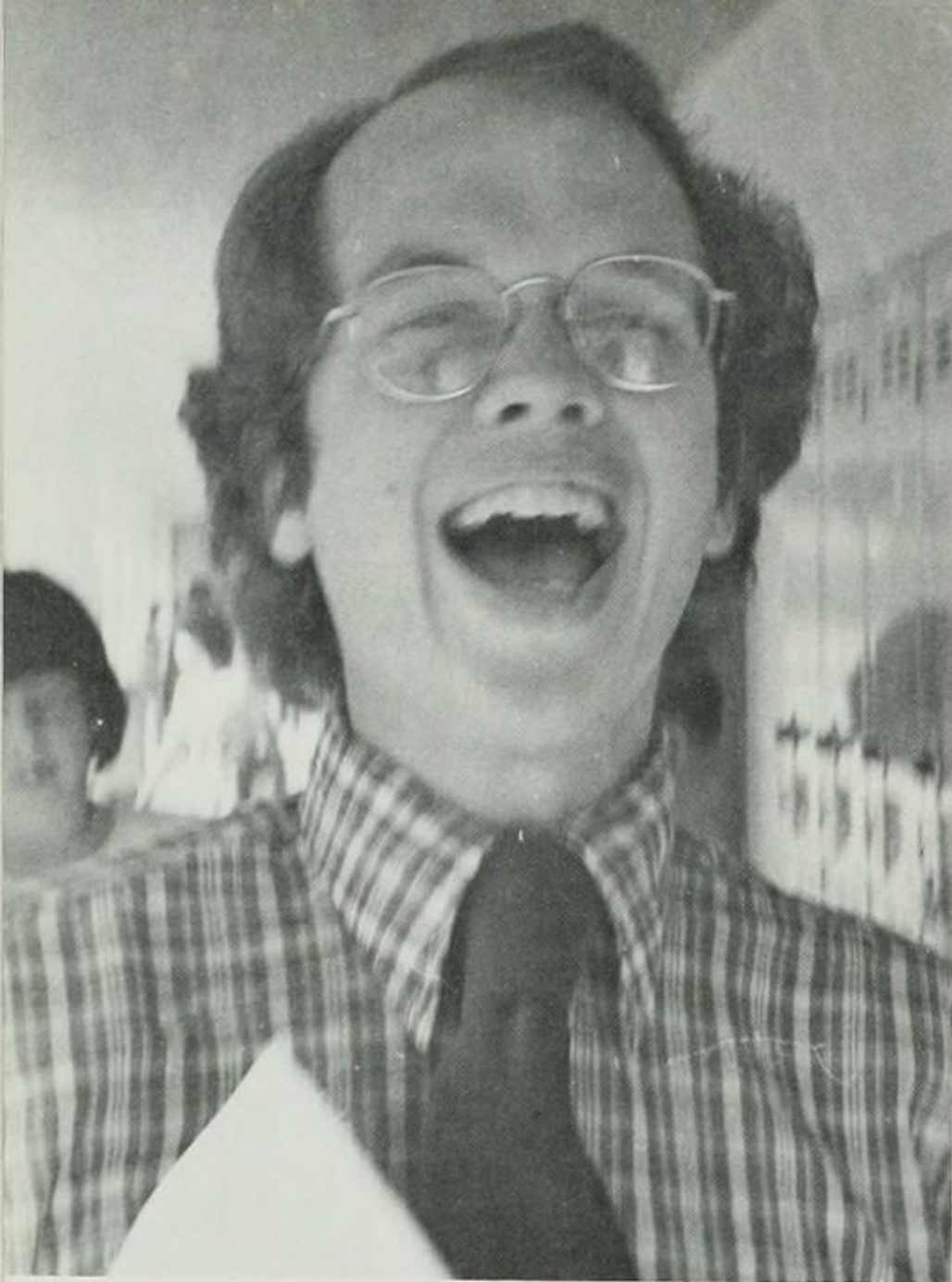
What is a friend...
 Someone to laugh with,
 Someone to cry with,
 Someone to talk to,
 Someone who listens.
 She's always been there,
 And I know she always will be.

To James:

As I look back,
 I smile.
 We've had good times.
 As I look forward,
 I smile once more.
 I know we've got
 we've got more coming.
 Thanks, James

It's sad when you wake up
 and find
 that all those angels
 and all that love
 (that made life so exciting
 and unpredictable)
 were all just part of and
 innocent dream
 and dreams are
 predictable in that they always
 end up being just
 dreams
 and not reality....





THANK YOU

FOR BEING A FRIEND

BARB

DEB

FRIENDS BRING US THE SIMPLE

THINGS OF LIFE

A SMILE - A LAUGH - A LOOK

THANK YOU TO ALL MY FRIENDS



Mrs. E. -

The language of friendship
is not words, but meanings.
-Thoreau

Val, Willy, Chris, and Susie-

A friend is one who cares,
shares, understands, and
through everything loves you.

Paul-

If you have a friend on whom
you think you can rely you
are a lucky man.
-Alan Price

THANKS FOR ALL THE GOOD TIMES!

Much love-

Deb

With fond memories and deepest respect and affection, I'd like to dedicate the following to the memory of Ellen Keane Flynn.

She had eyes that sparkled
Shooting life into your heart
With a wink of her eye
She could always make
That pounding start
But it only took one moment
To take that spark away
I can't forget that night
I'll have it with me on
My dying day

Oh, I miss her so
I just can't figure out
Where she did go
Oh, I loved her so
My mind it still refuses
To let her go...
-From Teenage Queen
by R. Derringer

There is no friend like an old
friend
Who has shared our morning
days
No greeting like his welcome
No homage like his praise.
Fame is the scentless flower
With gaudy crown of gold;
But friendship is the
breathing rose
With sweets in every fold.

-Oliver Wendall Holmes

Friends double the happiness
But with them comes some
sadness.

-Unknown

True friends are few and far between,
You have been one.
Gratitude is my parting gift,
Thank you Hatshepsut.

AD ASTRA, PER ASPERA

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

I, Monica Barahona, leave to John, his great ability for injuring feet, a great "banana", a plate of multiplying chimichanga and a huge Margarita, a box of peanut brittle, a "holiday 16", and "mi amor para siempre!", to Mrs. O'Donnell's Spanish Classes, my ability to speak Spanish, to Steve, a slap and "better you watch it" for all the dirty and bad Spanish words, and also to Chris for teaching him, to Susan, my grapefruit so she can start a diet, to Barbara, I leave Mike, It's none of your business, Jennie, in the picnic table, to Mr. Bruning, a great Spanish vocabulary and a package of gum, and to anyone else, I leave a lot of smiles and happy thoughts.

Barbara Baxter leaves to Jennie, a mailbox full of male mail, a dozen giant eclairs, a duet book, "screwing around" in Greer, "live and learn", the summer of '75, and a final chorus of "Tell Me A Lie", to Manuel, Gatsby and the green light, and a sophomore year of memories, to Schwiekher, my adolescent traumas and a thousand thank-yous, to John, three years of friendship and his excellent sense of humor, to Patti, THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE, to Li, our fine taste in men, to Peter, a morning library and his own personal physician, to Mr. Wilson, "Barb's dumb" and a book entitled QUOTES WITH OBSCURE MEANINGS, to Billy, ten bottles of English Leather and some lumpy milk, to Mylessa, the country of Tanzania, pretzel aid, and snide remarks in Biology, to Diane, years of happiness at P.C.D. and 3 dozen peanut butter cookies, to Chris, a life-time subscription to THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF PEDIATRICS, to Jacques, my terrific singing voice, to Seroka, the future Barbara Baxter Science Building, to Debbie Z., "the key is had", and to James, "Golly Burbra".

Michael Begam, being of sound body, leaves to Steiner, a bottle of incident-ray repellent, to Mr. Raymond, a calculator with a handy fold-out protractor, to Tuula, a right sandal, to Gleason, a brief case full of radioactive test tubes, to Brit Etzold, a box of razor blades, and to Tancer, whatever it is he left me. The funds for the extermination of Philistines go to Charles and Jan. The rest has been stuffed into a mailbox on Grand Avenue somewhere between Phoenix and Sun City.

Timothy Bock leaves to David Steiner, his phenomenal Ant Theory, to Cathy, the points system and "that romantic night with peanut butter crackers", to Jim, a two pound box of little puppies, to "The Coach", the Colorado Rapids, to Ken, a real basketball team and a new last name, to Bob Wilson, a skip trip, thanks, and the 1976 edition of Applied Physics Comedy, to Steve, K.P. duty and a subway ticket to Texas, to the Junior Class, one million dollars (maybe money can pull them through), to Keith, crazy women from Chaparral, to Dudley, a new girlfriend and his own car, to D.O.R., a window in the bio-lab and thanks, to Jennifer, excellence, to the sophomore class, secrecy in the wash, to David Gates, a new voice, his own radio station, and a lifetime supply of peanut butter, and to Jim Bruning, a pigeon souffle . . . watch out McDonald's!

I, Mr. Bieber Hound, do shovel out my jive. Better you watch it, Chica Monica. To Taco, I leave an empty treasury and \$80 for miscellaneous expenses, to Jennifer, I leave a leash for her other half and a present to be given at the Senior Party--for both of us, to Scott, my congrats for making it through this one. (Oh well, better luck next time.), to Jackson, I leave all the jive in Columbia and my instructions on how to make strawberry and banana daquiris, to Mylessa, I leave the first, second, third . . ., to Mrs. E., I bequeath my old tennis shoes. (Sorry, I threw out the carpet.), to COACH Hollandia, the infamous bicycle rider, I leave a pair of training wheels, for Mr. Singer and my Advanced Math class, I leave UP2 and does it flow, to D.D., even if it is Doug, (I don't care), I leave instructions and a question, "Do you like APPLES?". Finally, I leave to James Jumbo Lincoln, Carlitos Mrkt., North Bank, Spaghetti Company, Jerry Luzinski, The Court House, Robin, Lynn--who IS married, better luck with my tuna, easier names for drinks, Susan, --all of them, Dr., Mr., Uncle, Cousin, Anita Anejo, and a padded diving board at my house.

John Cox, of at least a sound body, leaves to Hound, memories of the family, and a manual of how to have a class party without getting caught, to Chump, his USC acceptance, his egregious backhand, his proliferating, prolix vocabulary, and his ability to charm K.P. to enjoy rum bunnies, to J.H., memories of family night dinners, his Fiat, and his ability to play pounce, to Lincoln, sore legs from bicycle riding to K.C.'s house, to Grapefruit, his big liar, junior, his nitching ability, his Camaro, 16, and all his love.

Cara Ganter, being of demented mind and lousy body, leaves a silk shirt, Keith Richards' cheekbones, Happy, and a hell of a good time to little Meliza Jane, an olive and a haystack to Ken and Willy, something he keeps losing to Bieve (if he promises to let me borrow it), a smile and an off-campus pass for lunch to Cathy, a recording of "Do you have a pass?" to James, one last cry of "Hey bert!" to Susan, a huge smile, a hug, and a trip to the river (a wet one, preferably) to Chuck, a boring Seminar on all the boring aspects of acute boredom, a promise to return someday, and Zippy the Pinhead to Schweik, (who is boring), and fond memories of

OF THE SENIOR CLASS

Percy and Pete, 30 seconds to name that tune, and anything else that I can't remember (but won't ever forget) to Toola.

David Gates leaves to Mr. Singer, a new and workable computer, to Phil Wrigley, a deck of cards, a new knife and a pick, to Mr. Wilson, five unbreakable Giger Muller tubes, to Charles, a three thousand dollar FM tuner, to Mrs. Sonderman, a free dinner for a class of twenty at the Seven Veils, to Mr. Houle, a quiet library, all the new books his shelves can hold, and one good Latin student, to the entire school, a new video tape recorder, and to the upper school, five hundred good jokes and one real D.J.

Chris "COACH" Holland leaves to James, an evening hopping around the historical places in town, Saturday morning stage crew, and I still bet you can't, to Deb, a river trip, a taco, and a night in the town, to Ken, a touch of my drawing ability, somebody's brain to examine, a ski trip to Purgatory, and some Physics assignment sheets, to Willy, a pick and a shovel to repair his skis, a dive off the "TOWER", chip formen, and sugar bear, to Herb, a new truck, and a trip to Bartlet Lake in it, to the other Chris, I leave Wednesday lunch at N.B., and a lot of thanks, to Mr. Raymond, one Saturday at 6 AM, and a special thanks for his help, to the Juniors, a lot of help coping with the other half, and last but not least, I leave to Suzy, Thursdays, Jerremia, grunions, a pig, nothing fixed for a day, 29, and one big CIRCLE.

Tuula Kaynee leaves to Monica, my coat whenever you need it, and a invitation to a wedding to Michael and David S., an autographed picture of my feet, to Steve C., a whistle, driving on the left of the road, Anejo, "Hey Hound, did you ever find it?", to John C., my last name, a life-time supply of contact lenses, the name "Jack the Zipper", and a Fiat, to Susan, a certain bus ride home, 99D and 2A, complete munchies at Burger King after G and S, experiences with Chand and others, Bobbbbbb, "We'll never see them again, so . . .", screwing up my hair, "Gee, I like your dress bit!", groovy, man and with it . . . we've had fun. To Keith, a "pat" on the back, a duck call and two car adventures during which I almost died, to John G., a disgusting and repulsive laugh and a few secrets, to Cathy, a box of Kleenex, 5,000 Burger King Crowns, (a few whoppers on the side and Kirk), making fools out of ourselves, screaming, All by yourself?, certain announcements in morning meeting, mobiles, Owooooooo, T'lula, what Cathy?!, see ya, to Cara, "It soitinly is, Ollie . . . Hey Stanley", a tape of outrageously strong accents, obscene long distance phone calls, certain skits, just barely making it to the bathroom, "Teenage Wastelands", a life-time subscription to every magazine in Readmore's, twinkies and ding-dongs, "The Stick", Charlie's House of Fun, Vroom-Vroom and Click-Click, Chucky Margolis, Evolution, "Heyyyyyy Cara . . . Hey Cara!", thanks, to Li, Confucius say, did you see that???, mirrored sunglasses, tape-mania, I don't care, but I do . . . help, "Quick, do a u-ie, forrow dat car!", Lunchtime escapades, he and his shadow, "Oh my God, is that who I think it is?", 54th, Dwight, SPIRIT, sunloof, lat skin and lat juice, Wri, have some yogurt, I'll feed you, and so many others . . . Good rye, to Manuel, a cure for your current problem, to Debbie, I leave you a rescue whenever you need it, to James, my inner thoughts and a smile.

I, Susan Kerrigan, leave to Cara, the definition of a bert, and a date with Roger Daltrey, to Tuula, a whole box of kleenex, a 40 d cup, a 6ft, blond blue eyes--preferably male, to Cathy, 5 boxes of kleenex, and a lot of luck next year, to James, a wooden pole at S.C., lots of laughs, and a armadillo, to Val, a bottle of white wine, Carlos, Taco Bell!, a trip to Redlands, lots of love, and a thank-you, to Deb, Bob the Bumper, one of my erotic dreams, a Smugglers Inn just for you and me, and a big thank-you with a bunch of memories to come, to Li, a rainy day, to Brian, Jason, Keith, and Lynnne, a whole bunch of smiles, and to Chris, a circle, a talent for catching grunions, my ability to cook ham and cheese sandwiches, a pig, lots of love, and a smooch while driving.

I, Willy Korp, leave to Ken, a big fat bicentennial J., and the thought that he'll have to put up with me for a few more years, to Coach H., I leave enough money for a new van to go skiing in, to Hound, a do-it-yourself student government, to Mrs. E., a few more breakfasts 'cause we'll probably need them, to James, a tall sunrise, to all my teachers, thanks for being a friend and someone to learn from, to the rest of the class of '76, a long and happy life, to Mr. Wilson, a new set of better jokes, Thanks all for a good time.

I, Debbie Latish, hereby bequeath to Mr. Roof, a more efficient memory, and a collection of poems by Richard Brautigan so that he may learn to appreciate fine "poetry", to Mr. Wilson, a book of new jokes and a case of SPAM for nourishment, to Mrs. E., a six pack of beer, a Dodger banner, and all the reruns of "Harry O", to Goo, memories of Eastwood, many late night talks, and all the albums I leave behind, to Lynnne, my sister and Alfred the cat, to James, "lush", a rum and coke to start the night off with, I Bet You Can't, and wishing he were a baby dinosaur, to Bieve, all the armadillos in Amarillo, Val's couch, and greetings from Mr. Smirnoff and Uncle Barcardi, to Chile Willy, the desert, skinny dipping in the jacuzzi, and 1001

old Beatle tunes, to Chris, Susie's refrigerator, "Seagull", and a bottle of glue to fix the things you broke, to Val, Redlands, "this is your life, Valerie Sack", ladies from Barstow, Craiggles, an untouched spare tire, it's only a rental, wines and spirits, our first night at Mantikis, after hours, New Year's Eve at Sandy's, Captain Fuzz, painted devils, people-eaters, bye-byes, Rita Jean, and a million more memories and wierd nights, to Sooze (Berbra), banned at Smuggler's Inn, Uncle Jon, the ladies from Barstow accidents, \$5000 worth of what?, Taco Bell, take a picture, Carlos, Bob the Bumper, a certain empty lot off Lincoln Drive, being popular, playing psychiatrist, the naked lady (Mrs. --), Captain Fuzz, track star, and all the other unmentionables, and last but not least, I bequeath to Paul, "love 'em and leave 'em", a secretary to keep track of appointments and to straighten up your desk, stamina for next year's Model UN, the spirit of Hamden Hall, a free night on the town anytime you're in Chicago, and many thanks for just being around.

I, James R. Lincoln, leave all my thoughts to Sheba, all of my thanks to D.O.R., and all of our memories to Hound.

Irene Helen Marcarelli leaves to Susan Kerrigan, the names "shortcut" and "La Otra Estrella de Puerto Penasco", to Li Wrigley, a new scrapbook and fond memories, to Terry Wurts, I leave Udo Keer, Joe Dallesandro, a pint of "wirgin blood", Camelview theater, a larger shower, and O,O,O . . . riding crops!, to Mr. Raymond, I leave a new leather jacket with silver studs, and a picture of me at the House of Illusions, to Mrs. E., what's left of her sanity after 4 years, and a big thanks for putting up with me.

I, Meliza Jane, being of unfit mind and destitute body, do hereby bequest and bequeath the following: a bag of menthols, a bridle for the baby, driving lessons, and anything else of any value to my seester, to b.j., I leave the parlor, runs to Circle K, memory lessons, a book on cricket catching, and my parking space plus a thank-you for keeping away the lonelies, to cara, I leave Keith's OTHER bones, a box of nasties, and incessant habits (the best ones!), a map of Phoenix for the M.M. routine I leave to Herbal, to Hound, a pork sausage, a sun-screen to filter away his shadows plus Flesh Gordon, to Peter, my dearest and beloved shoulder, a pin-striped suit, a red satin bow tie, a roomful of white roses, and desert at Munchies, to Ken, a phone call and both sets of his car keys, to Willy, a belated Christmas present, to Debbie L., Flash and a suit that sinks, to Chuck, I leave a keg of beer, a 5 hour pool game, a new locker combination and affection, to Doug, I leave dreams, to Bock, a wanted poster, to Manuel, I leave a serious discussion on Biology and all the frog's livers he can stand, to Jennie and Debbie --"the key is had", and all my beats go to Berbra with the water and soap to Debbie, to D.O.R., I would give my respectful gratitude for his plays, pudding, and wisdom, to Seroke, a place to meet after class, to Mrs. E., a sincere apology for disturbing her class, and gratefulness because she understands, and to my bear, I leave my dearest love plus a cheeseburger with extra sauce, a strawberry shake, and a small frie. And remember, he who laughs last, laughs best, jimmy . . .

I, Jeanine Pickrell, being of unsound mind, leave the following: to the brown fox, I leave a hat to keep his head from getting any bigger, I leave Irene to all her lovers, Li Wrigley to the elite class, to Walter, I leave a bottle of Tequila, a lime, some salt, two aspirins, and some vitamin C, I leave hopes of a future pottery to Kate, good times to Jason, thanks to Mrs. Sykes, Mr. Schweikher, and Mr. Peirce (plus a bicentennial leisure suit), I leave hopes of a happy childhood to Doug Barton, to Mr. Bruning, I leave a Mexico City hangover, a red scarf to match his red neck and a flaming purple tick.

Walter Repenning leaves Hound a fruitful fox hunt, his title as Foosball Wizard to Ken, a volume of Hebrew dwarf jokes to Eva; for James, he leaves tailored holes in new tennis shoes, to Herb, he leaves his pack of burros, to DeDe, he leaves an 18th birthday kiss, his farm in South America to Evan, to Chris, a steering wheel, and Sooz, a pair of pliers for the nut behind it, to Don, a parking place on Central and the philosophy of Dexter Wreckenbetter, he leaves Val on stage at the Roxy, the L.R.C., his old NATIONAL LAMPOONS, to Mr. Bruning, the right to arm bears, to Jason, he leaves a five finger bag lunch, to Willy, he leaves a battle with the vicious Seaweedle, to Morris, his Hoover and maid, nothing for Mylessa because she was always out front of any girl he knew, and finally a dozen doughnuts to Jim, Tim, Keith, Steve, and Dudley in the parking lot.

Steve Smith leaves to Vern, my friendship forever, Coco's, a new hairstyle by Sir Don, Texas, and a lot of thanks, to Keith, a home movie of MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL, a 4:35 500, boxing lessons, and an old, restored Corvette, to Tim, . . . Kari P., (sisters are the kind), "all the change in my pocket", a midnight swim at parties, (with or without your agreement), an imitation of Groucho Marx, a 3 second chugging contest, a fled nagar, sled cragar, and a fee, 5 years of B.S., and of course . . . Texas, to Dudley, a full race Corvette, some insurance, an arco gas station and a credit card, the mountain house, and Dede, to

Jim O'Connor, Elliot road, some more tapes for his "Sony", de Charger de Charger de Ram Charger, Harvey's Wineburger, and the Junior parking lot, to Jennifer, her "excellent", bathroom, nice pool, and the Charlie Daniels' Band, to Carol K., the T-Bird and Corvette, to James, two hubcaps, a spare clutch, a case of Barcardi, and North Bank to Cathy, a new car, Ray Korte Chevrolet, and 16 moons from the "gang", to Coach, ski lessons from me, to Rob W., white firebirds, \$200 worth of half and halves, Millard, and the best of luck at the Air Force Academy.

David Miller Steiner, being of sound mind and body, does hereby bequeath a snakebite kit, butterfly net, and a tackle box to Manuel, his makeshift parking space to Philip, Philip to D.O.R., the awesome leadership duties of the de-peonization crusade to Charles, Leslie, and Jan, respectively, a left sandal to Tuula, a coupon good for one brain drain to Jacques, the teen reporter's job to the most prolific underclassman, AMUN to posterity, and a big thank-you to all those teachers and coaches, past and present, who helped him along the way.

Manuel Tancer leaves a truckload of silicone, expert instruction in belly-dancing, and mosquito evasion, and a method for eradicating the peons to Bizarre, the Abdul-Sharib stories and the guts to seek black holes to James, his spleen to naja, lepidoptera, and the scombridias, his rock to Charles, special thanks to Sara, who smoothed the path, and to all his teachers, Sara's parking space to Cathy and Cynthia, et, aux rhinoceros predominants, il laisse l'orgueil de Berenger.

Li Wrigley leaves to Tuula, Hunk Fairways Drive, Mia and Gina, mirrored sunglasses, pepsi-rite and yogurt, Rames, muk muk, Confucius say, Tuura and Wri adventures, tennis without a net, forrow dat car!, the truck, "oh no!?! . . . 4 times in a row?", I don't care, and happiness; to James, peeled grapes, turkey sandwiches and Vijay, as many song lyrics as he wants, canahasta, submarine ladies, and thanks; to Steve, Puff and Cuddles and thanks for listening; to Susan, a rainy day, let's go out and change the world, and a big smile; to Barbara, Mike & Mark, and the same opinion of certain people; to Chris, a personalized tic-tac-toe; to Phil, the Fonz, a green Porsche, and the courage to last 3 more years; to Cox, 10th grade matching and that infernal camera; to Manuel, memories of a special year, a trip to Europe, the courage to travel the lonely path of nonconformity, roses, and a special thanks; to Beau, 24 hours of homework, an endless supply of chocolate, and good luck; to Lynn timer, a smile, good luck, and St. Luke's; to Keith, an instruction book for a '76 Cordoba, and water balloons; to Irene, a certain scrapbook; to John Gleason, the knowledge that anything can happen someday, and thanks "for the memories"; to Mrs. E., the fact that little boys do grow up, thanks for a lot of much-needed advice, and my friendship and company whenever she may need it; to Madame, annihilation and a person who is on time; to Senor, a certificate proclaiming him God For A Day; to Serok, the many rulers, etc., I have borrowed, Catalina and a smile; to D.O.R., a box of dirt flown from Chicago, a yorkie for anatomical study, and a book on how to co-ordinate colors; to Mr. Roof, a date book to remind him when he has an appointment and thanks for his support; to Bobby, thanks for Middlebury and the hope that he can cope without his 2 favorite harrassers.

Peter Wulsin leaves his best wishes to Phoenix Country Day School; his thanks to his teachers and fellow students, and to Faith, not brotherly advice or sagacity, but his love, respect, and the hope she will be happy.

Keith leaves Steve S., a brand new '65 Impala, 2 inches, a real set of muscles, and a wild rose from Texas; to Dudley Bradsheet Hoyt, a full insurance policy, a mode of transportation, and Traffic Survival School and its lessons learned (How many mph was it to get that forgotten paper?), to Tim, Michelle, Linda, Carol, Debbi, Nancy, Cathy, and better luck next time, plus my driving ability against yellow Chevells; to Tuula, Jack-in-the-Box, and courtesy water balloons; to Jenifer & Co., off campus, literally, Excellent, Excellent, to Rob W., Oregon, a female companion for Sat. night movies, and mountain house parties; to Cathy, 1001 ways to understand guys; to Steve C. and James, 4 easy steps to partying, a house, people, and a little of this and that (or a lot), to Bair, a helping hand; to Richard P., 50 ways on how not to set off house alarms; to Chris, skiing lessons from Zrike; to Jim O. and Jason, nothing 'cause I don't know what to give 'ya except good luck to you and the rest of P.C.D.S.

Ken Zrike leaves to Herb H., his very own psychiatric ward where his patients won't mind his helmet, to Coach, a new van-- but you'll have to take driving lessons, to Walter, Denny Gleason's routes to Van Buren and whatever goes on down there, to J. Gleason, I'll leave you in the middle of Harlem this summer if your jokes don't improve, to Smith, a motorized tricycle with mag wheels, to Coach Seroka, a basketball team that can make practice and aren't a bunch of fairies, to Chris, a set of glasses, a NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC front cover, a better paying job, and, of course, thanks, to Willy, the enjoyment of kicking Gleason out of the car, and also, a great tour of "The City", to Berg, see you this summer, and to Mark--my best!



UPPER SCHOOL

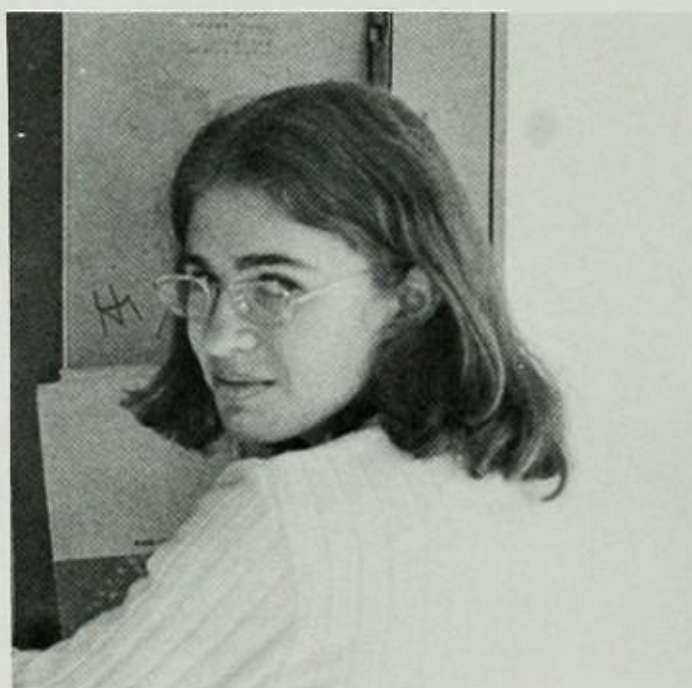


Becky Marler



Terry Wurts

JUNIOR



Patti Reis

CLASS

Charles Ladlow



John Gleason





Jenny Miller

Cathy Crockett



Michelle Nickelson



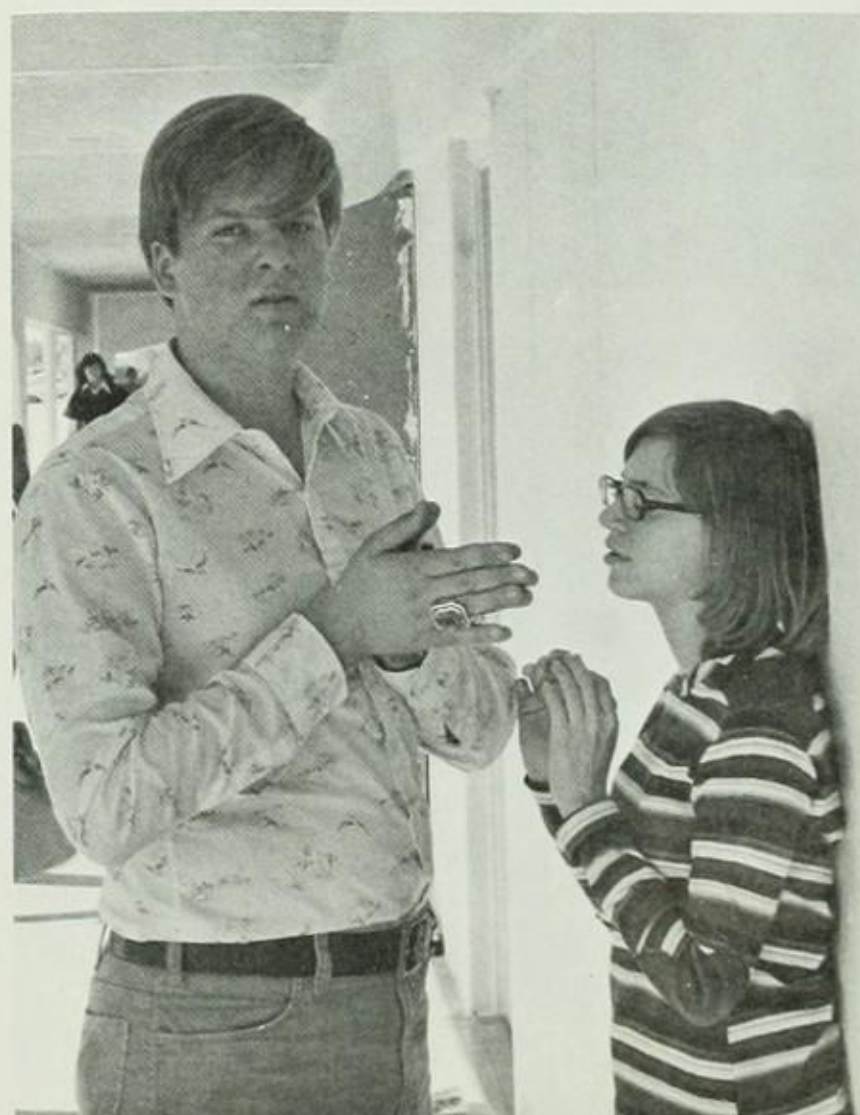
Paul Valach

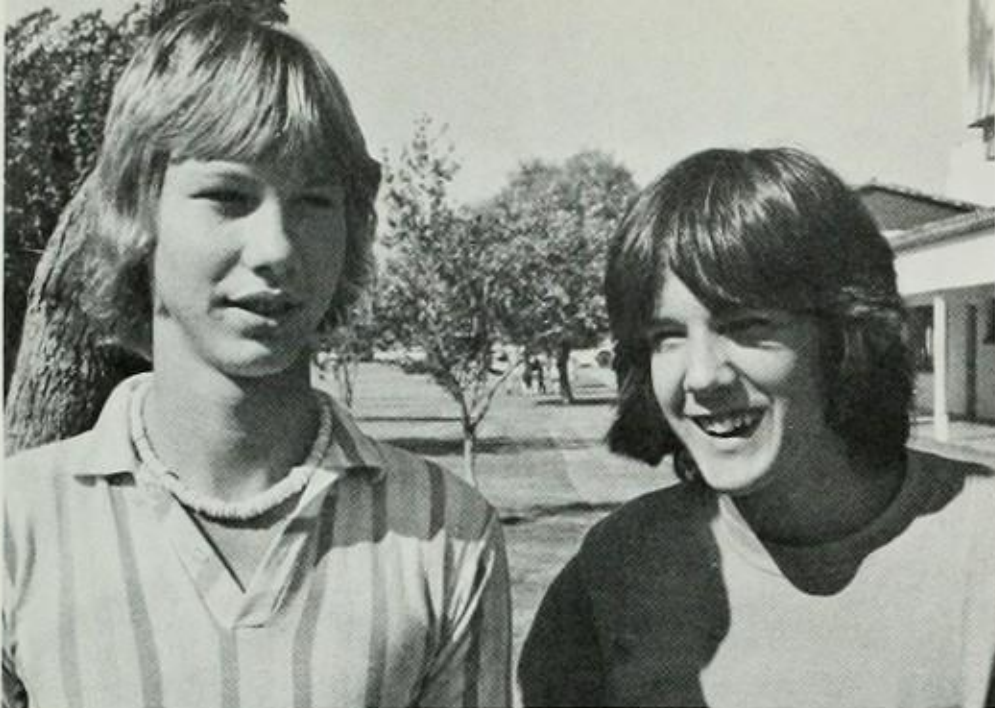


l to r Dudley Hoyt, Jim O'Connor



l to r Brit Etzold, Debbie Ziehm





Robert Snyder, Mitch Obele



Marie deTarnowsky, Sandra Burns

SOPHOMORE CLASS



l. to r.

Leslie
Davison

Jodi
Molever

Kate
Patterson



l. to r.

Phil
Rosier

Tony
Taylor



Jeff Haus. Courtney White



Robert Bell

Jenifer Crolus



l. to r. Nick Paris, John Crockett, Jacques de Lisle

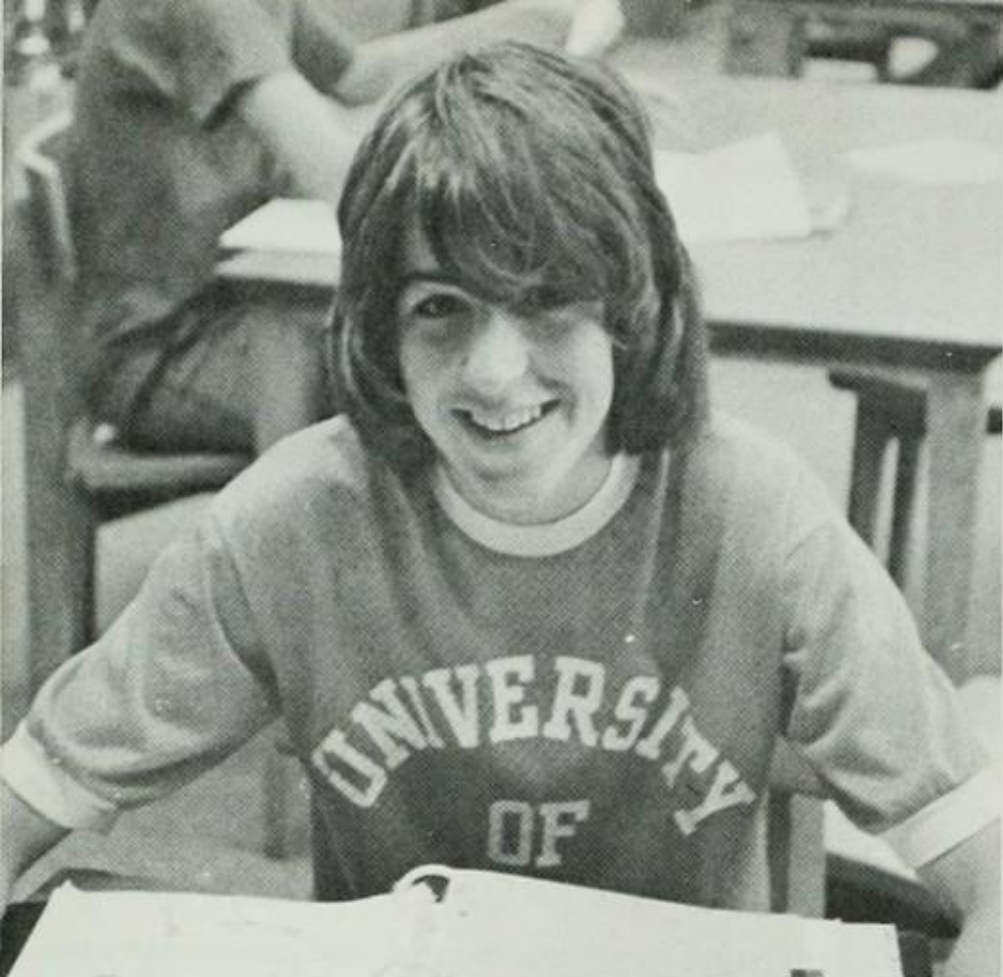


l. to r.

Vicky
Lewis

Blair
Torrey

Trinka
McCabe



Mark Bricklin



Katy Polite



l. to r.

Rhonda
Eicher

Lori
Reynolds

Martha
Smith

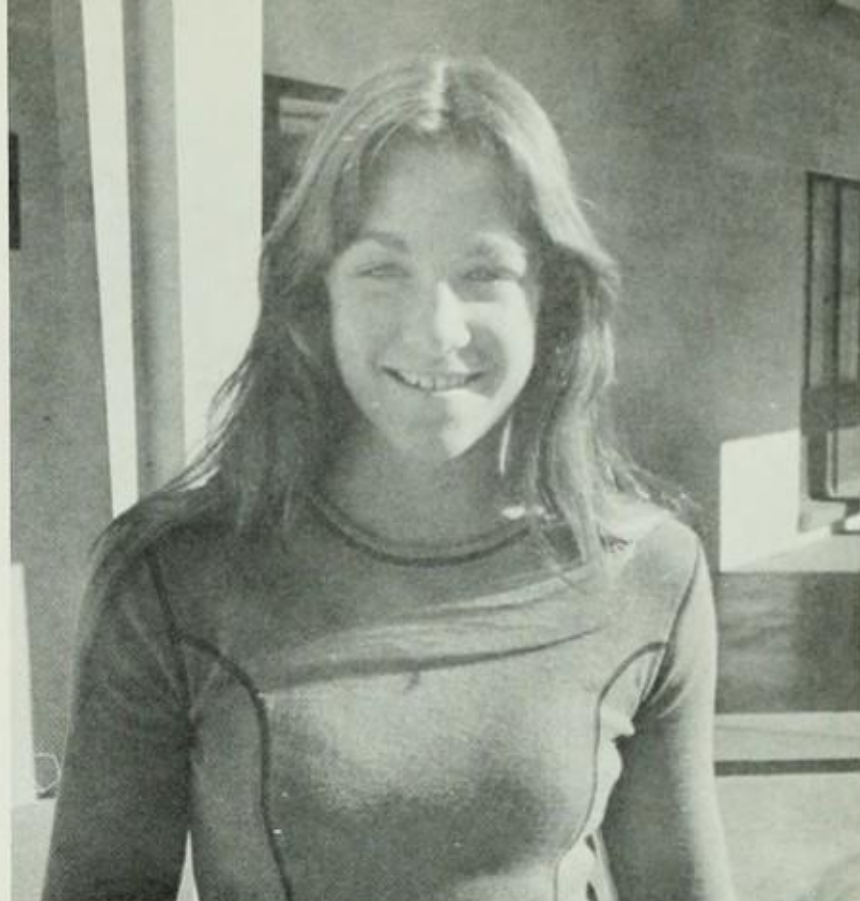
Brian Rose

Larry Schoeffler

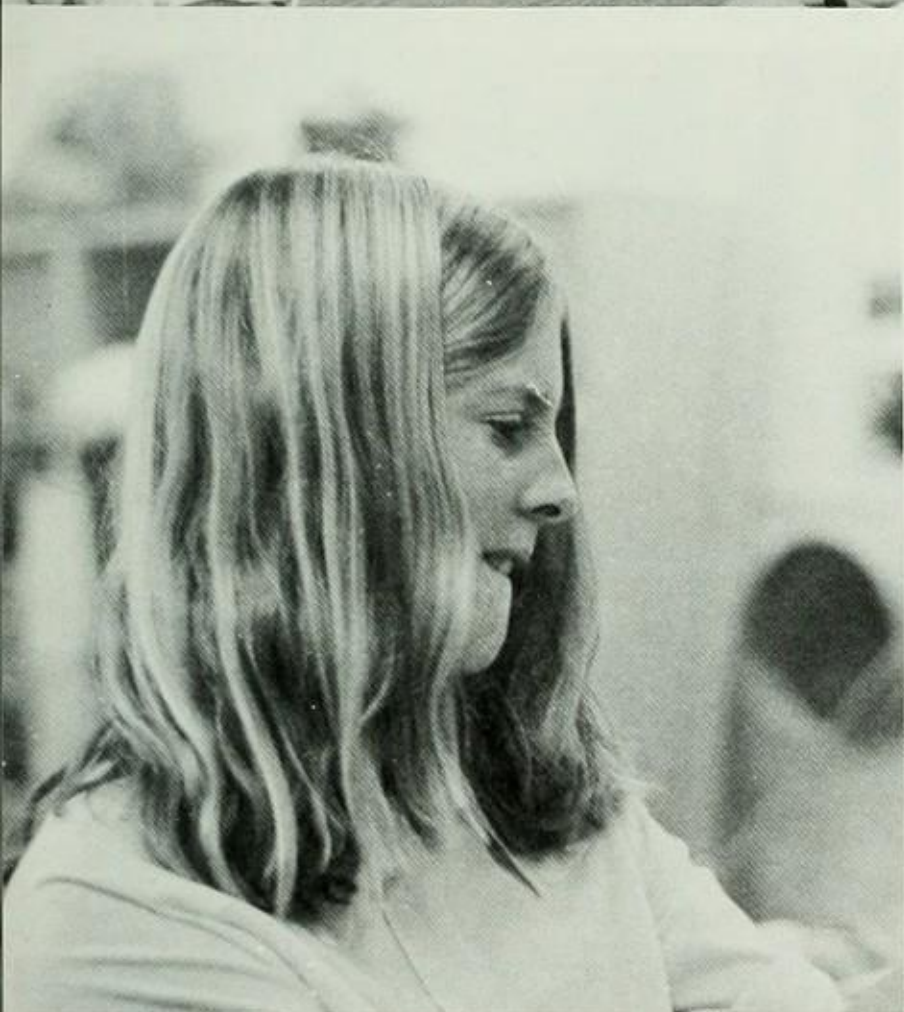




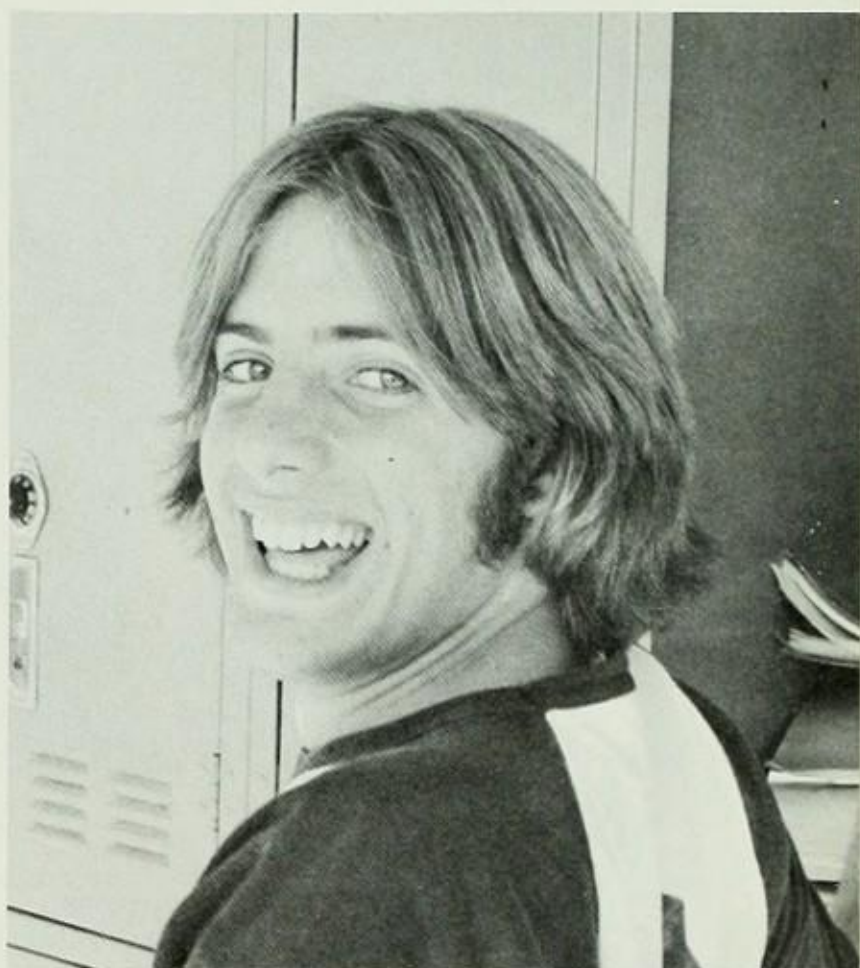
left:
Scott
Stevens



right:
Marianne
Hagstrom



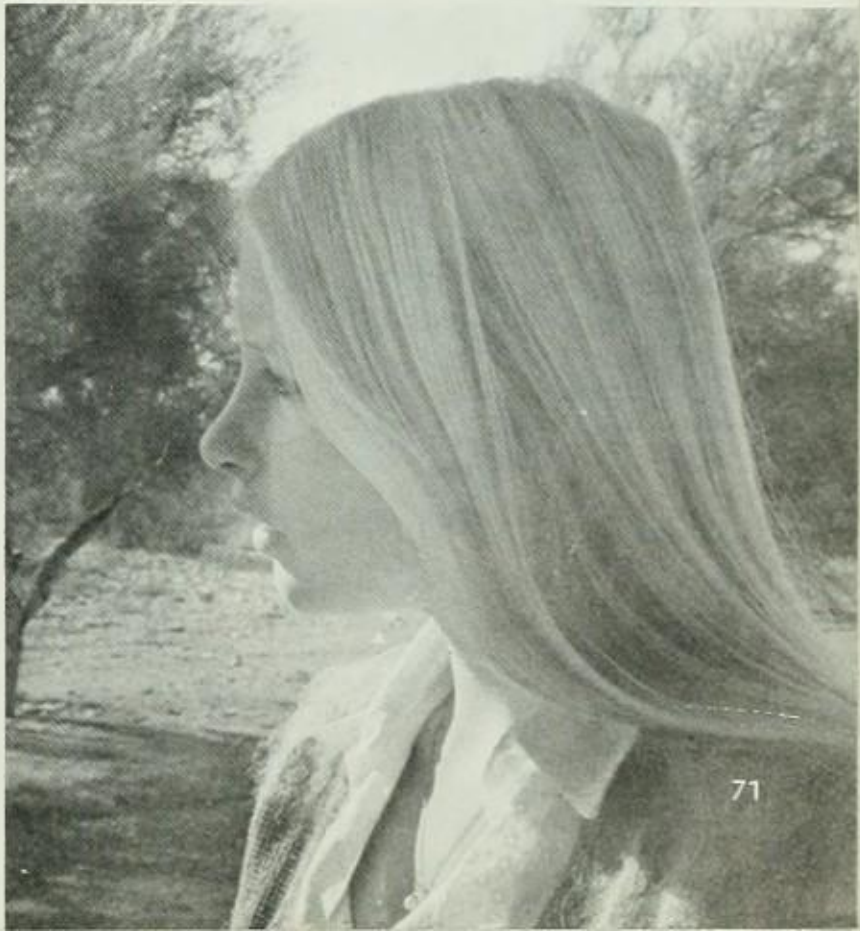
left:
Jane
Hall



right:
Jason
Mitchell



left:
Doug
Barton



right:
De De
MacFarland

FRESHMAN



l. to r. Felicia Weiss, Lynn Getz



l. to r. Billy Baxter, Steven Miller



Mark Three Stars

Bill Jones

Phil Wrigley



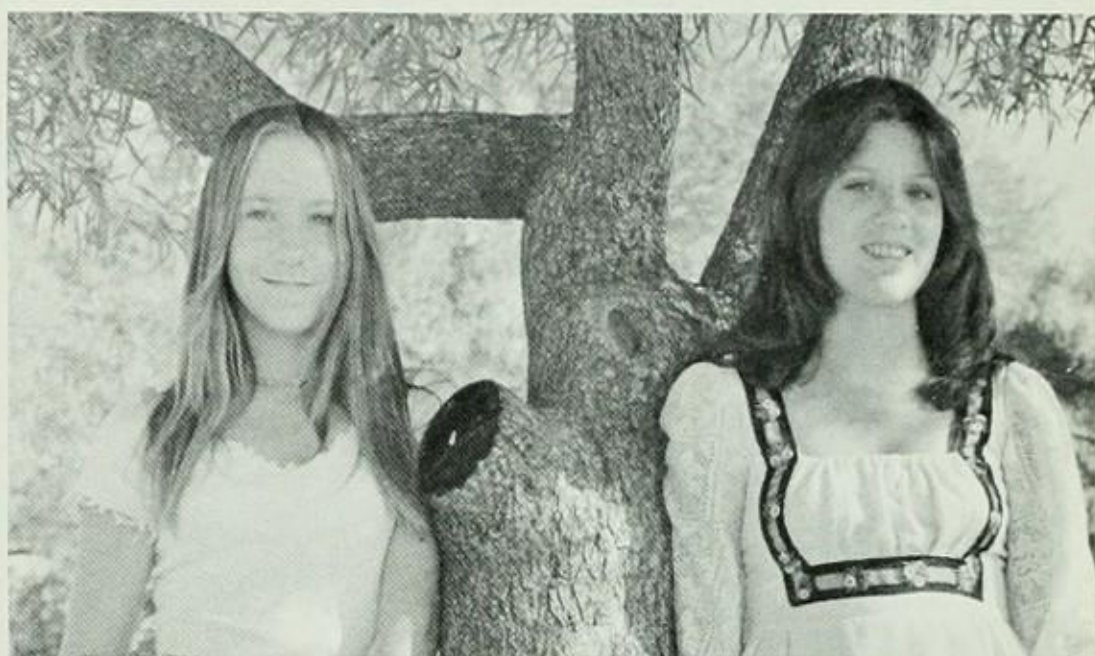
C L A S S



Betsy Ryan, Jan Lorant



Tim Magill



Shannon Bryant, Paralee Obele

Michael Forrest

Leah Lobel



Stephen McEachern



Randy Friend

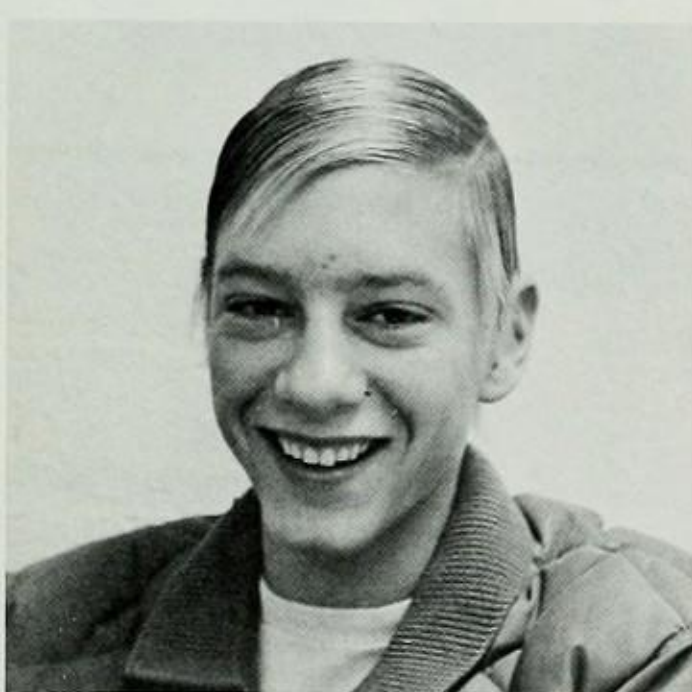




Hadley Baum



Raymond Greenlee



Greg Hunter



Cindy Latish, Todd Gilmore

Ginger Irwin

Pierre deTarnowsky

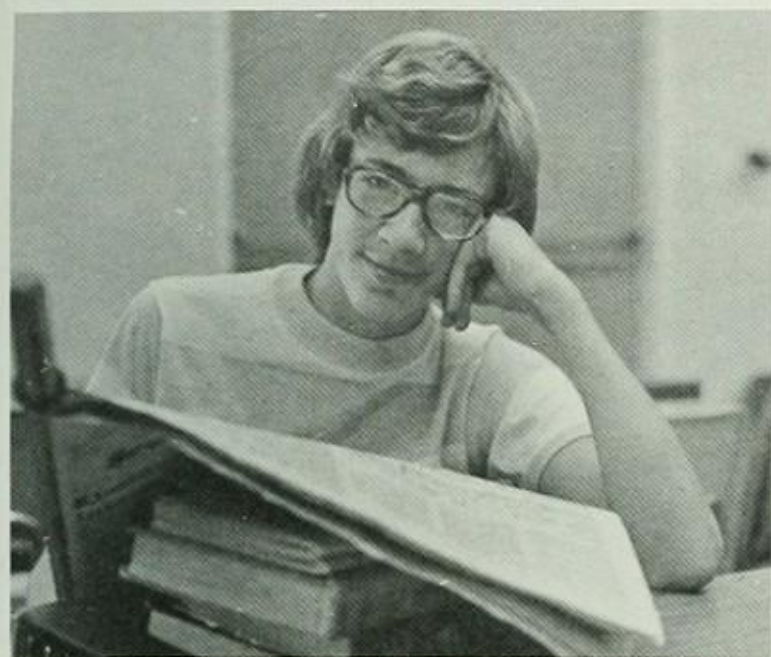




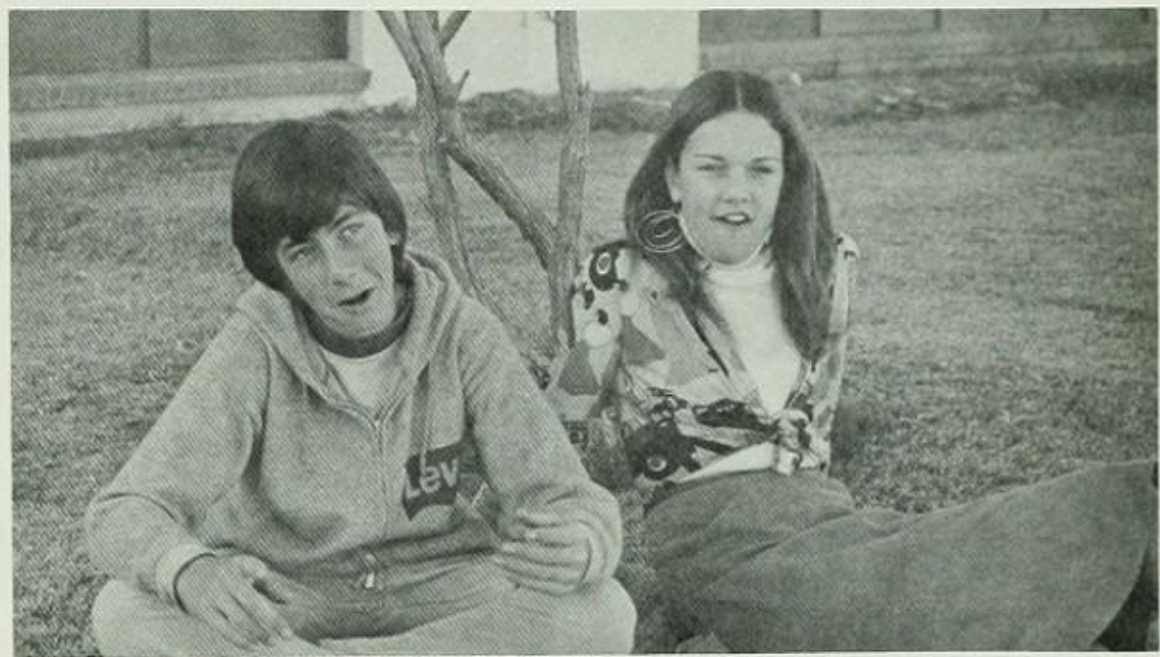
Cathy Tancer, Leah Jacobson



George Kokalis



Stephen Gates



Bart Hechtman, Carol King

Greg Haus, Fred Seavers

Mary Lynn Diethrich



Tim Olin





ACTIVITIES



top: James Lincoln, l to r: Kate Patterson, Jan Lorant, Charles Ladlow, Jason Mitchell, president Steve Casselman, Leah Jacobson, Mr. Bob Wilson, Debra Ziehm, Willy Korp, Mrs. Chris English, Mr. Paul Schweikher. absent: Mr. David Raymond, Mr. Jim Roof, Mr. James Bruning

ADVISORY BOARD

The Advisory Board is this year's form of student government. It is new to the school. It was proposed last year and consists of 9 students and 6 faculty members. This board takes on the responsibilities of the old Student Council and Student Court. The Yearbook wishes you good luck!

The Curriculum committee: Mr. Singer, Mr. Raymond, Mrs. Grove, Mr. Roof, Mr. Schweikher, Mr. Schluter, Mrs. Sykes, and Mr. Bruning are the teachers. Tim Olin, Scott Stevens, Jenny Miller, and Debbie Latish are the students.



back: Mr. Roof, Charles Ladlow, Debbie Latish, Debbie Ziehm, Li Wrigley, Jennie Miller, Mylessa Nickelson. front: Manuel Tancer, Barbara Baxter

DEAN'S COMMITTEE

P.O.P. COMMITTEE

l to r. Barbara Baxter, Manuel Tancer, Charles Ladlow, Mr. Houle, Kate Patterson, Mr. Bruning, Mr. Singer, Mrs. English





top: Lynn Getz middle: Suzy Kerrigan, Blair Torrey, Trinka McCabe, Tuula Kaynee bottom: Ginger Irwin, Rhonda Eicher

CHEER



PURSUIT OF PERSPECTIVES 1976

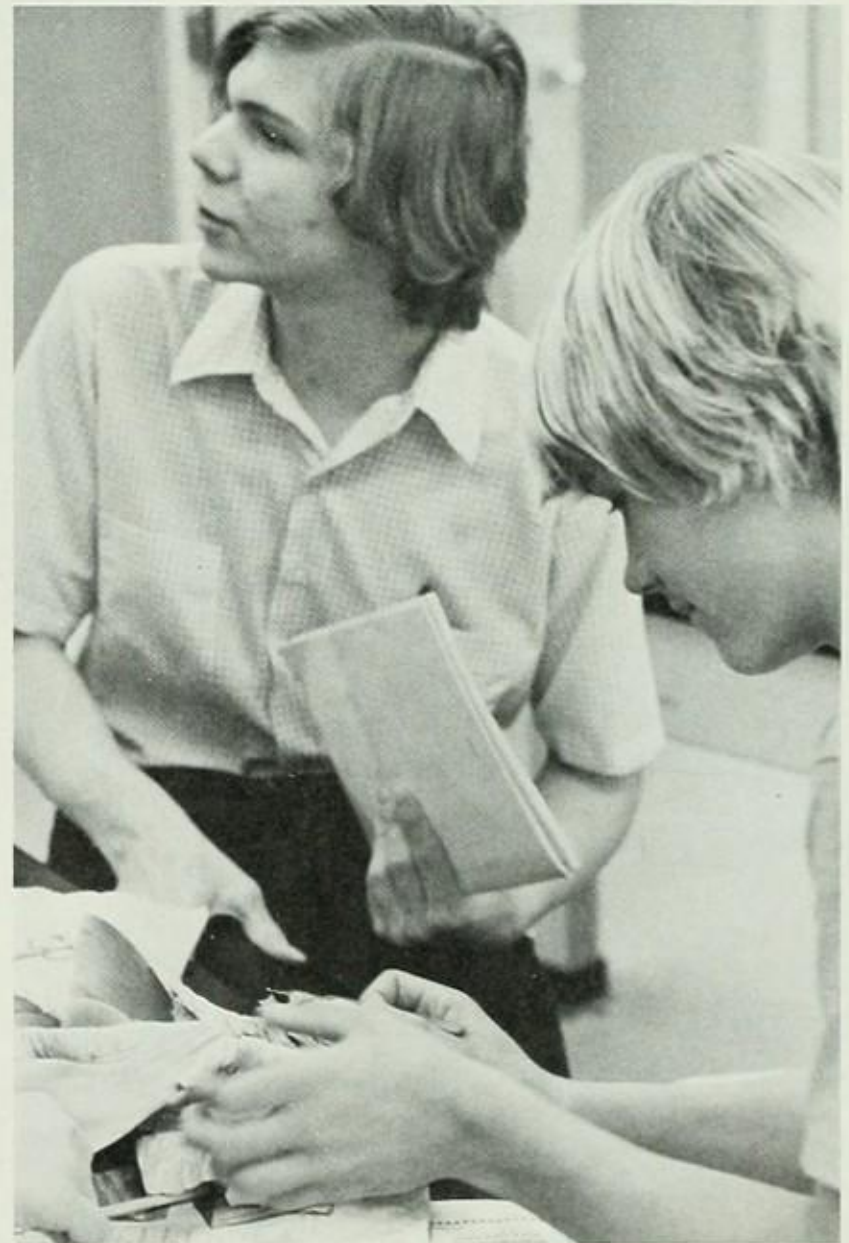
It is the belief of the Upper School Faculty that each student should have an opportunity to gain different perspectives in the academic field. For this reason, the Pursuit of Perspectives Program was initiated at Phoenix Country Day School two years ago. The purpose of this program maintains the academic standards that would be expected throughout the year, however, the approach is one that offers the student a greater independence and a more practical relationship to his study.

The Pursuit of Perspectives is a three-pronged program. It offers:

1. Vocational Study--the student may work and study with a professional in the Phoenix area. This vocational study may be directed toward business, law, medicine, government, or education.
2. Innovative Academics--the student may choose a campus program that would offer him the choice of curriculum that could not be offered during the school year. These courses are designed from an interest perspective as well as an intellectual one.
3. Travel--the student may be engaged in a travel program through the Language Department. The travel program is offered on the basis of student interest, and includes the study of Spanish and French in an area of the world where these are the native language.

The entire month of January is devoted to this program. We believe it to be a valuable one for our students and a necessary one for the development of future curriculum innovations. Students and Faculty have been involved in the offerings and organization of the Pursuit of Perspectives.







Copy editor-Li Wrigley



Layout editor-Mylessa Nickelson

YEARBOOK STAFF

John Cox
Photography editor



Business Manager-Tuula Kaynee



Editor-James Lincoln





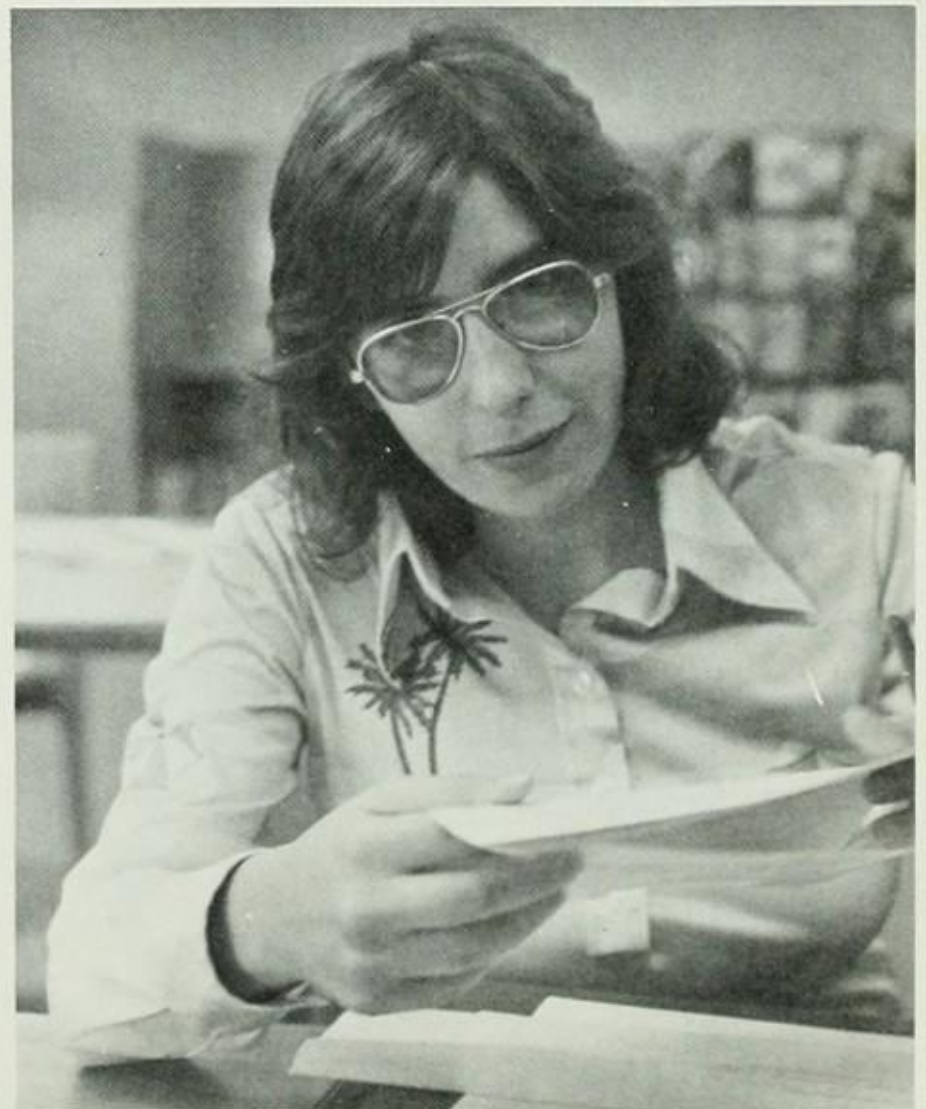
Magazine Staff. top: Irene Marcarelli, Tim Bock, David Gates, Susan Kerrigan, Debbie Latish, Paul Valach, Jaque de Lisle. bottom: John Gleason, Charles Ladlow, Debra Ziehm, Advisor Kathy Sonderman.

MAGAZINE

As the new editor of IMPRESSIONS, I have tried to change the format from previous P.C.D.S. publications. The staff has tried to capture the impressions of the P.C.D.S. students and faculty. I hope these changes will make the magazine more enjoyable for the students, faculty, and parents. I wish to thank the staff for their efforts, the parents and advertisers for their support, and Mrs. Sonderman for her guidance. Without all of these people, this publication would not have been possible.

-Debbie Latish

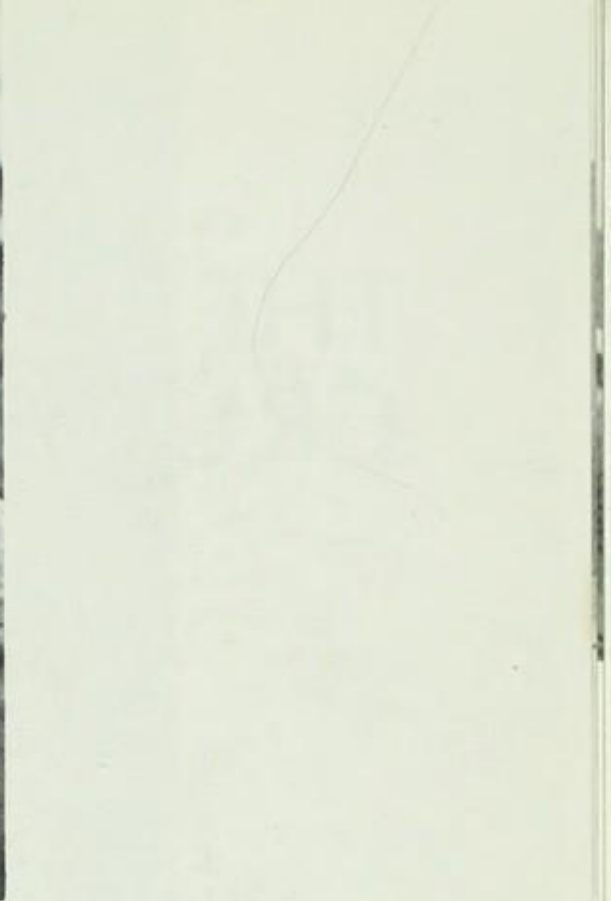
Debbie Latish-Editor



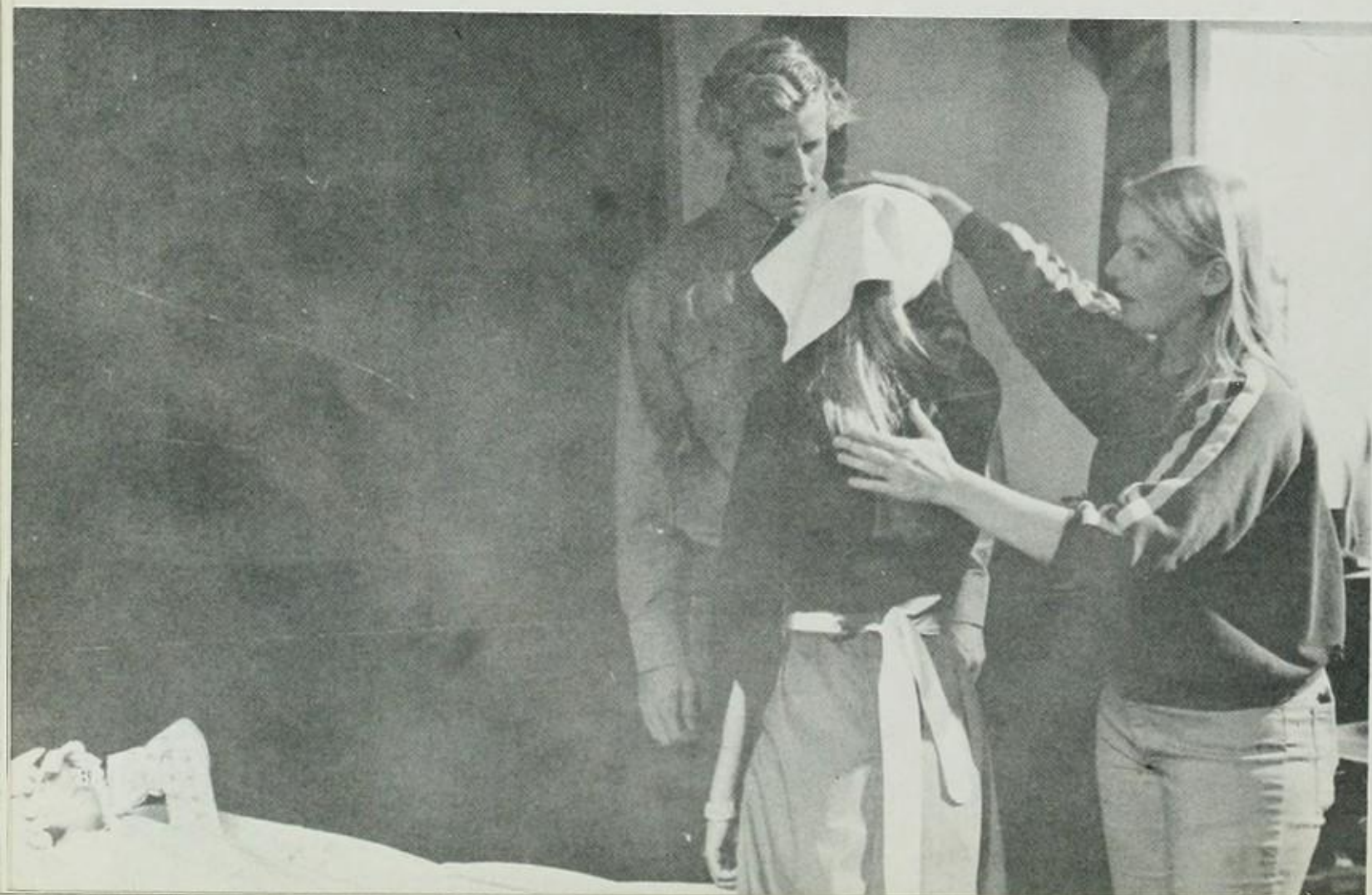


THE ARTS





THE CRUCIBLE





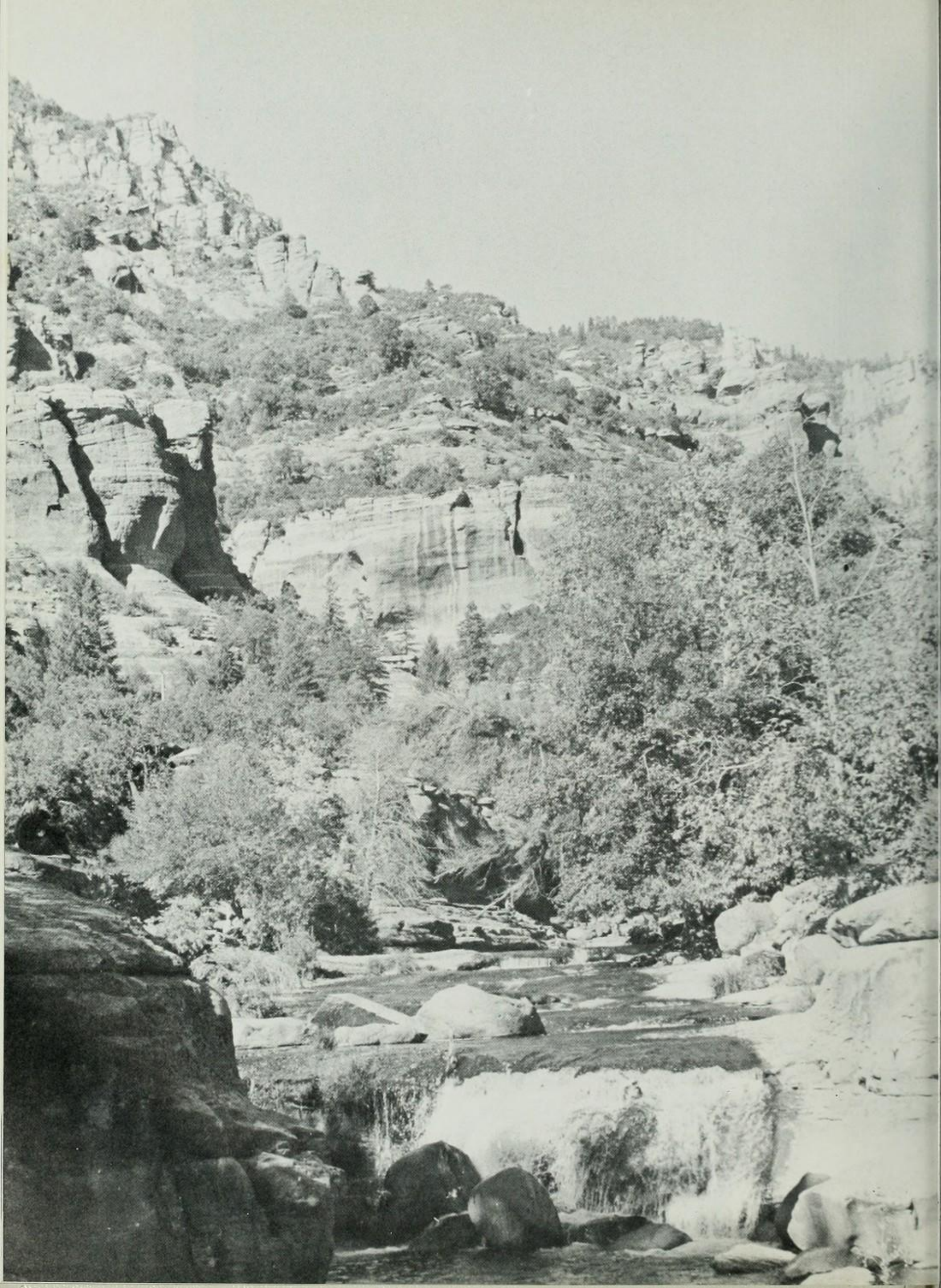
top: Chris Holland, Tim Bock, bottom: Keith Yavitt, Steve Casselman, Bill Jones, Billy Baxter, Willy Korp, Steve Smith, absent: Ken Zrike, Manuel Tancer Scott Stevens, James Lincoln.

OF TODAY

LETTERMAN'S CLUB

OF TOMORROW





ATHLETICS

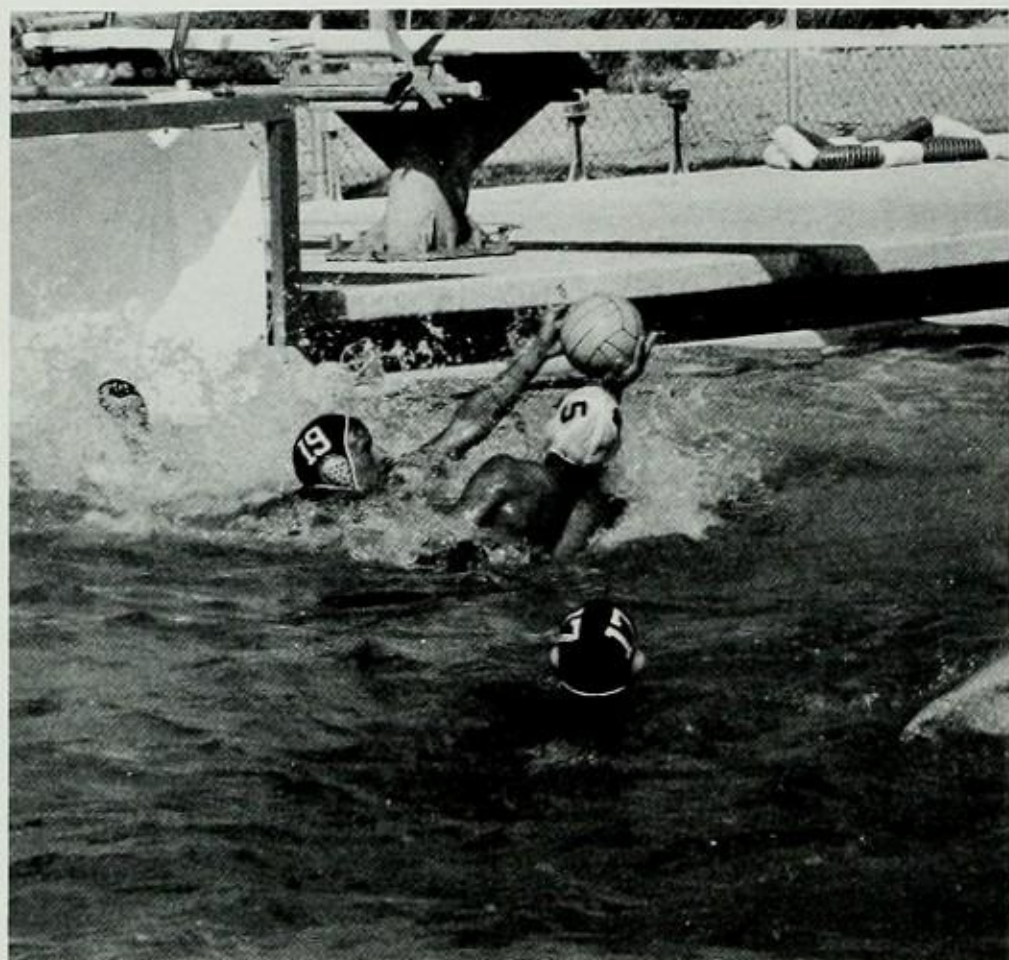


back row: Willy Korp, John Gleason, Rob Snyder, Scott Stevens, James Lincoln, Dave Gates, Chris Holland, Courtney White, Manuel Tancer. front row: Steven Gates, Mark Three Stars, Brian Rose, Greg Haus, Todd Gilmore. absent: Mitch Obele.

SOCCER

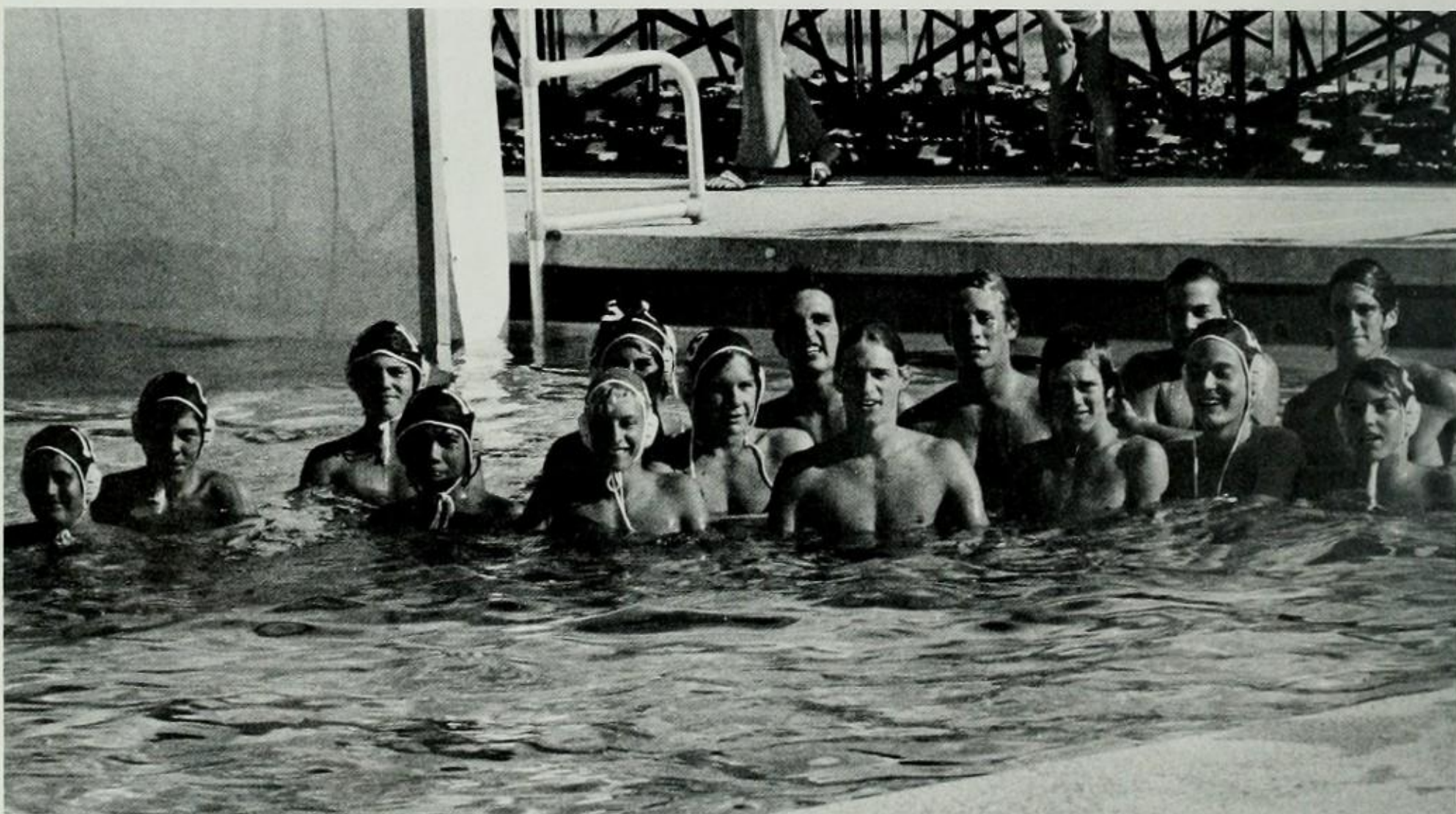


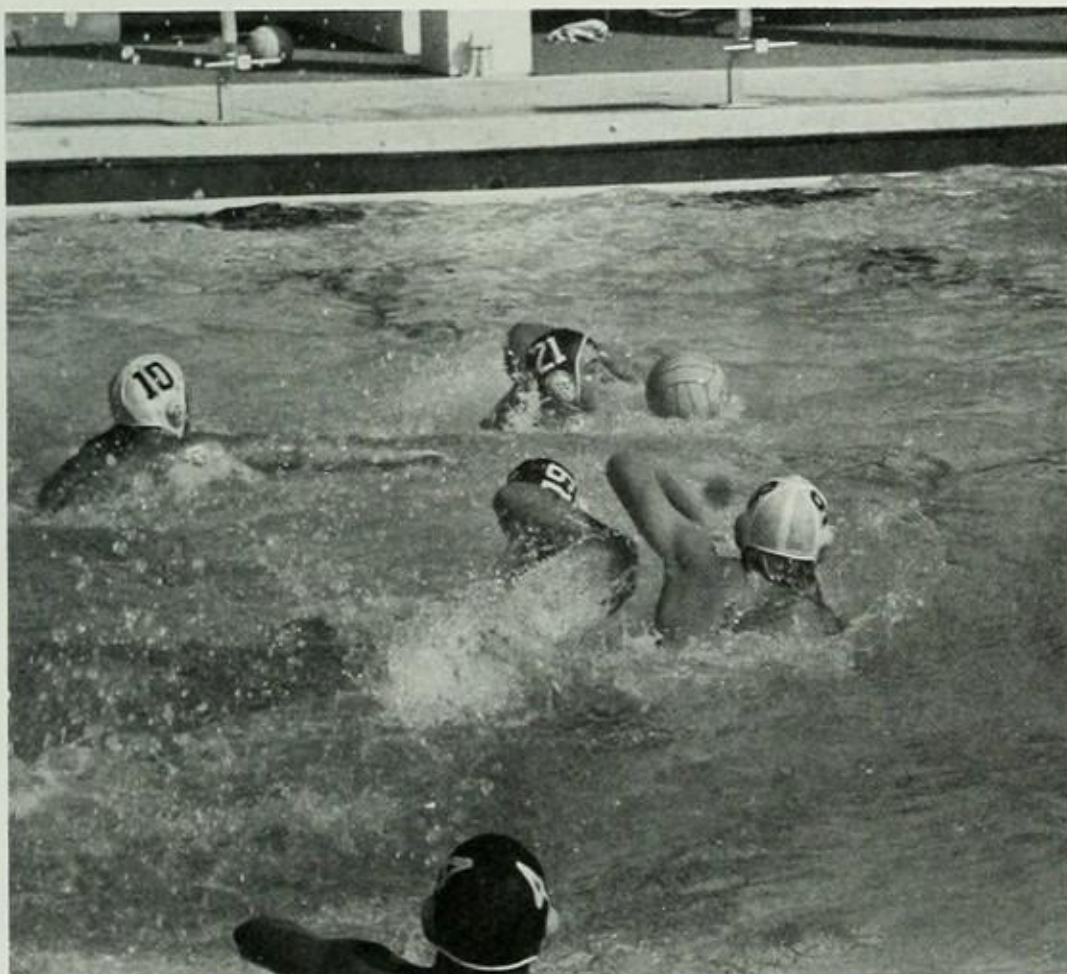
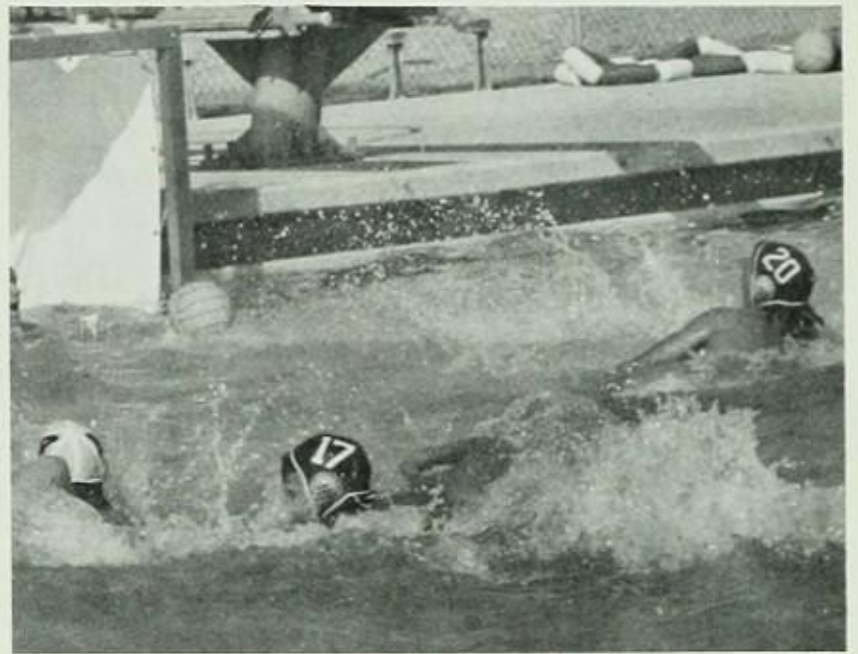




WATER POLO

1 to r: Mike Forrest, Greg Haus, Fred Seavers, Mark Three Stars, Greg Hunter, Jan Lorant, Bill Baxter, Steve Casselman, Dudley Hoyt, Keith Yavitt, Steve Smith, Ken Zrike, Charles Ludlow, Tim Bock, Bill Jones.





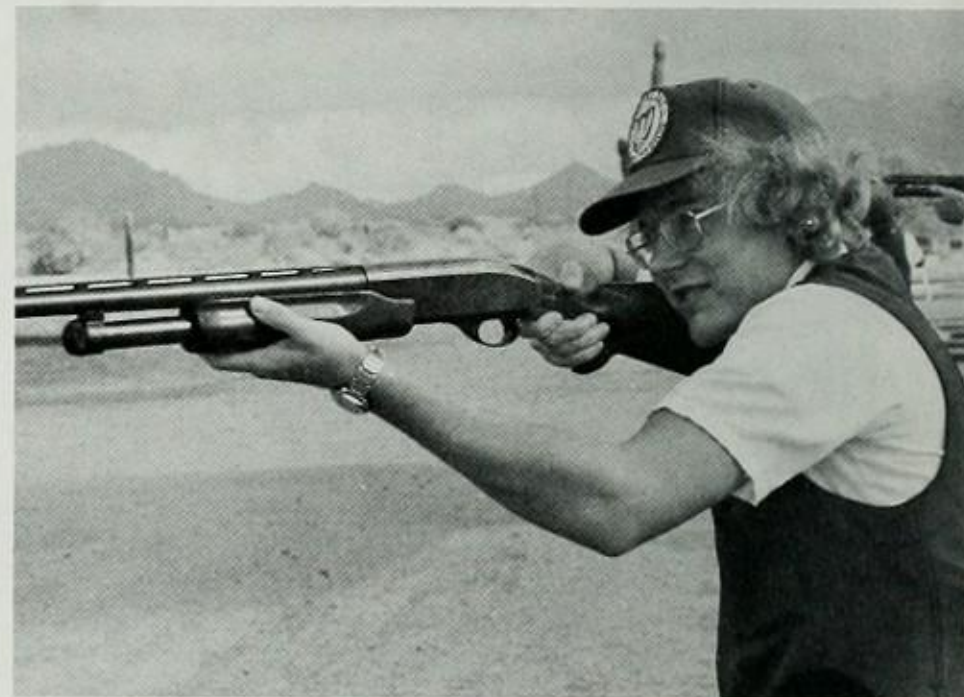


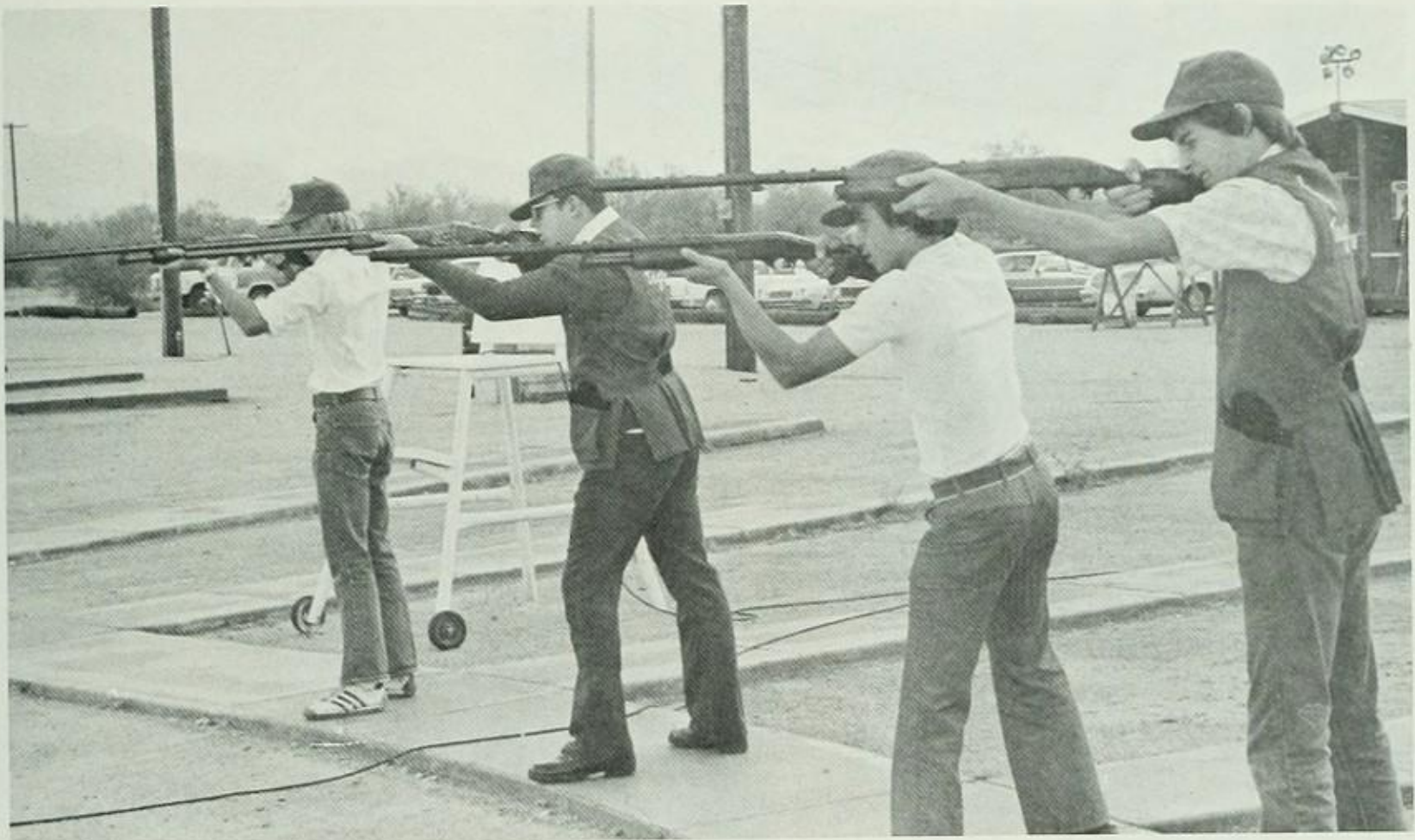
l to r. Mr. Bruning, Nick Paris, Paul Valach,
Pierre deTarnowsky, John Crockett



l. to r. Brit Etzold, Dudley Hoyt, Charles
Ladlow, Willy Korp, Fred Seavers

TRAP AND SKEET



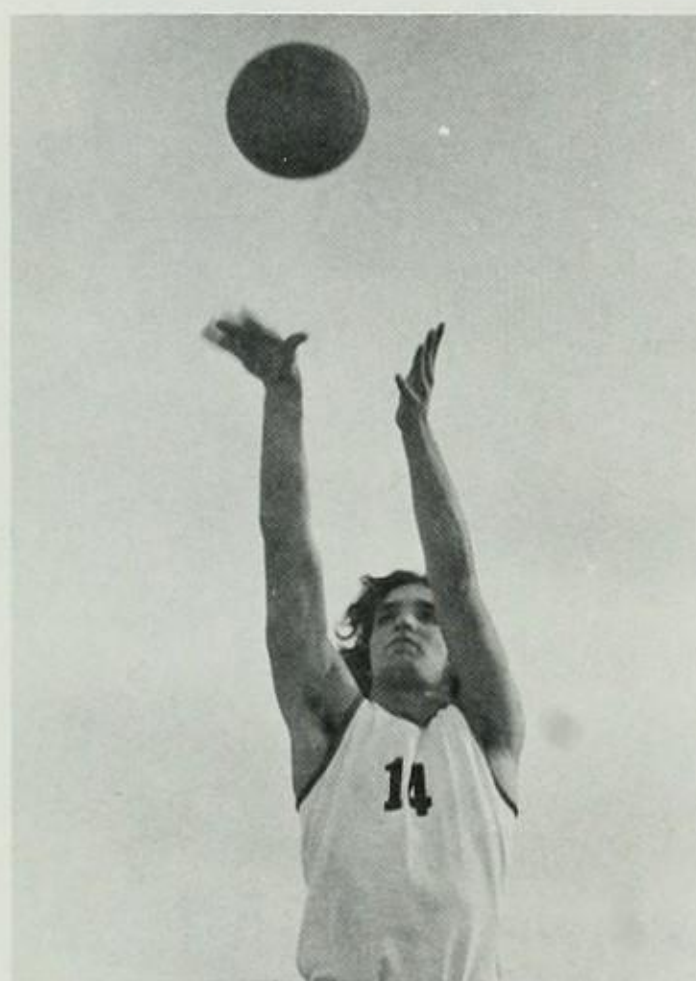




Hound, Tim, Ken, Mike,
James, Brian, Scott,
Nick, Steve, Billy,
Mark, Greg



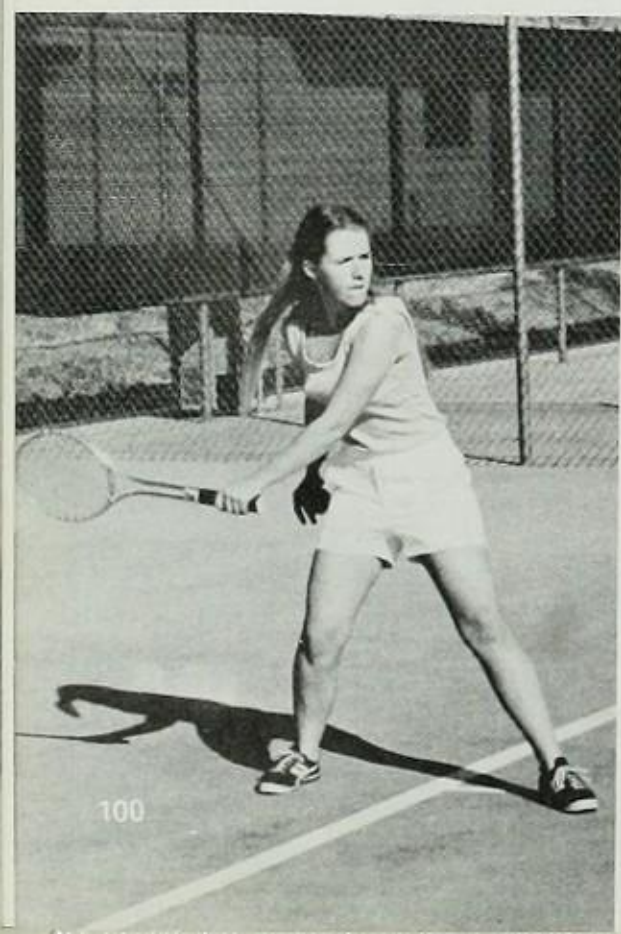
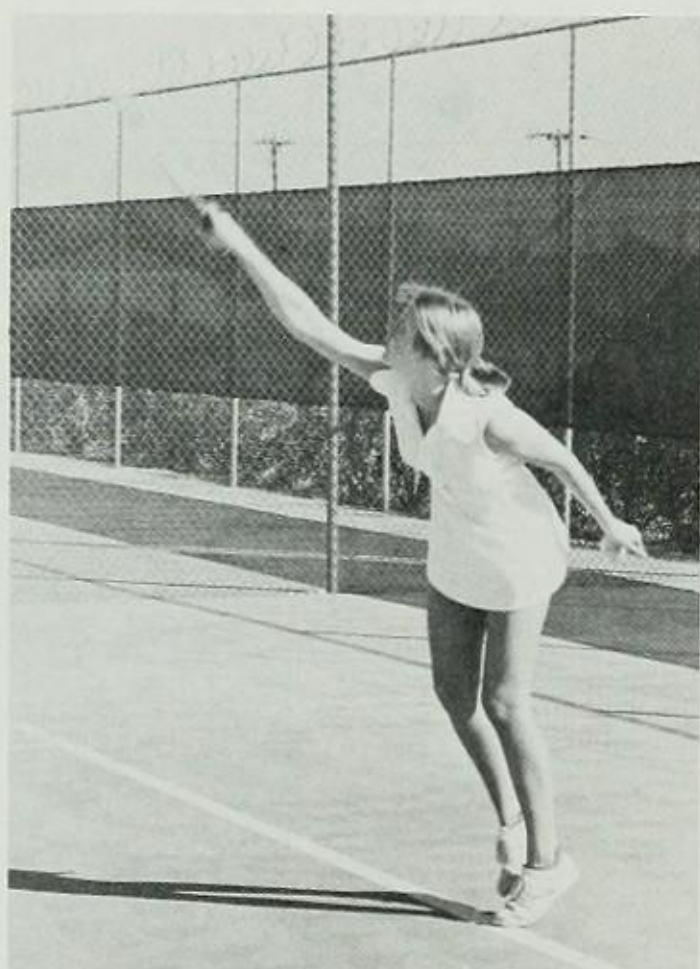
BASKET- BALL



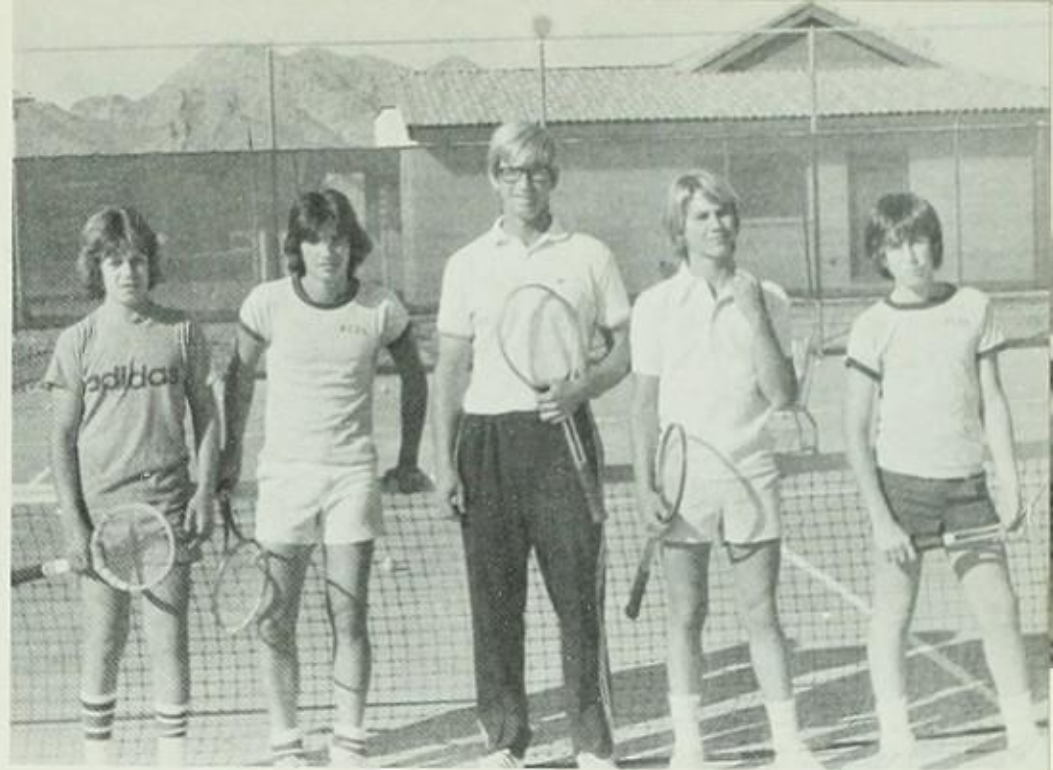




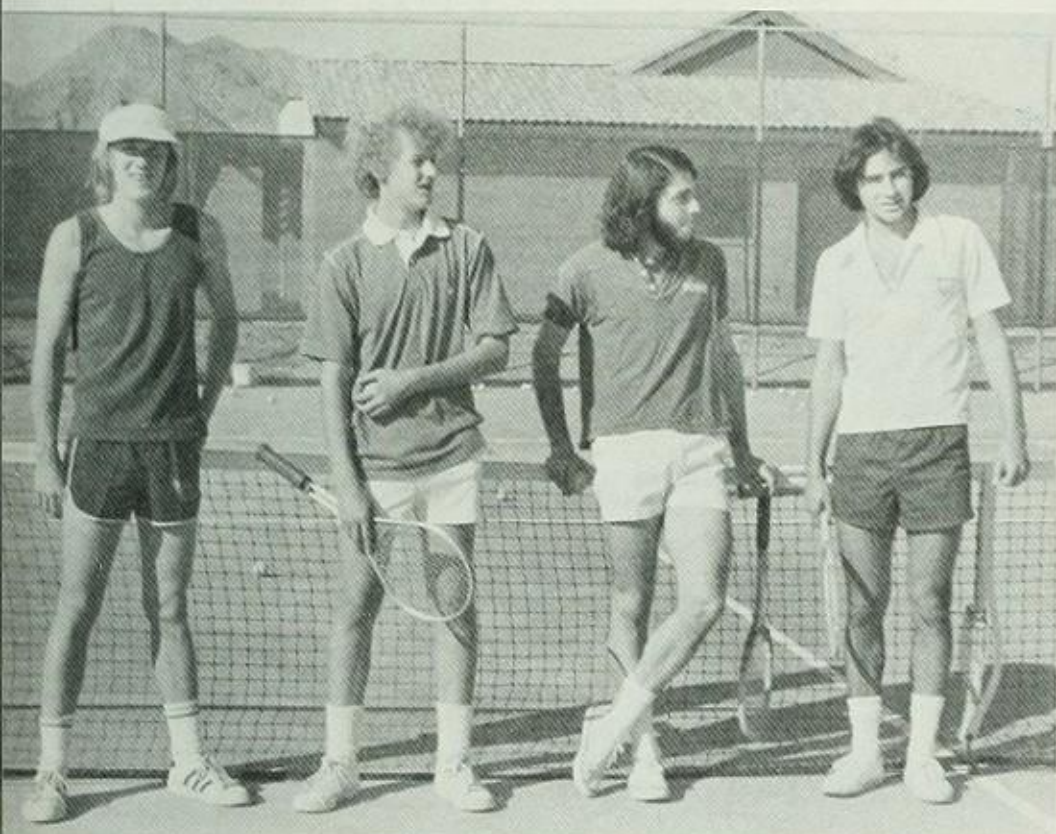
l. to r. Jennie Miller, Leslie Davison, Kate Patterson. Absent: Jane Hall



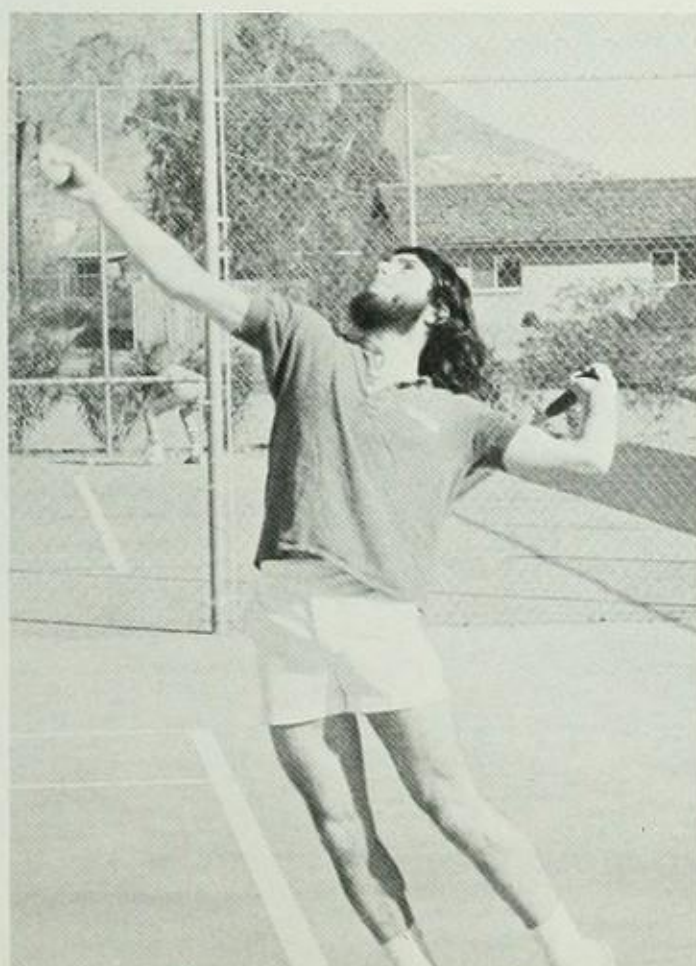
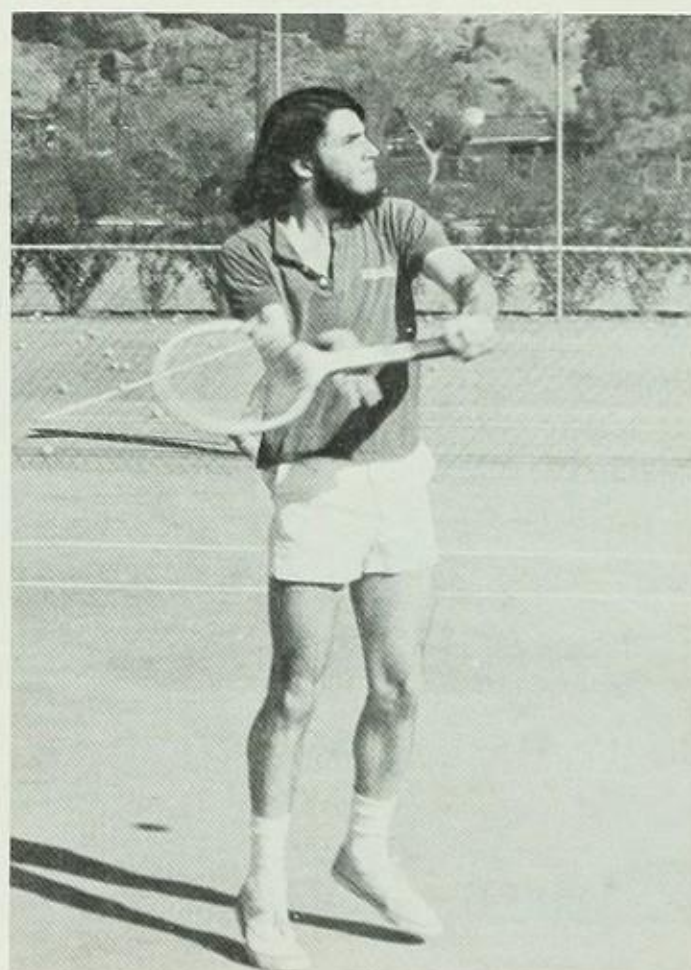
NIS



l. to r. Tony Taylor, Phil Rosier, Coach, Jim Walker, Jan Lorant, Bart Hechtman.



l. to r. John Cox, Randy Friend, Manuel Tancer, Willy Korp.

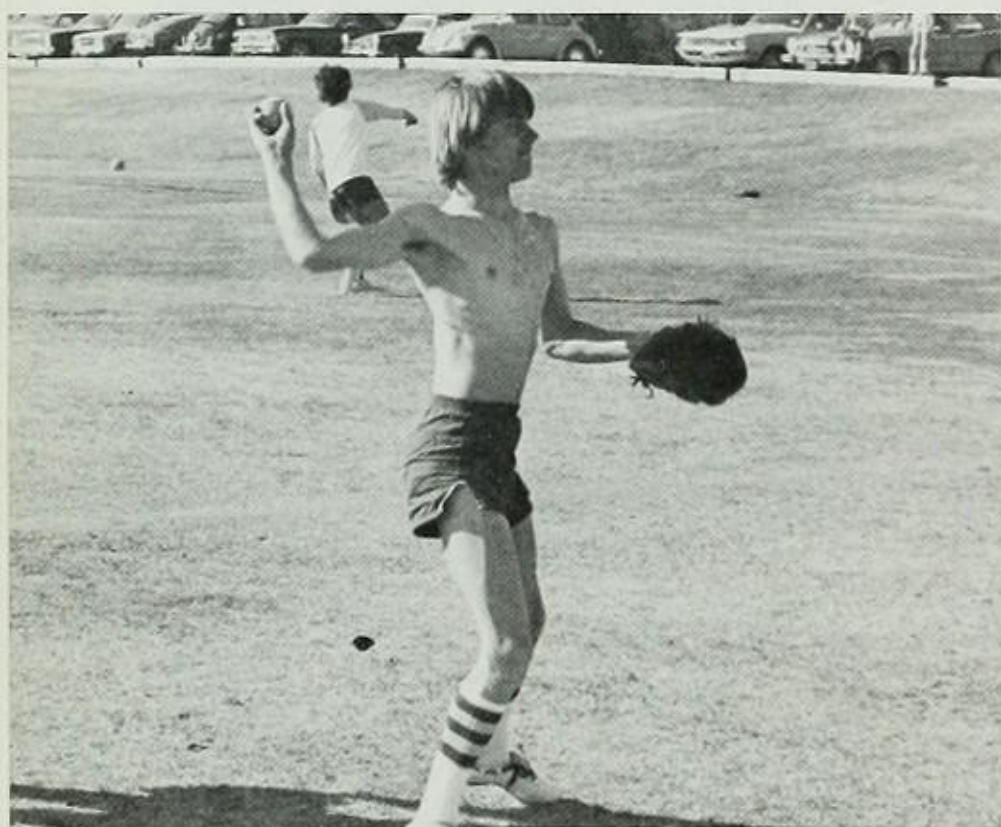




l. to r. front row: Steve Smith, Todd Gilmore, Steven Miller, Fred Seavers, Tony Taylor, James Lincoln, back row: Dudley Hoyt, Steve Casselman, Tim Bock, David Gates, Rob Snyder, Ray Greenlee. Coach, Mr. Singer

BASEBALL

These are your basic pitches.....



..... and catches.....





"This can't go on much longer."



"Coach says I bat next!!!"





back l to r: Leah Jacobson, Jane Hall, Marianne Hagstrom, Kimer Wadsworth, Laurie Wray, Jenny Rand, Marybeth MacFurland. front l to r: Ginger Irwin, Cynthia Latish, Felice Weiss, Cathy Tancer, Lynn Dietrich.



All right you dumb. . . .

VOLLEYBALL







top row, l. to r.: Jane Hall, Leah Jacobson, Jennifer Rand, Lori Wray, Anne Steiner, Mary Beth McFarland, Kimmer Wadsworth, Lorri Reynolds, Krista Magnussen, bottom row, l. to r.: Cindy Latish, Lynne Dietrich, Felicia Weiss, Cathy Tancer, Lacy White, Cynthia Tancer, Beth Melas.

GIRLS BASKETBALL 75-76







1 to rt. - Jenny Rand, Dede MacFarland, Ginger Irwin, Marianne Hagstrom, Lynne Diethrich, Sandra Burns, Cynthia Latish, Laurie Wray, Felicia Weiss, Kimer Wadsworth, Tuula Kaynee, Cathy Robbins, Leah Jacobson, Lisa Rhind

SOFTBALL





rrriipp... .



Italian greetings

Chests out, girls



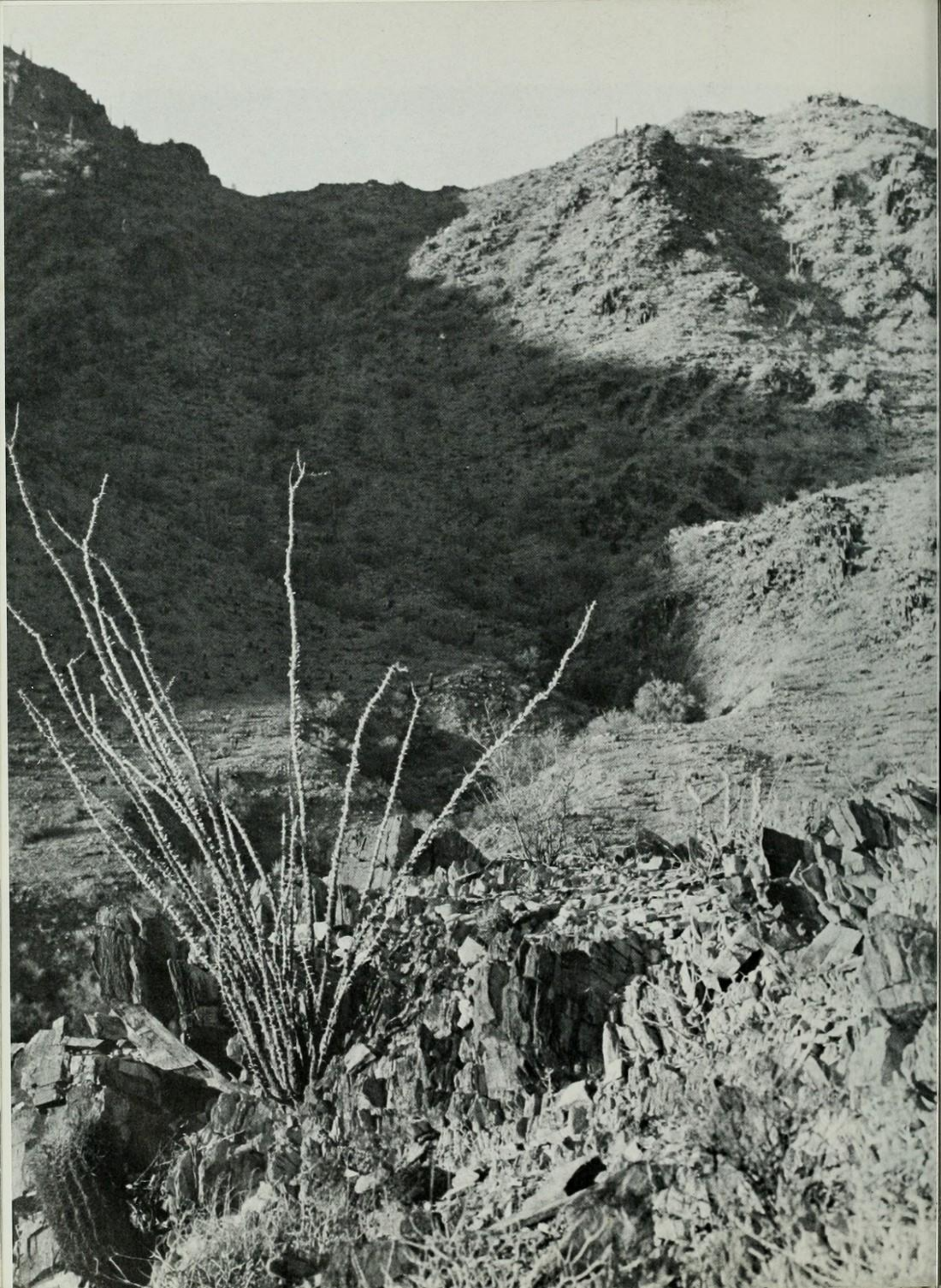


l to r, front row, Charles Ladlow, Keith Yavitt, Steve Smith, Jason Mitchell, Blair Torrey, Rhonda Eicher, Diane Lorant, Tim Bock, Monica Barahona, Cathy Tanev. back row, Willy Korp, Bill Baxter, Rob Synder, Brit Etzold, Leah Jacobson.

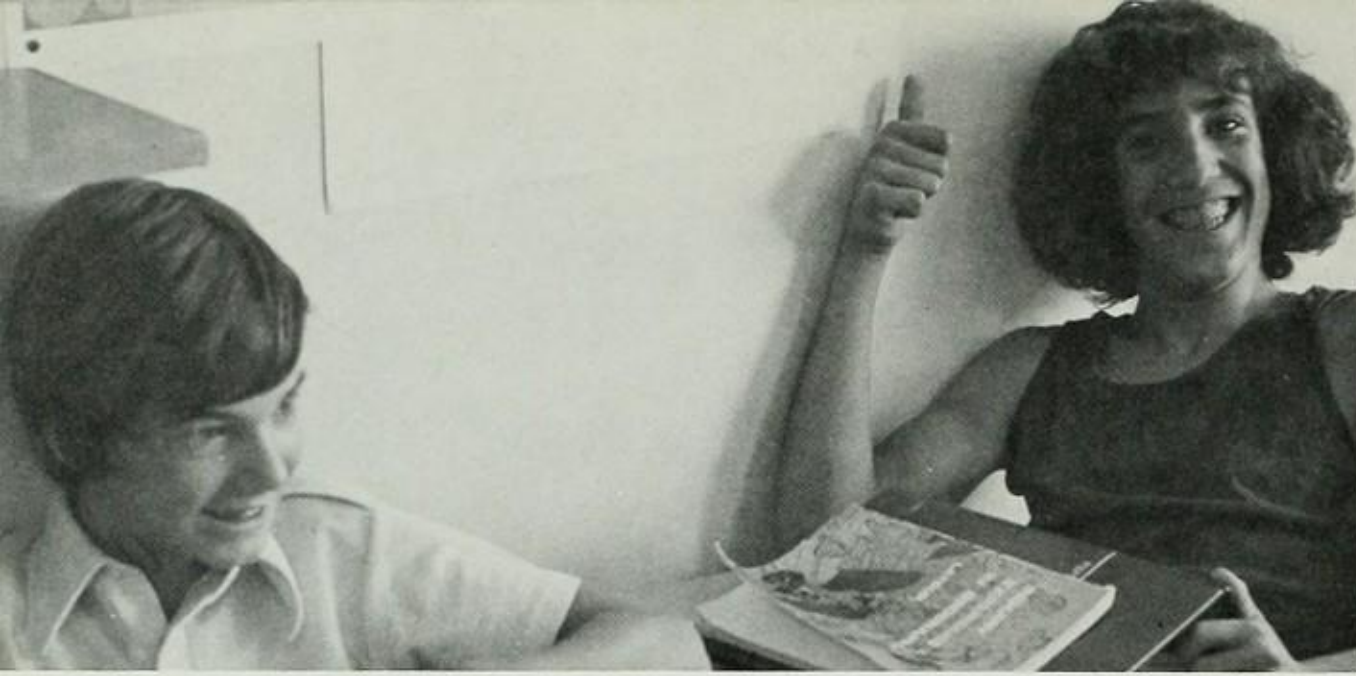
SWIMMING AND



DIVING



MIDDLE SCHOOL



l to r: Jeff Bailey, Pat Celis.



Glen Bean

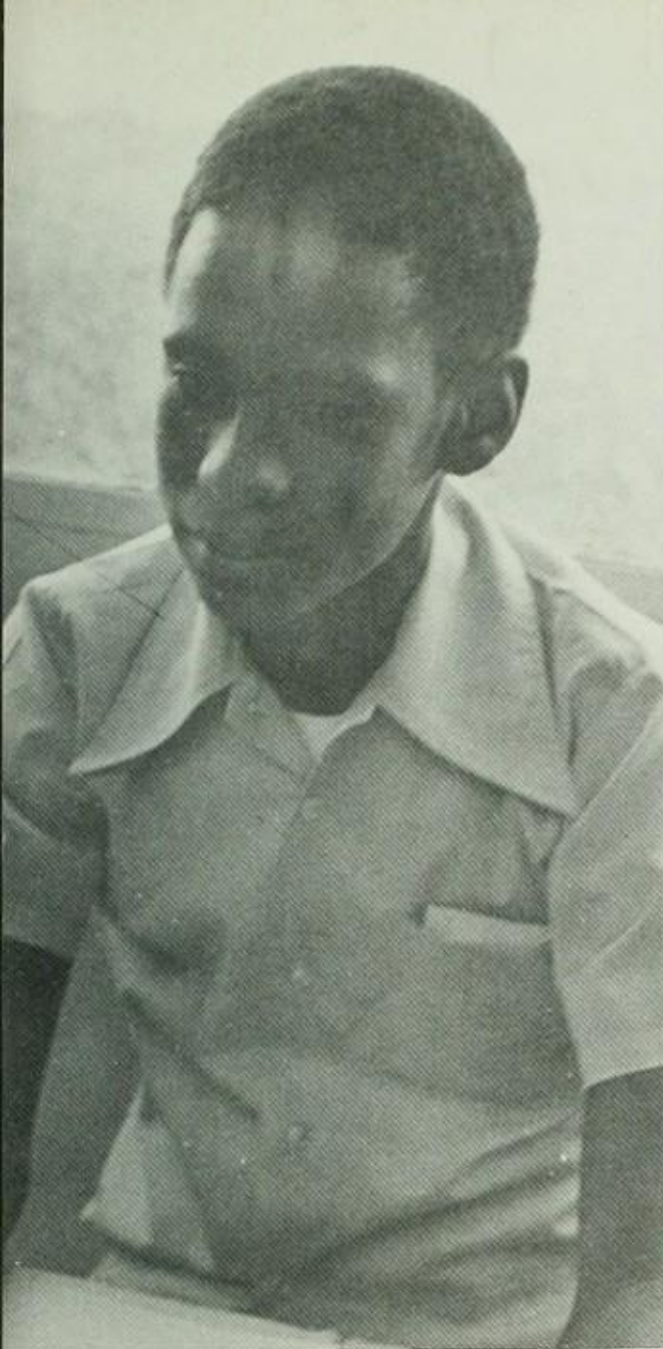


George Getz

EIGHTH

l to r: Linda Rosier, Marybeth MacFarland.





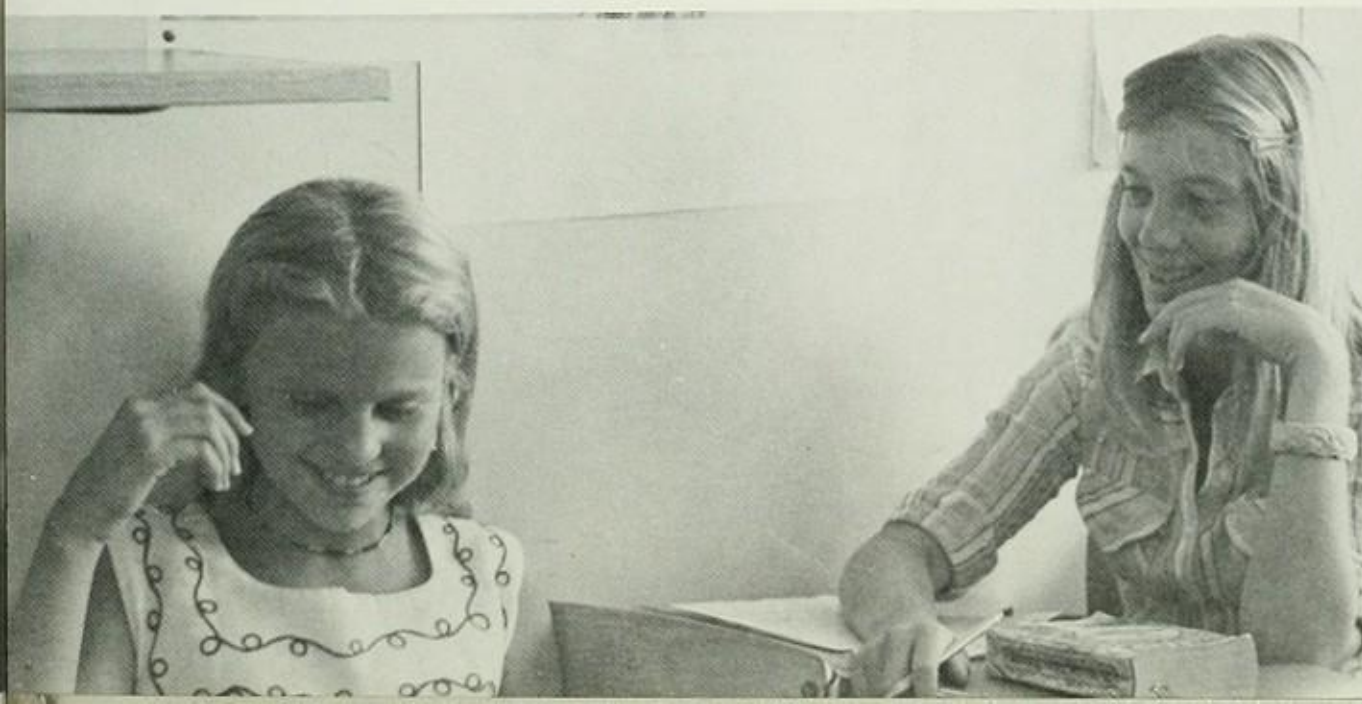
Kevin Wilburn



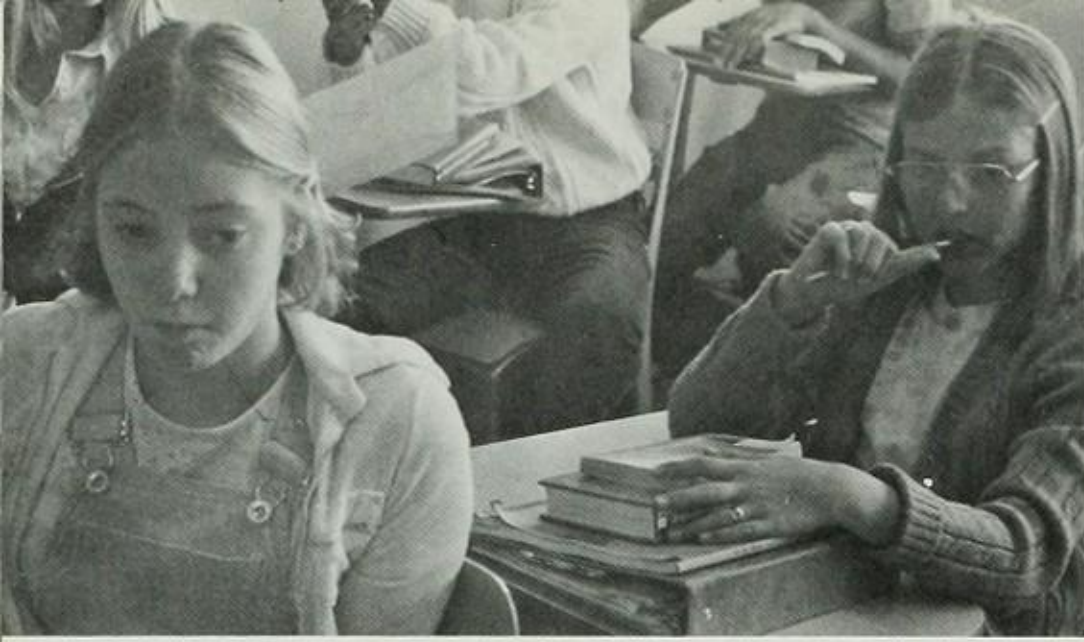
l to r: Douglas Dalgeleish, Stuart Frische.

GRADE

l to r: Carrie Miller, Cathy Laflin.



Lisa Jones



l to r: Dianna Ziehm,
Cynthia Tancer.



l to r: Doug Swanson, Andy
Gilburne.



l to r: Steve Louis,
John Wainwright.



l to r: Jenny Rand, Liza
Nickerson.

Jeff Johnston

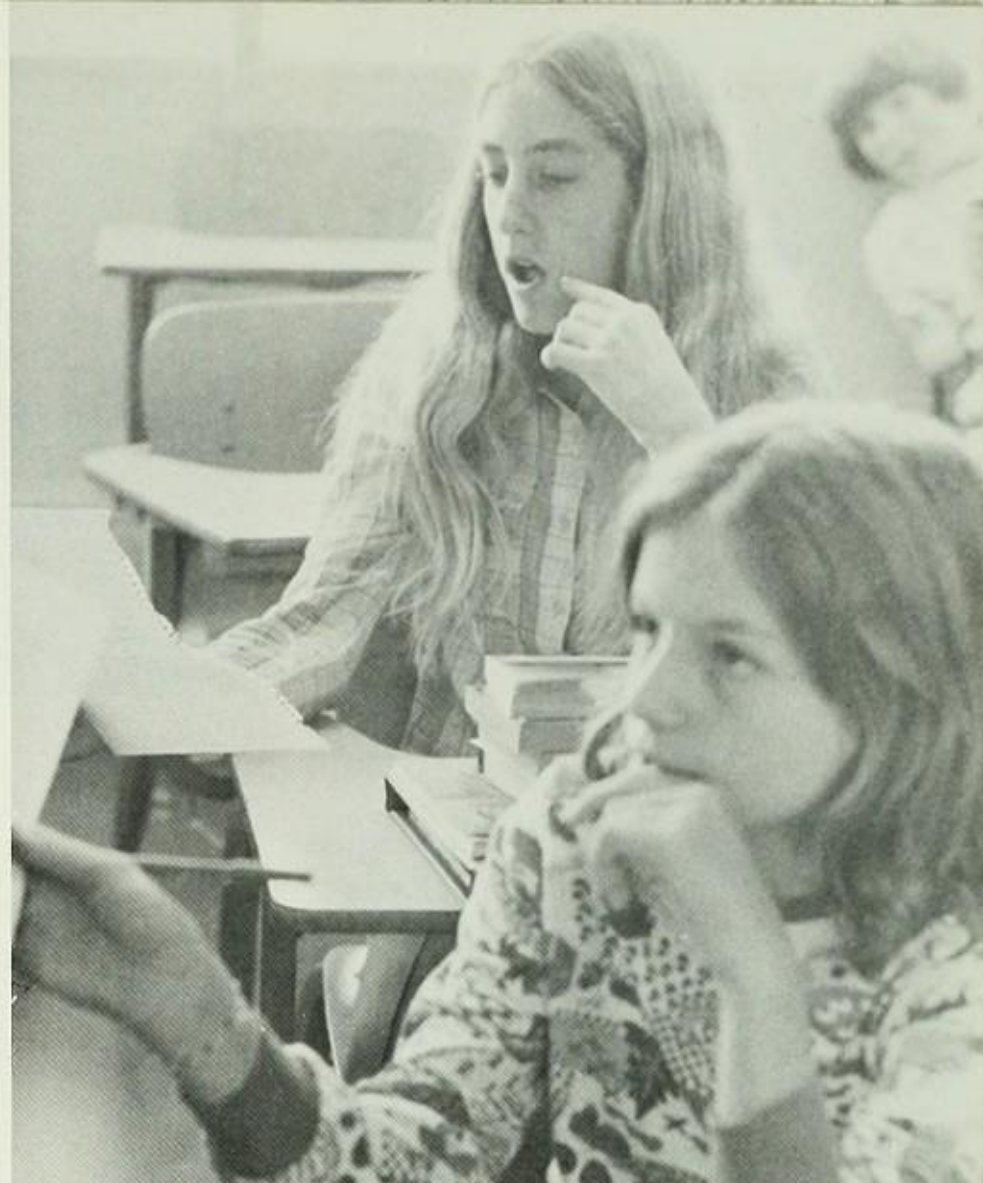


l to r: Faith Walsin,
David Miles.





l to r: Matt Gregory, Phil Pan's, Don Singer.



l to r: Lisa Rhind, Joanne Taylor.

Ann Steiner



Ronale Tucker

Renee Stewart



Kimer Wadsworth





l to r: Billy Schulte, Stuart Frische.

David Erlich



Beth Melas





l to r: Brian Batastini, Martin De Marzo, Kevin Tucker.



Julia Haus



Bill Bohlman

l to r: Jeff Weiss, Brent Vierk, Jay O'Conner, Mike Hard.





Blake La Follette



Farley Weiss



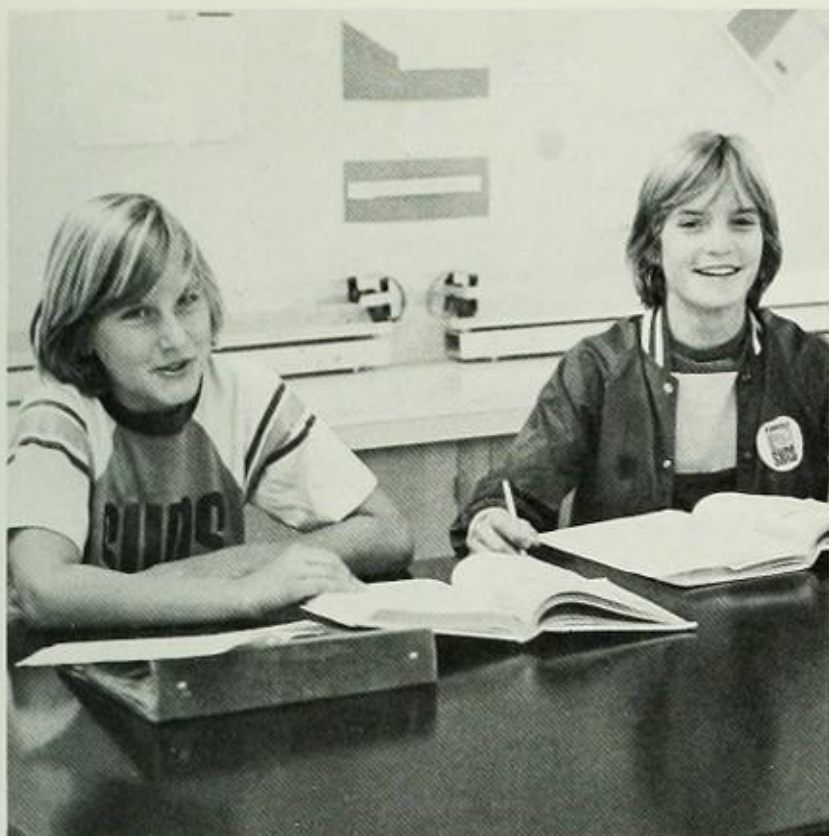
Andy Norris

SEVENTH

Crystal Scurr



Jack Barbey



l to r: Gregg Hoffman, Stan Casselman.

GRADE

l to r: Theresa Bernard, Lacy White



Phil Steiner



Ronald Bryant



Jessica Richter



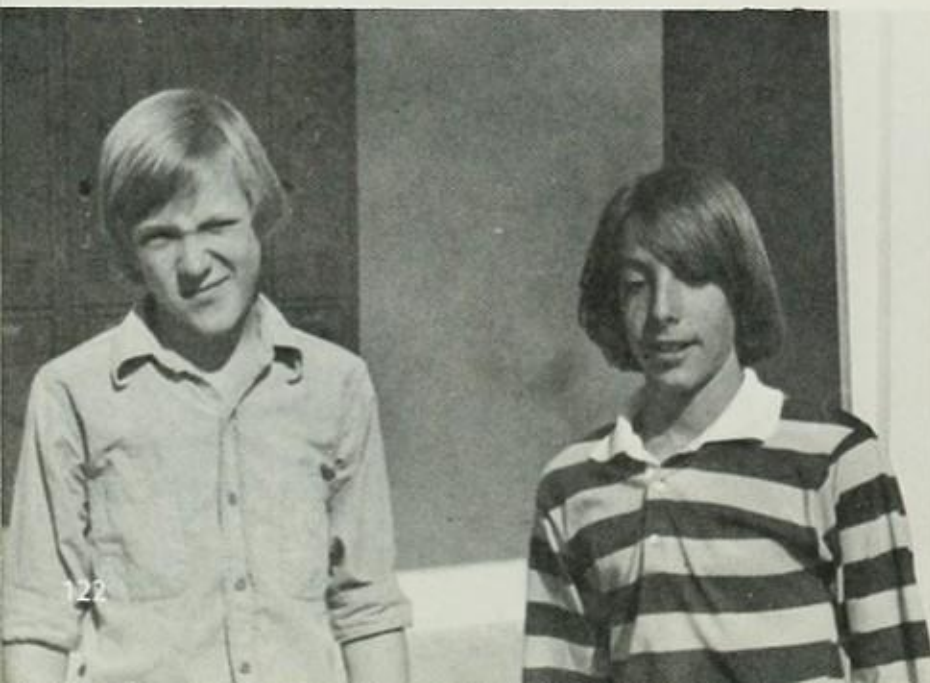


l to r: Laurie Schoeffler, Carol Clendenin

l to r: Arthur Luhrs, Henry O'Riley



l to r: Matt Jeazey, Jeff Kravetz



l to r: John Fisher, Rick Gullen



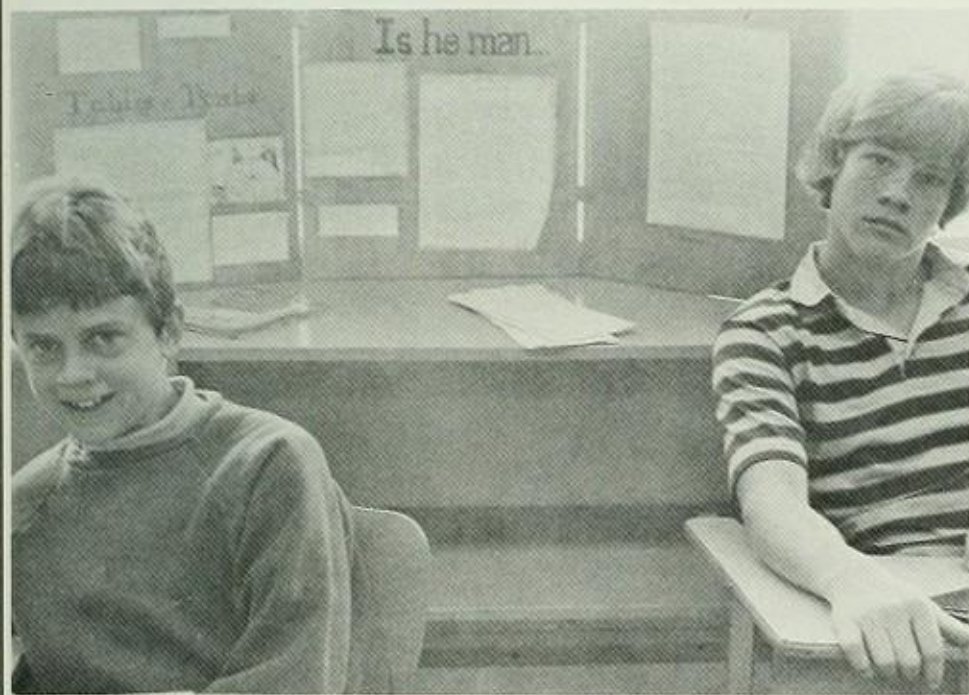
l to r: Sharon McCulloch, Stephanie Grady



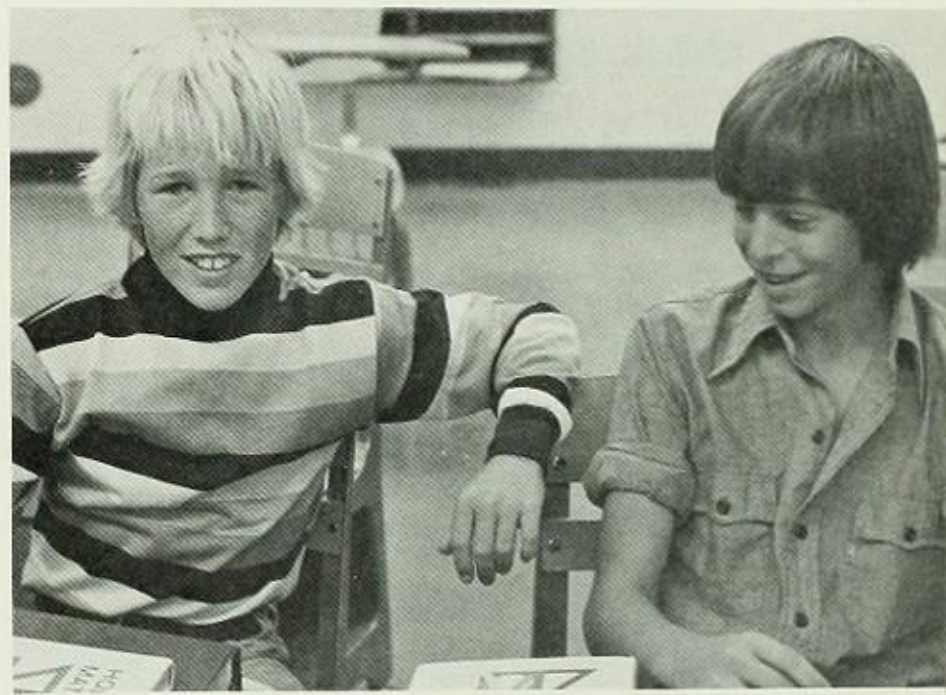
l to r: Natalie Pergeau, Ellen Smith, Krista Magnusson



l to r: John Ellinwood, Jonathan Marshall



l to r: Joe Phillips, Rob LeMarr

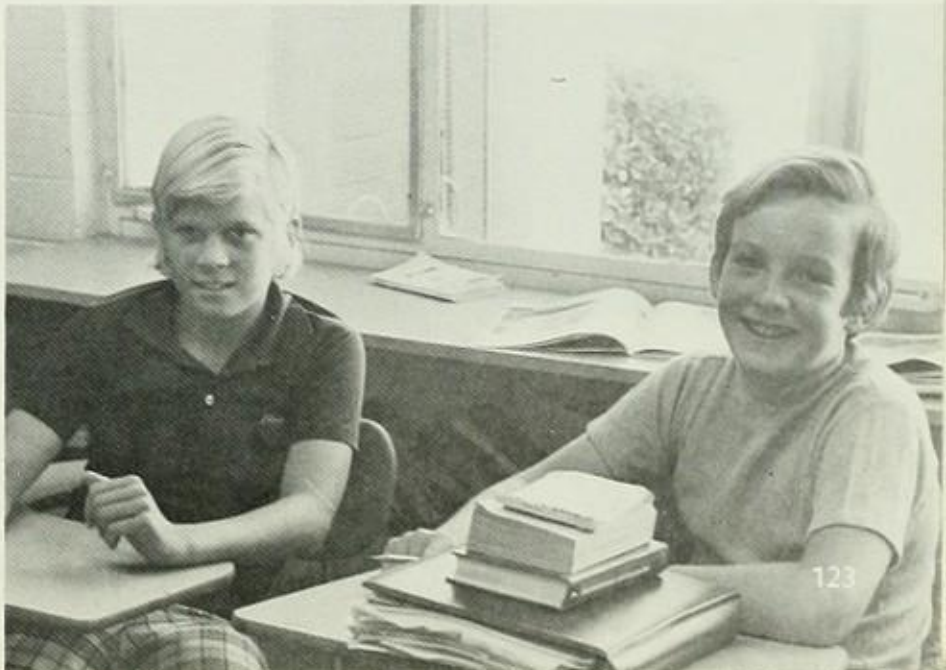


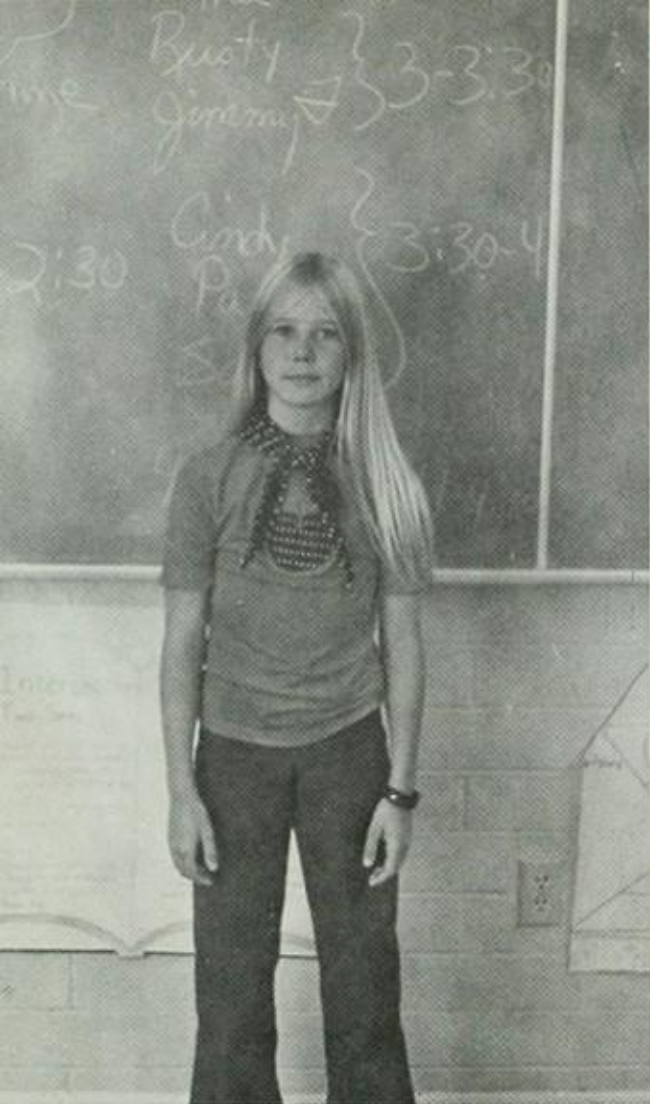
l to r: Ben Brooks, Scott Tarone

l to r: Robert Ross, Howard Besserman



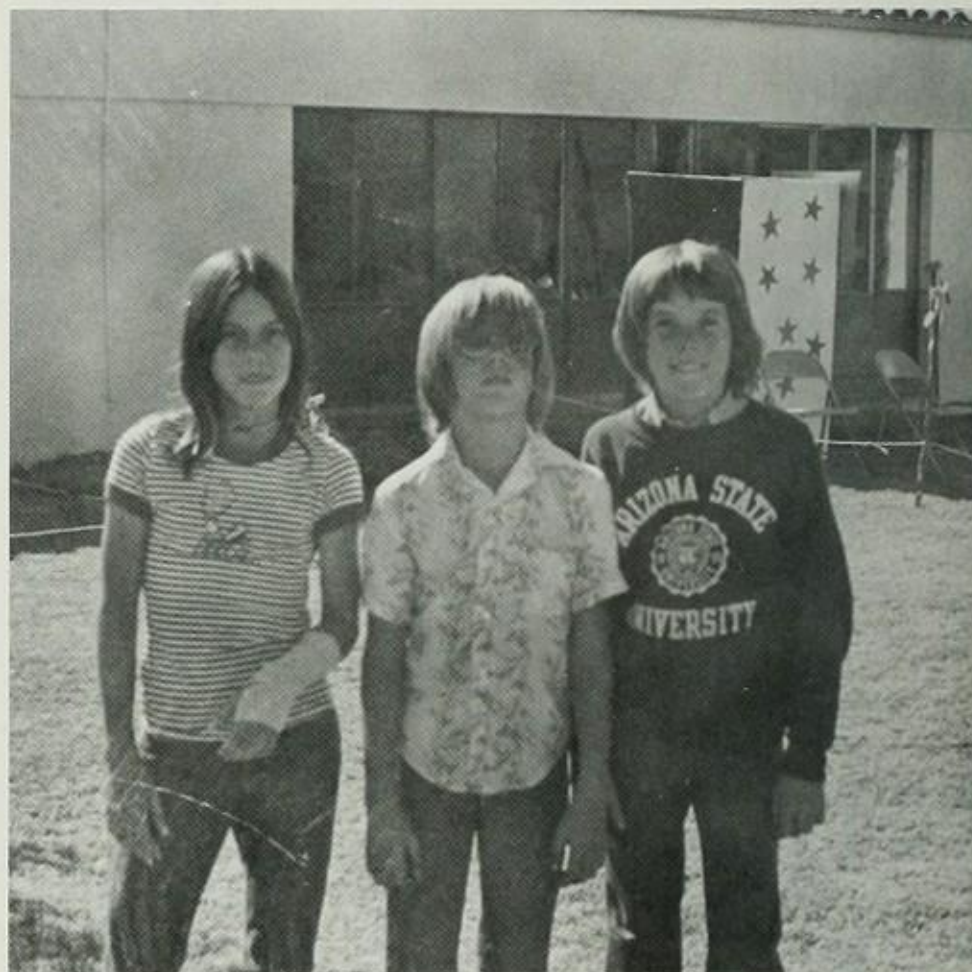
l to r: Bobby Simonds, Bill Wrigley



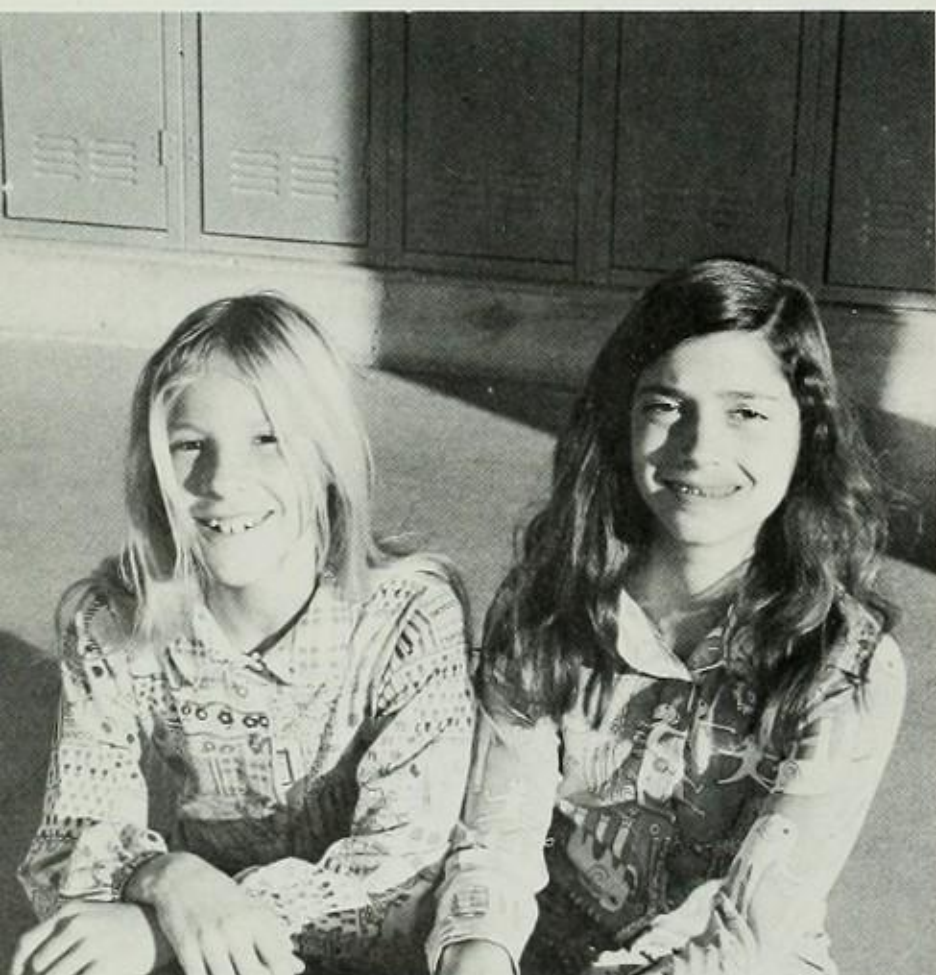


Julie Brooks

l to r: Sara McEachern, Kevin Sack, Simeon Payne



l to r: Melissa McGarry, Cindy Miles



SIXTH

Jerry Day



l to r: Jim Keefer, Rusty Jones



Bro. Hayden

GRADE

Scott Zimmerman

l to r: Sam Gailey, Greg Elliot

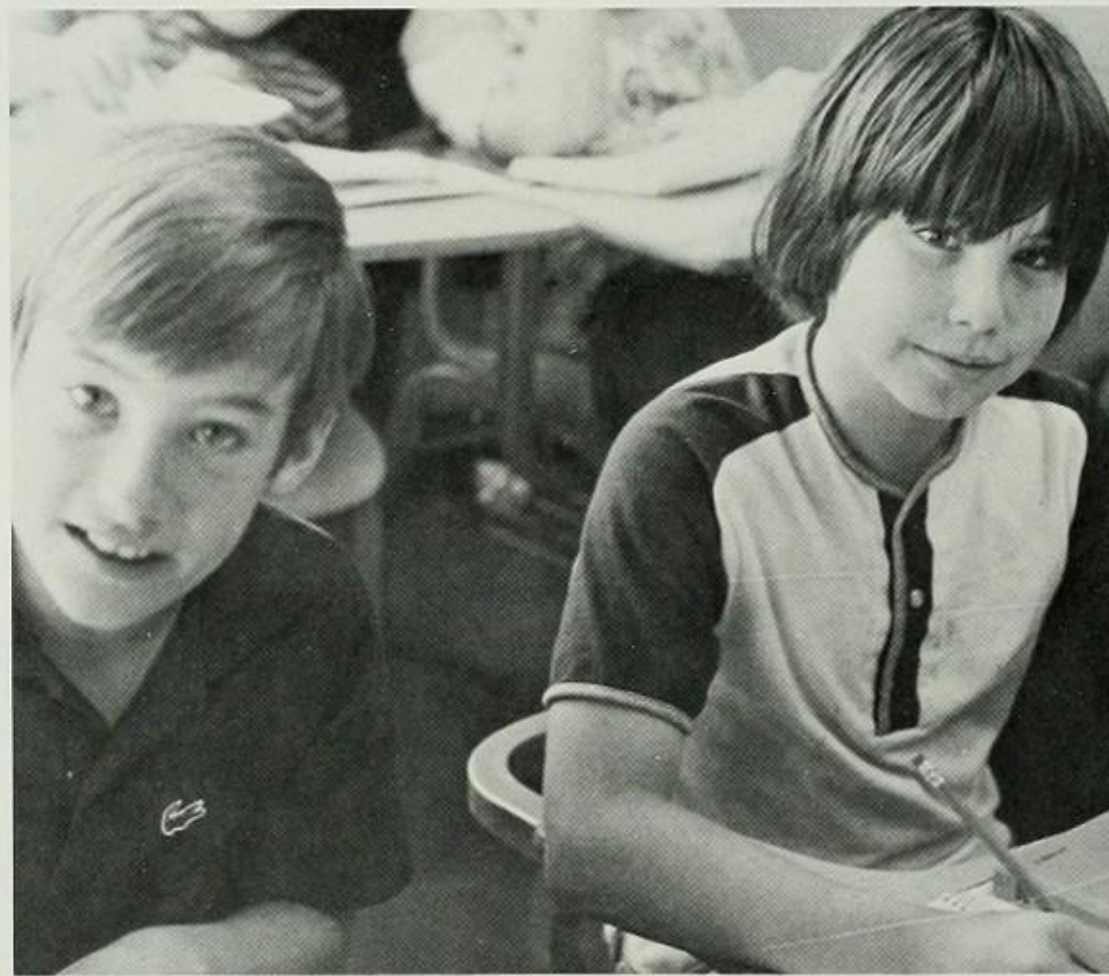




l to r: Annette Smith, Paige Baum, Eve Kokalis



l to r: Gay Donahue, Karla Earnhardt



Parker Brophy

Eddie Shanken

l to r: Robert Bernard, John Baccaccio, Michael DeMarzo



l to r: Sarah Levitz, Libby Bean





l to r: James Friend, Kevin Bricklin



l to r: Annie Reis, Mindy Pozoretz, Jennifer Potter

Julia Burgess



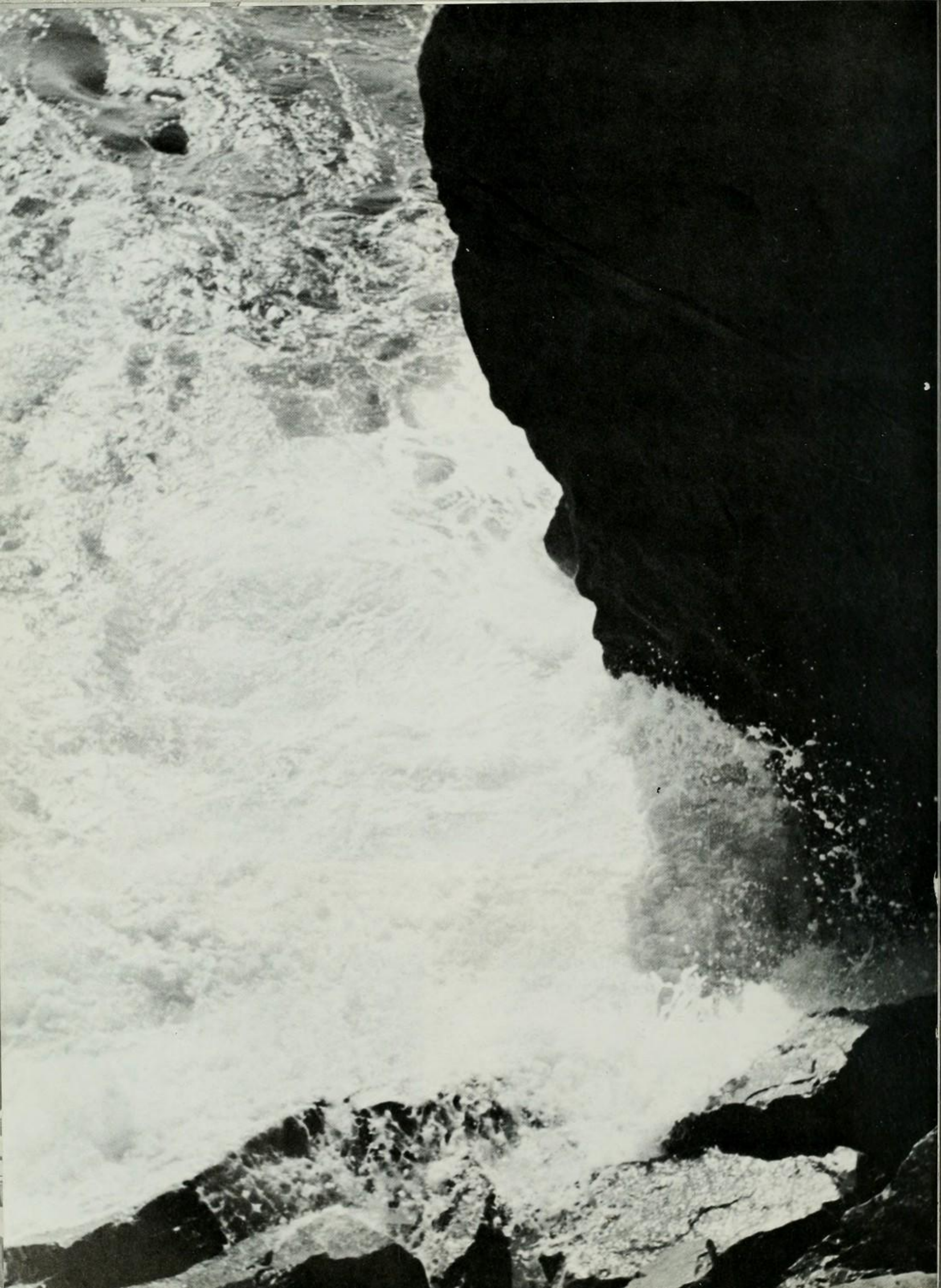
Ruth Barbey

l to r: Karen Kolbe, Becky Haycox, Malcolm Clendenin



l to r: Sharon Wechsler, Linda Mason, Julie Daniel





LOWER SCHOOL



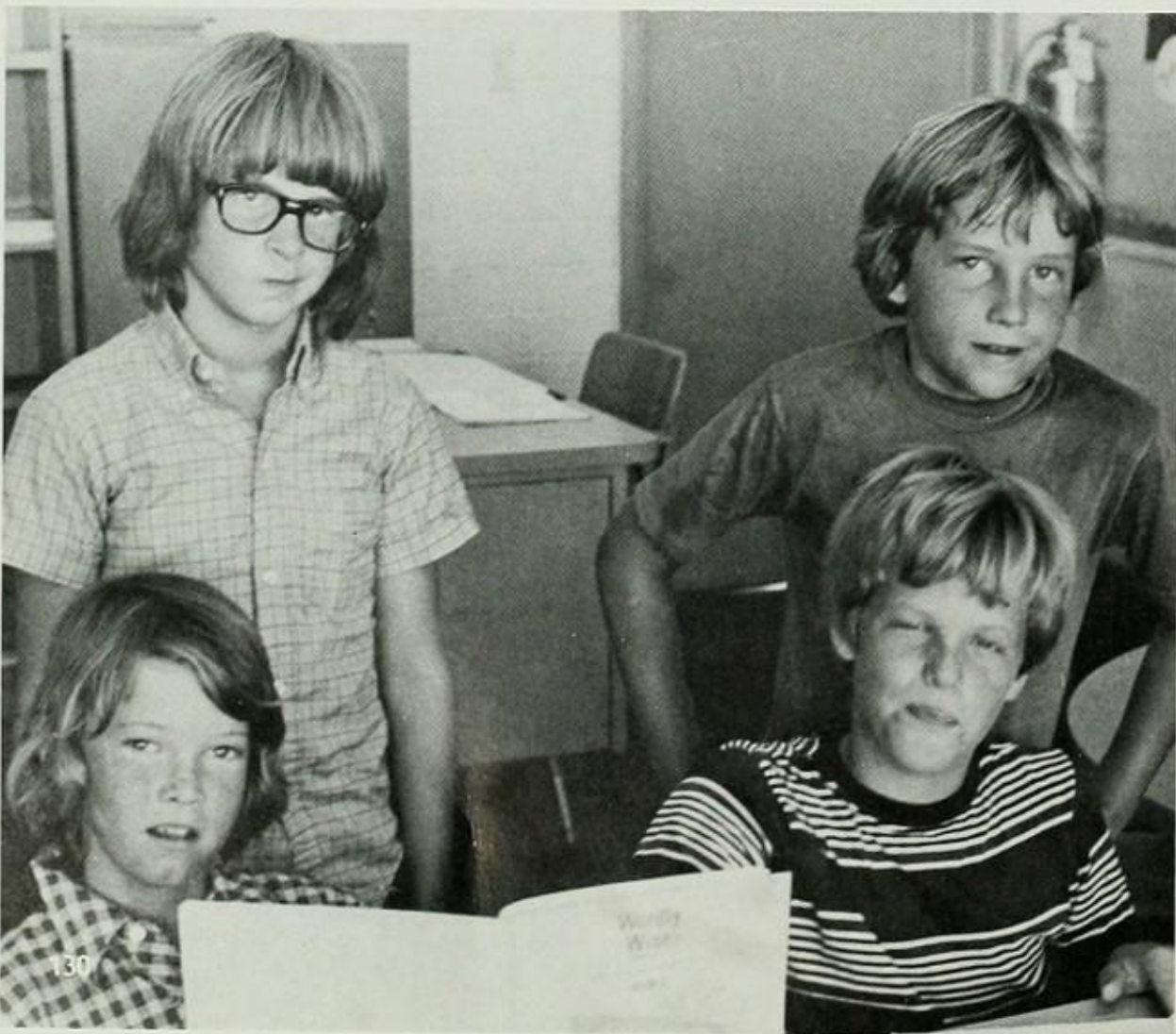
t to b: Eric Hagstrom, Greg Crane



to to b: Sam Middleman, Karen Bean

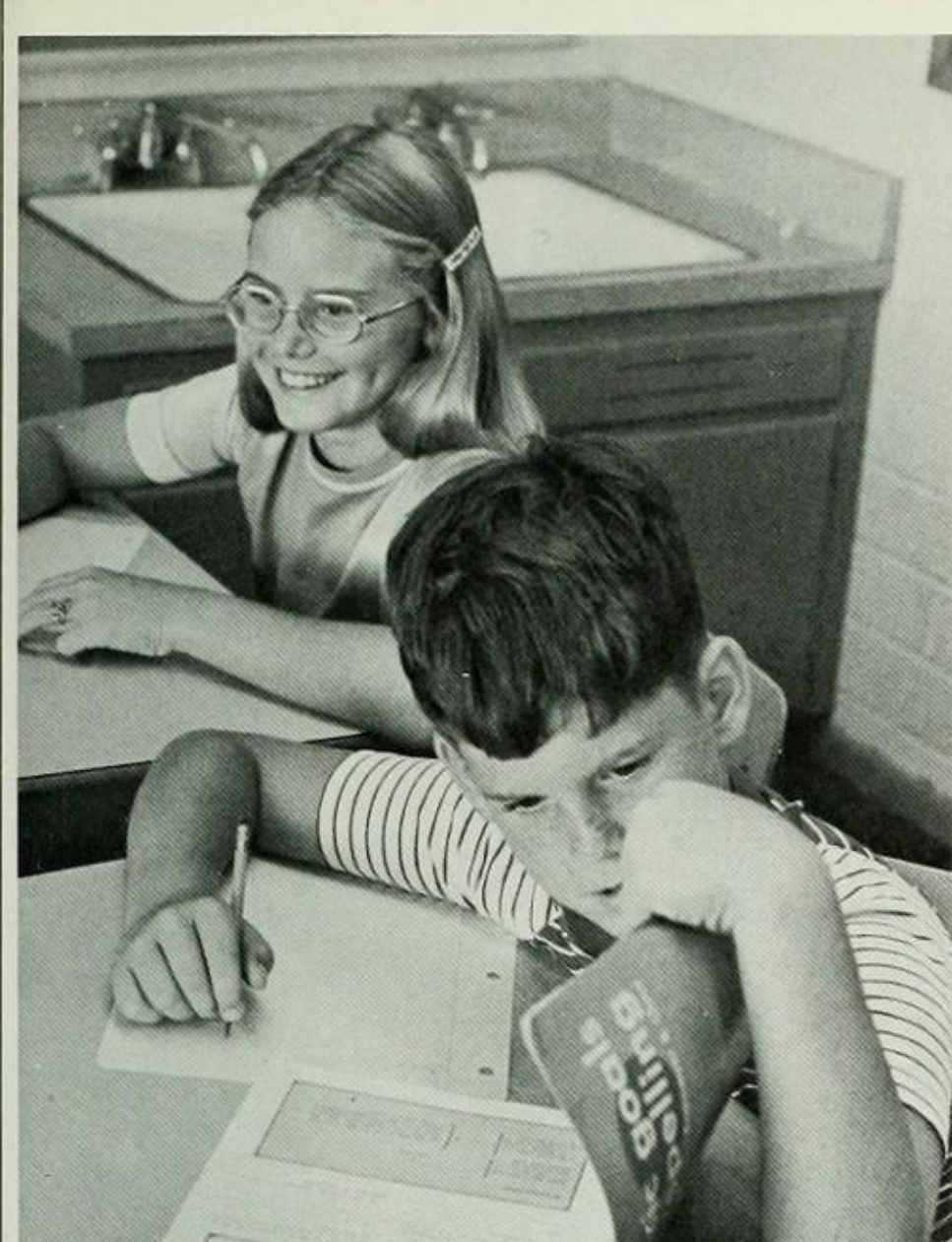
FIFTH GRADE

Chris Gray Bill Lundis
Kent Stewart Wes Mason

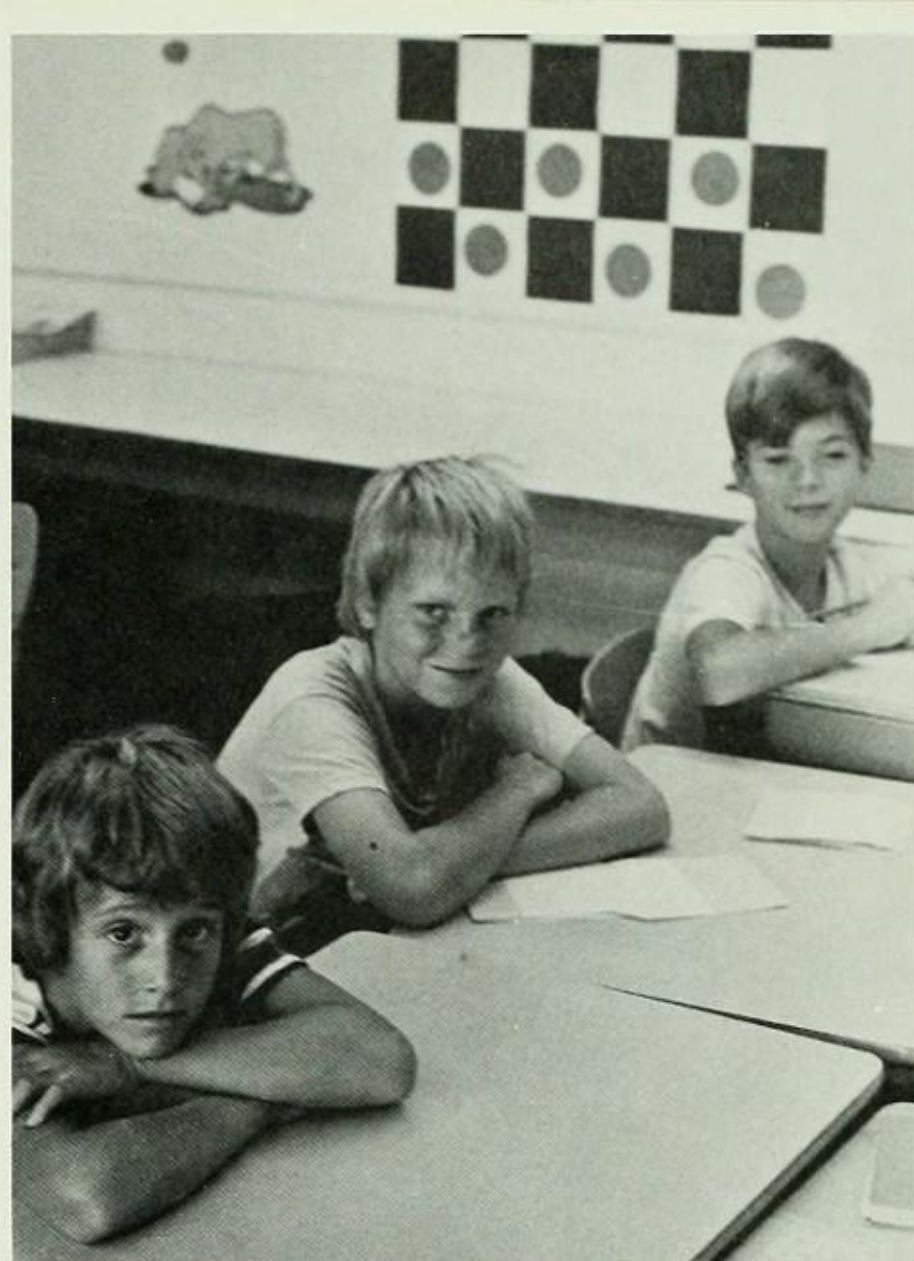


l to r: Cindy Cohen, Nicola Sykes



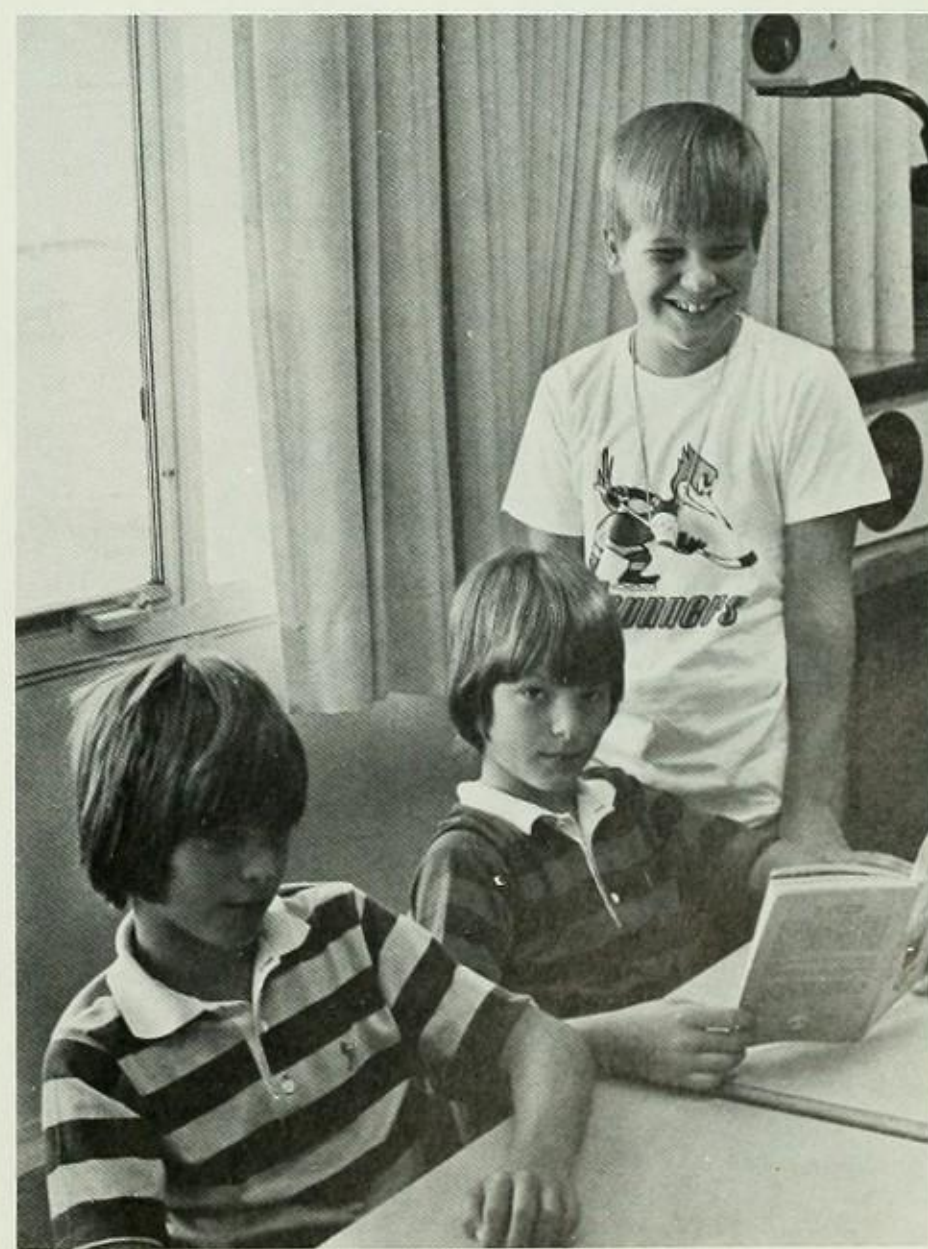


l to r: Jennifer Hinchcliffe, John Pritchard

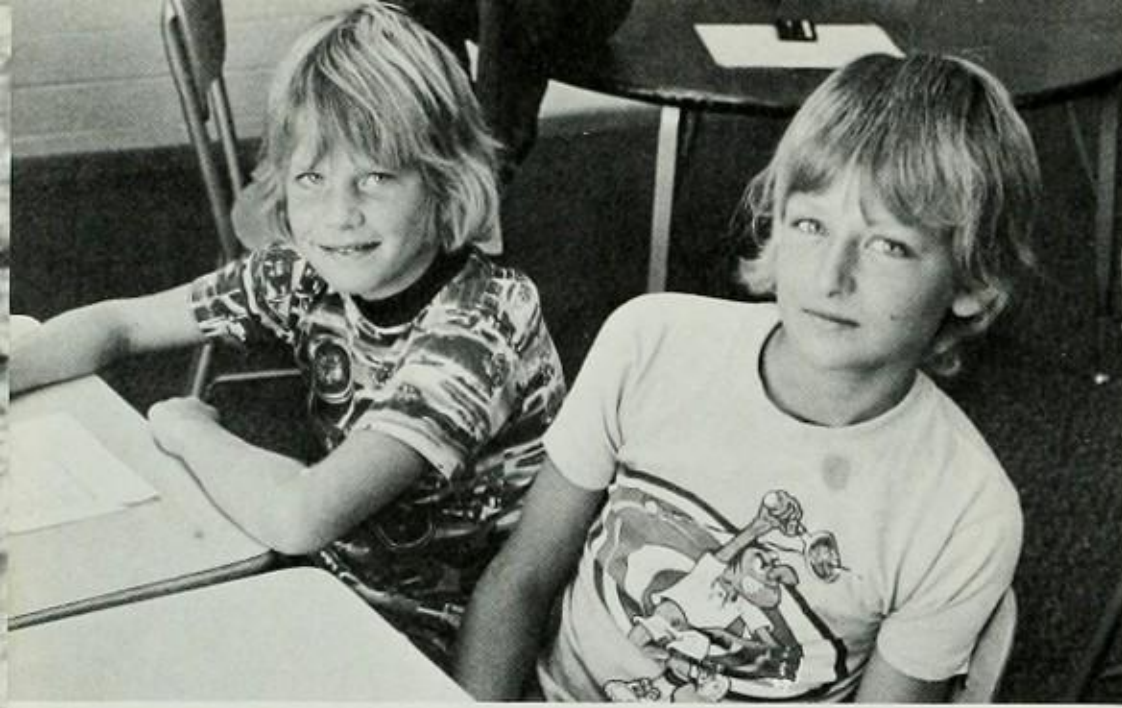


l to r: Scott Maling, John Tillotson, Jim Anderson

l to r: Wendy Scurr, Jenny Jensen



top: Bobby Peirce l to r: David Shapiro, Steven Shapiro

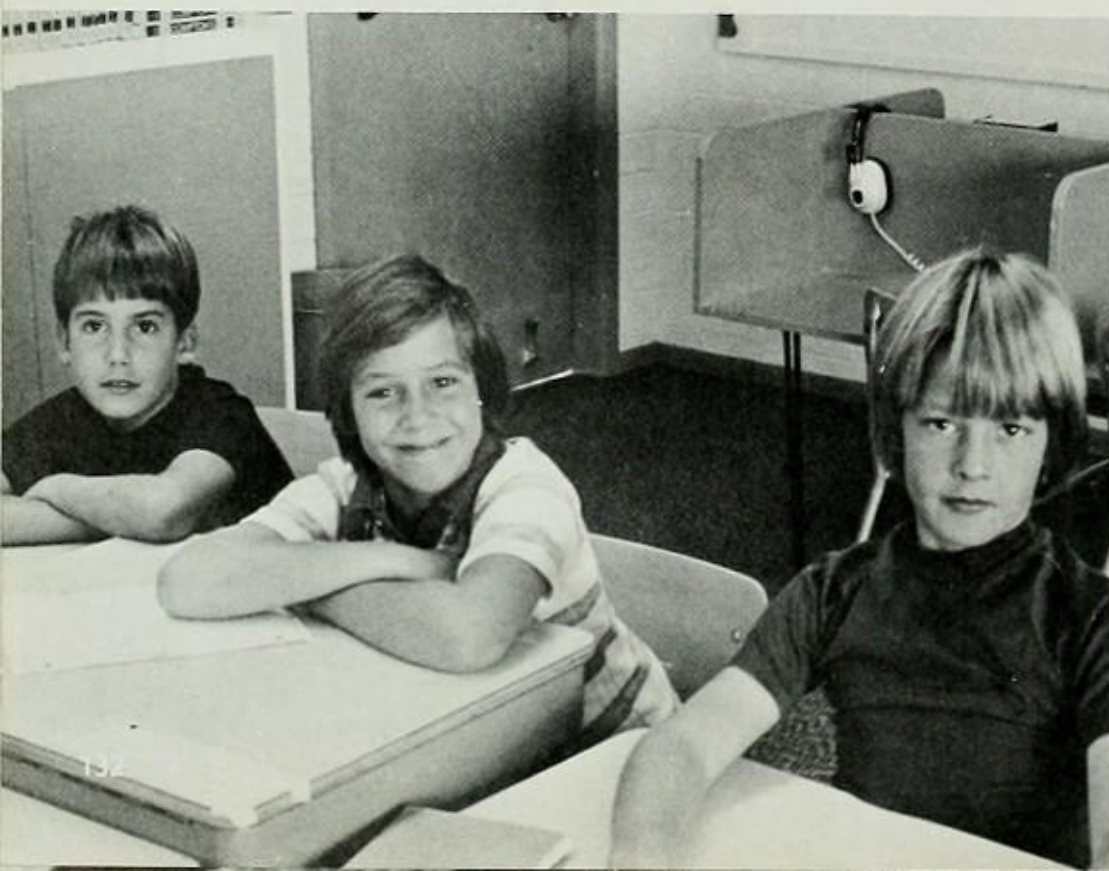


l to r: Greig McCulloch, Allan Stearns

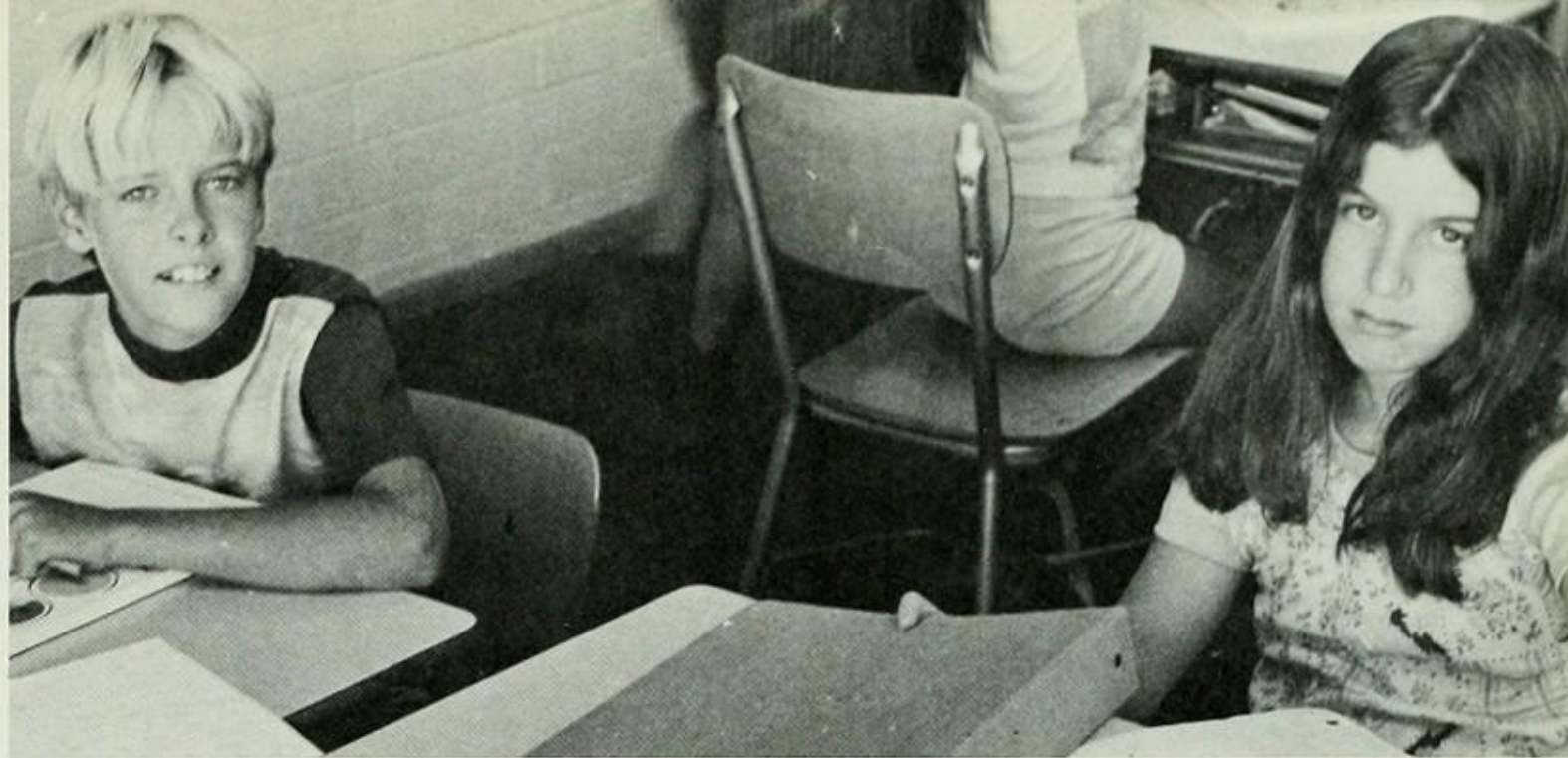


l to r: Susan Pitre, Lizzie Reeves

l to r: Anna Keefer, Vladimir Bolia



l to r: Greg Kretzer, Worth Laflin, Dean Paris



l to r: Bobby Hansen, Stacy Richter



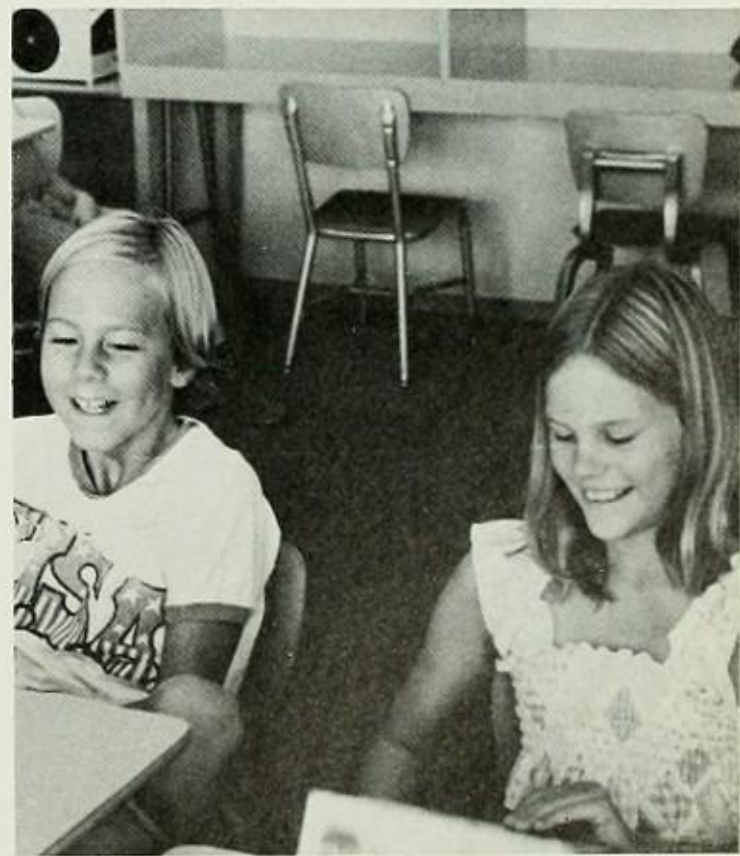
l to r: Mark Weiss, Dyann Fisher

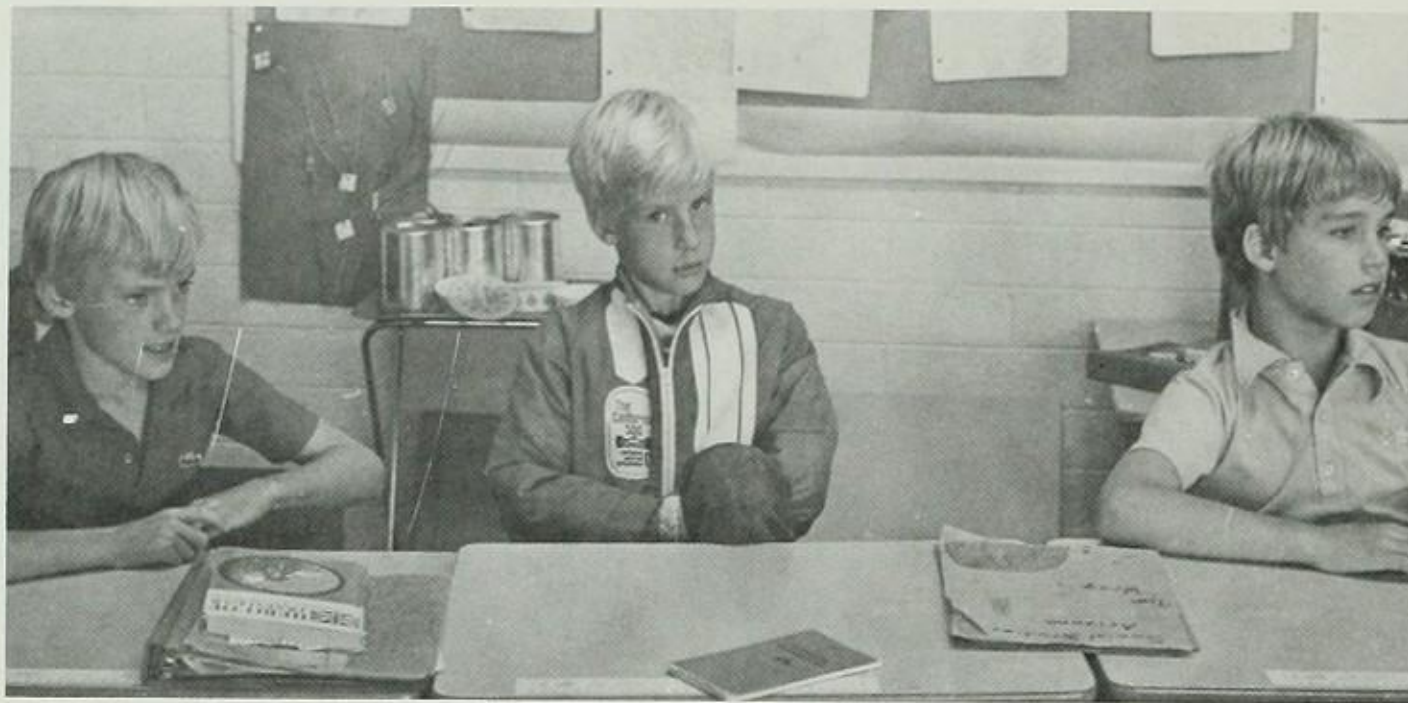
l to r: Pam Flores, Billy Carpenter



l to r: Sharon Steckler, Will Kellogg

l to r: Brett Lanuti, Elizabeth Dalglish





l to r: Patrick Brophy, Tim Wray, Michael Myers

FOURTH GRADE



Deborah Fox



l to r: Carmel Long, Kim Rossman

l to r: Greg Yanochik, Chip Henward





back: l to r: Brian Moss, Jessica O'Kelley front l to r: Jill Kann, Chris Champion

Lester Hirsch



Nick Firestone

l to r: Tanya Shaw, Katherine Chrisman





Liesl Veazey

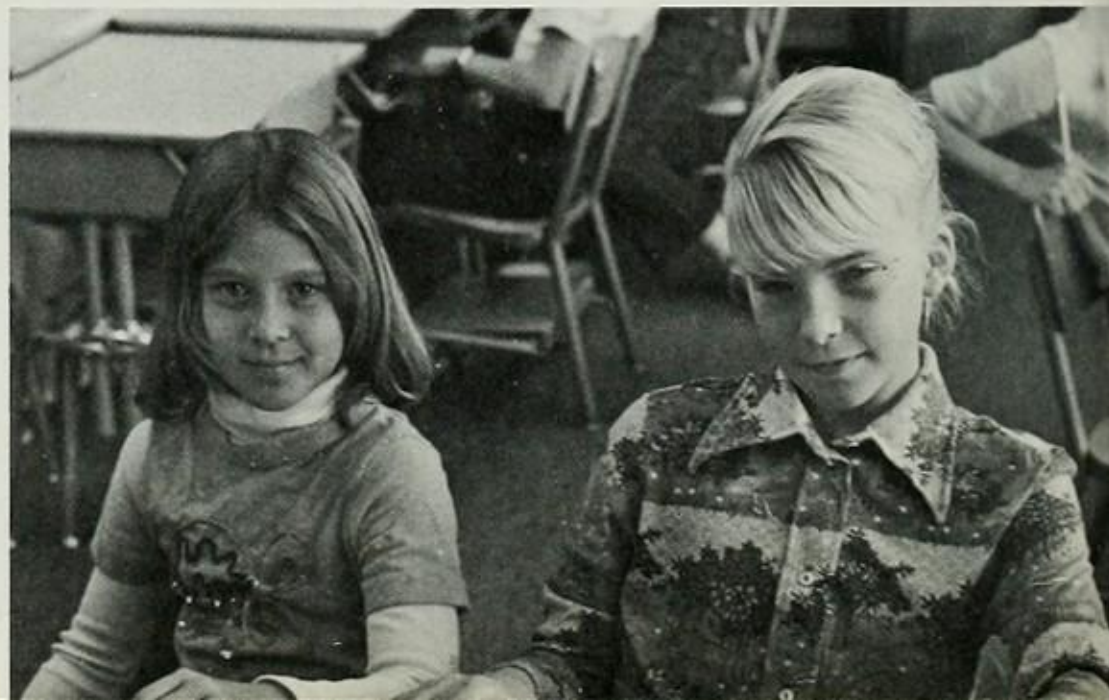


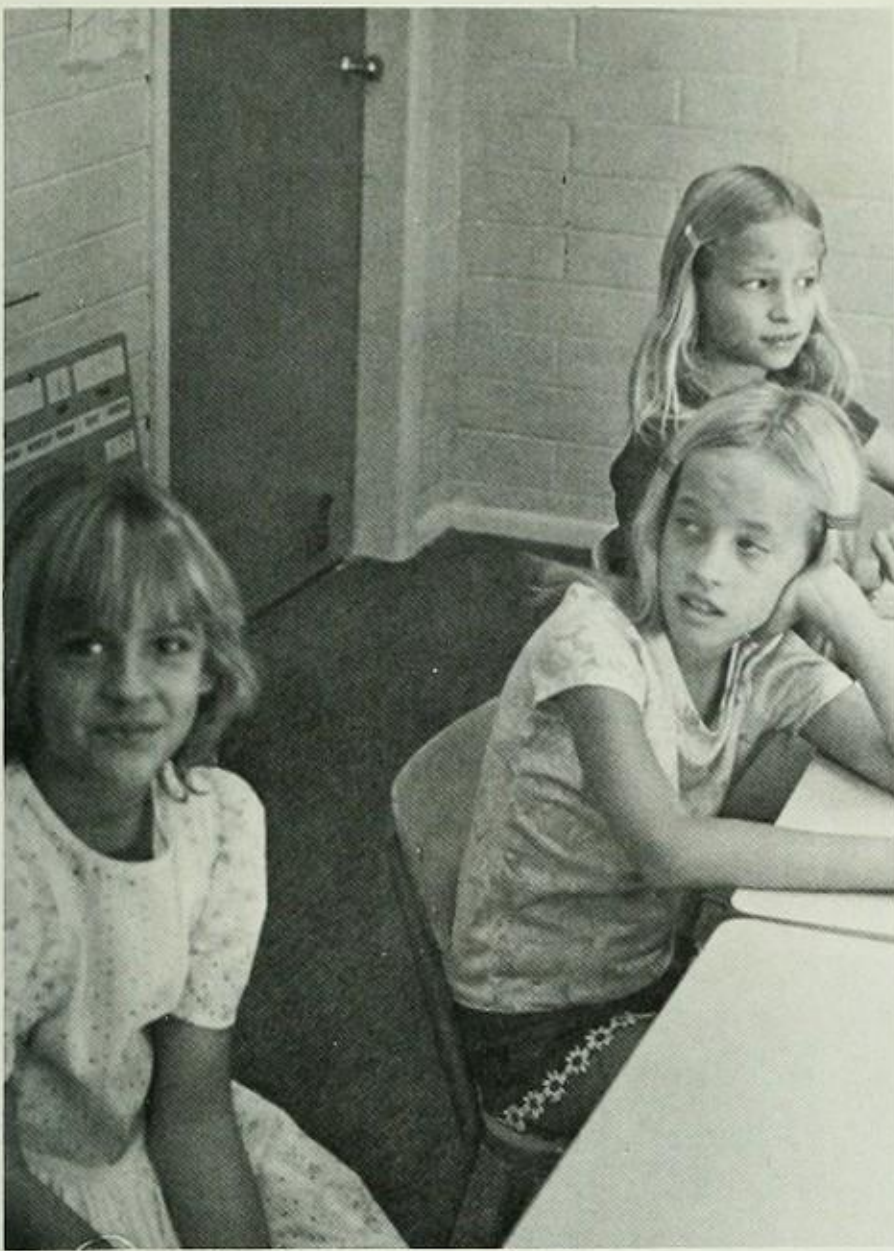
l to r: Steven Cohen, Eddie Foster



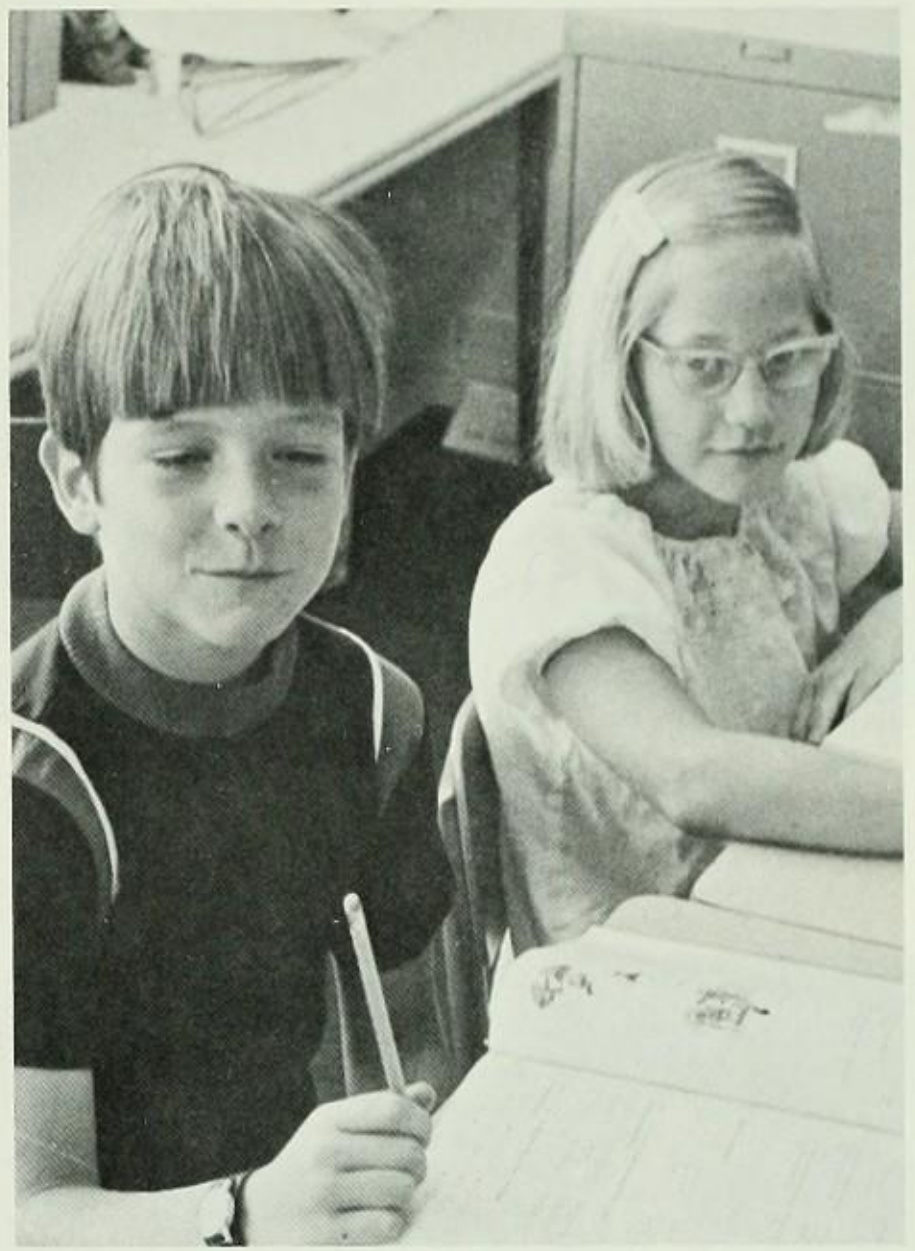
Jon Neumann

l to r: Tracy Hoffman, Karen Riggs





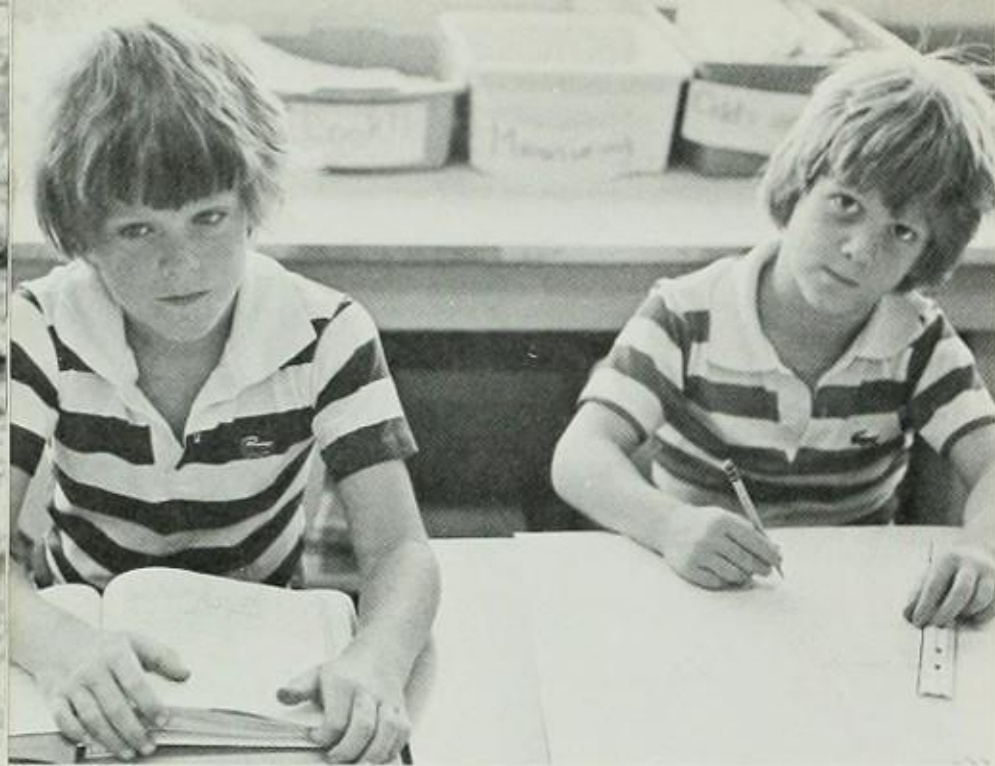
l to r: Julie Jensen, Angie Christiansen, Kathleen Mallory



l to r: Chris Biggs, Tammy, Ziehm



Brent Bartsch



l to r: Rob Withers, Jeff Maling



l to r: Shannon Gray, Pamela Hinchcliffe



l to r: Jonathan McBride, David Mason

THIRD GRADE



l to r:
Jennifer Mellor
John Mason
John Marcarelli
Danny Lesser



l to r: Pamela Hinchcliffe, Ralph Daniel, Robert Leach



Taylor Briggs

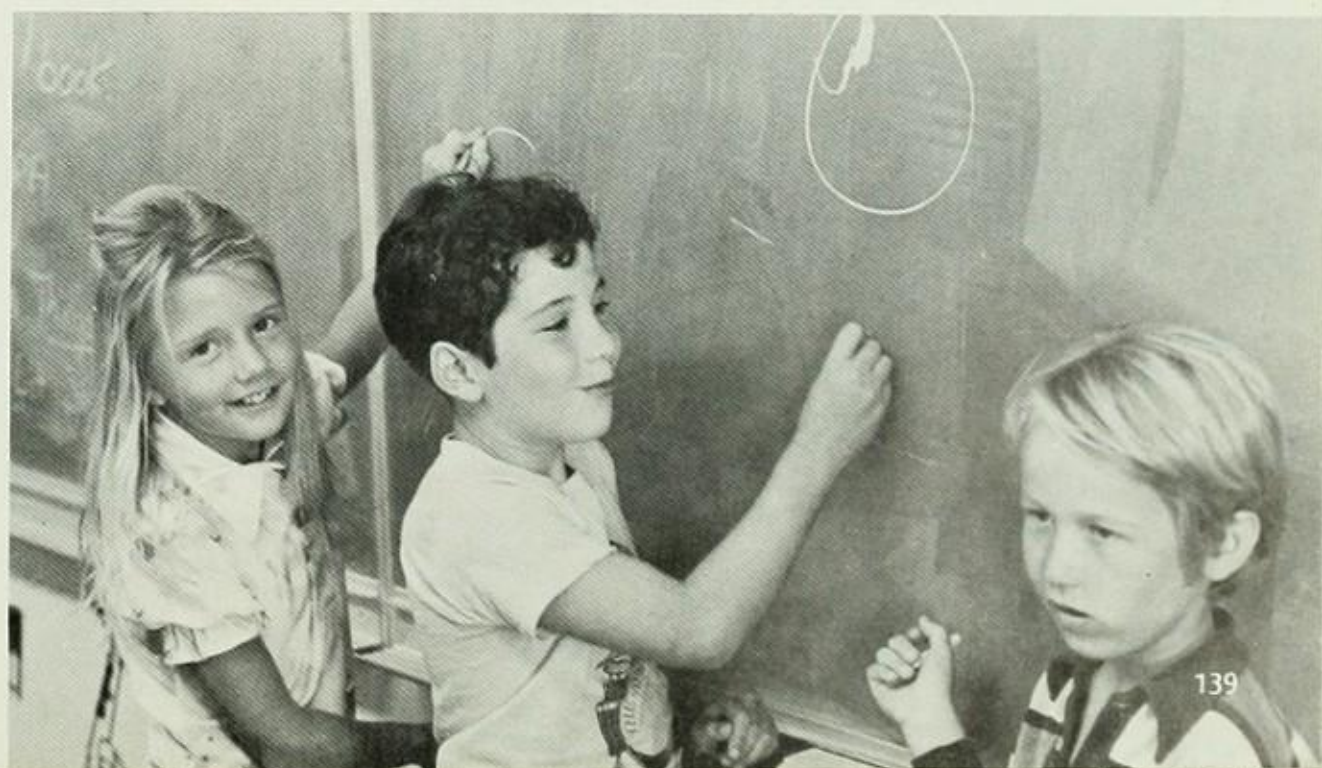


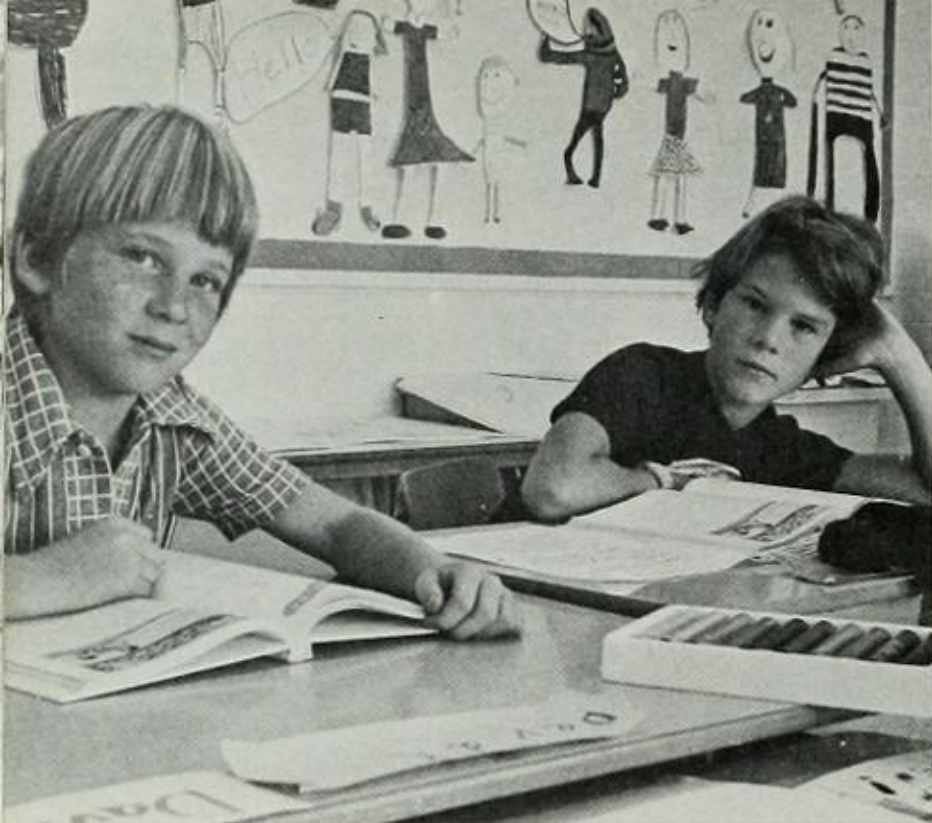
l to r: Suzanne Peirce, Wendy Pitre

Joe Hirsch



l to r: Jennifer Schoeffler, Joshua Levy, Douglas Allsworth

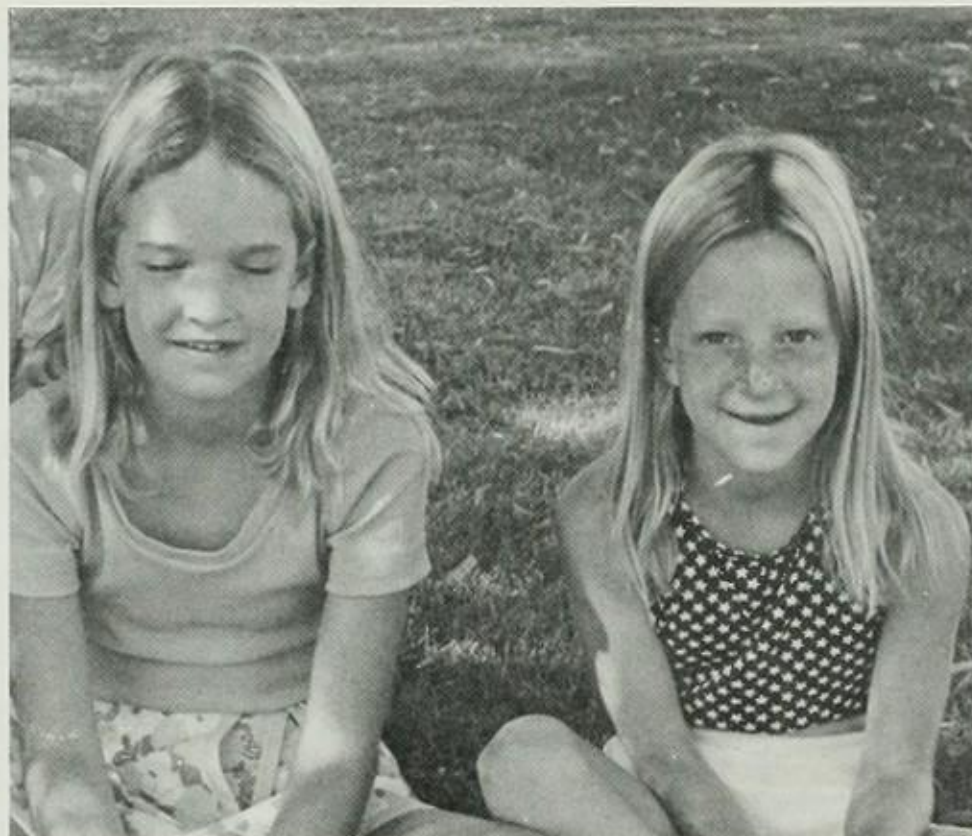




l to r: David Kolbe, Bert Getz



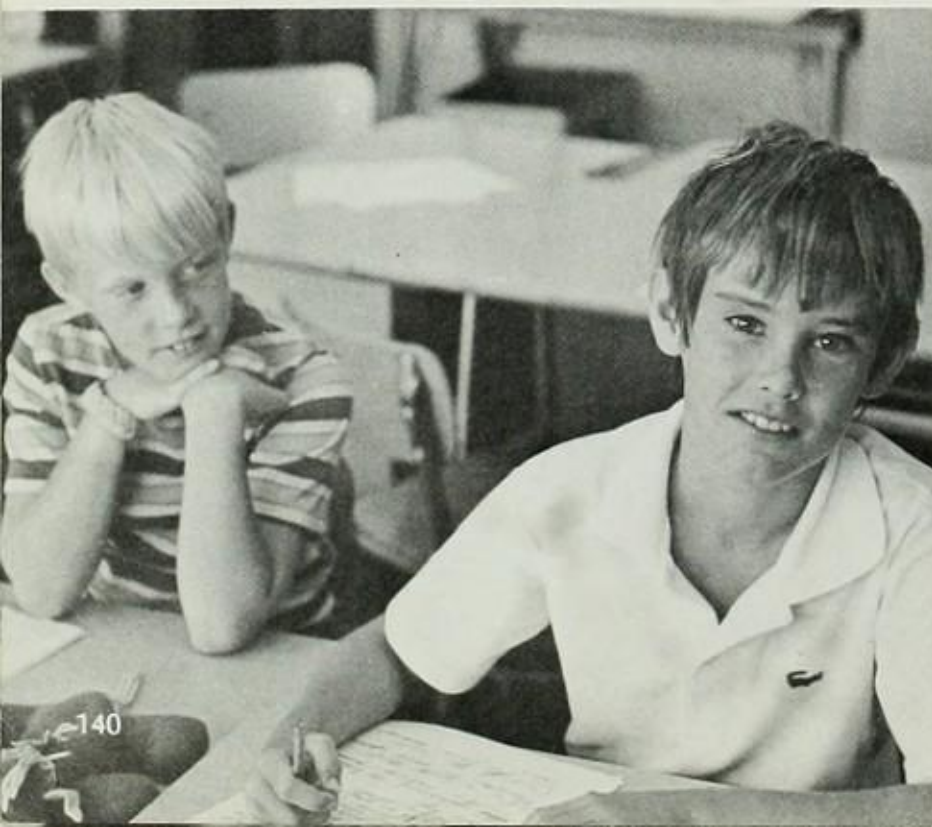
Karen Pitre



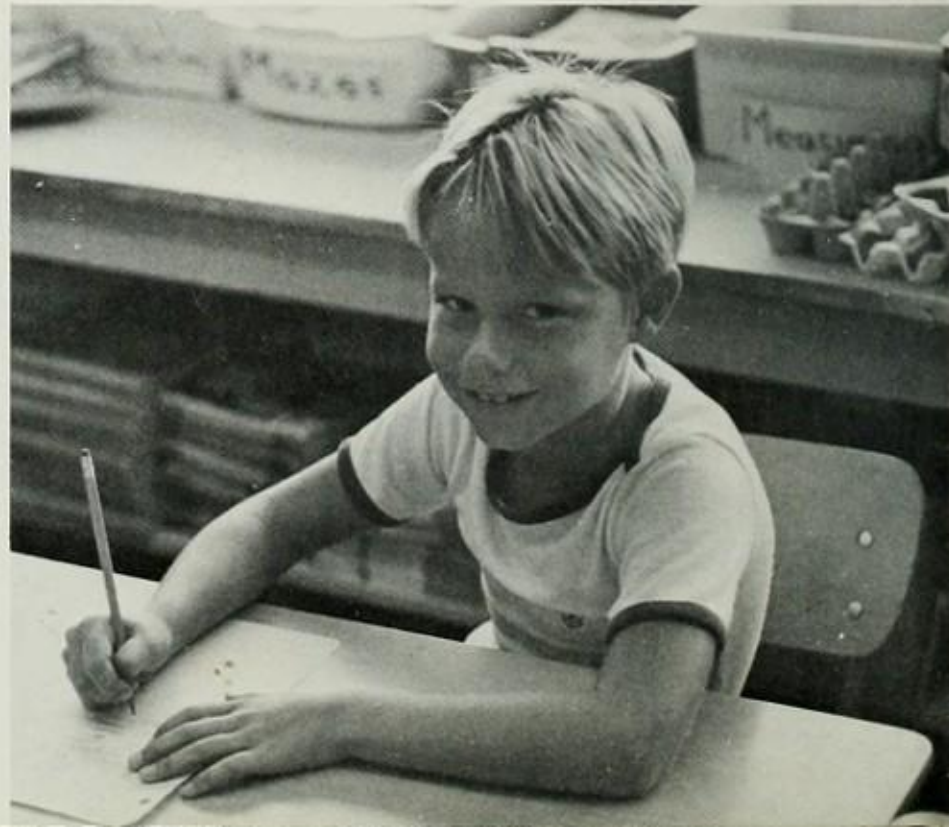
Lisa Firestone

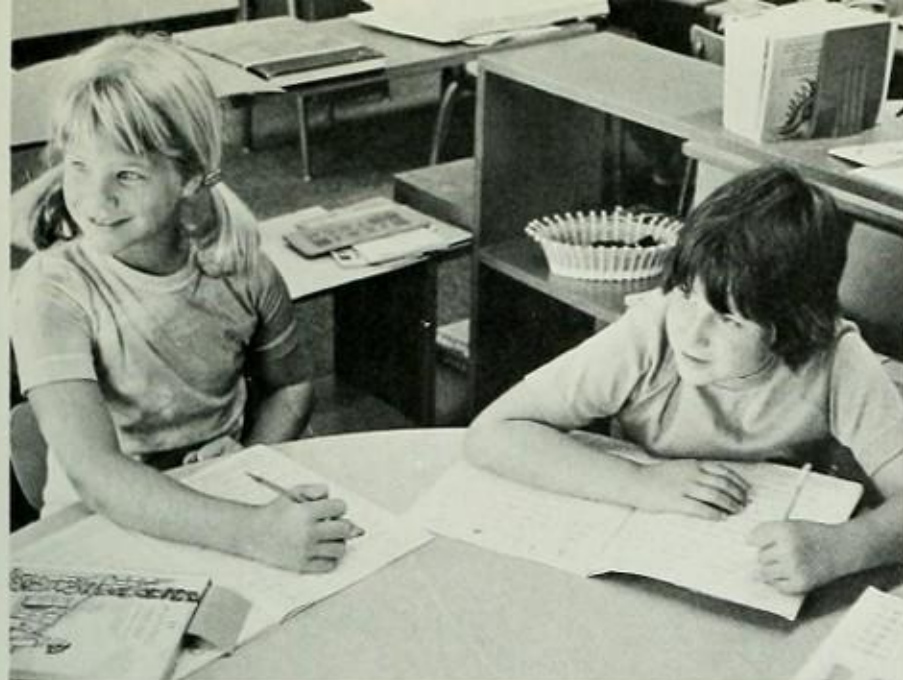
Allison Landis

l to r:
John Mason
Brian Brophy



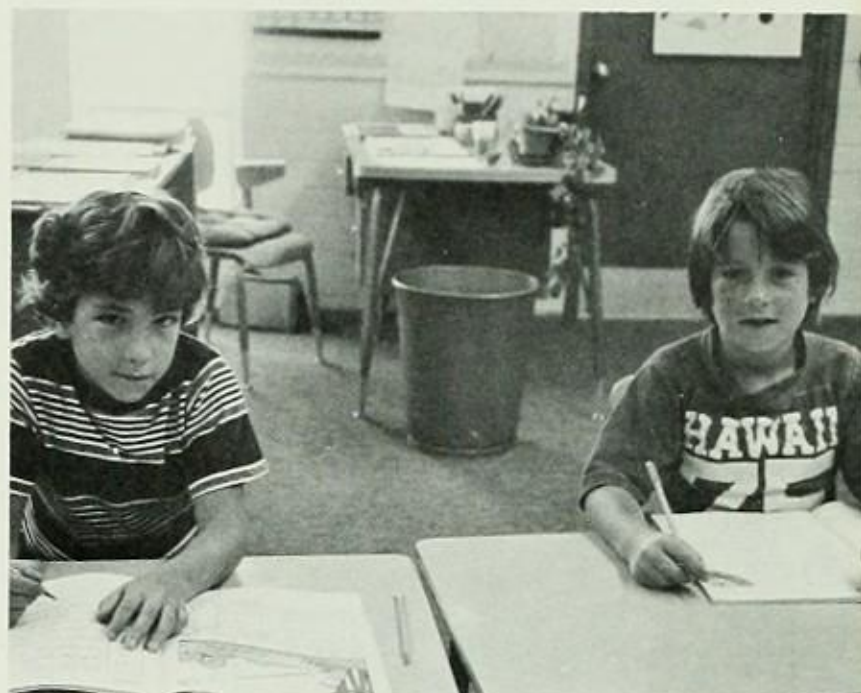
Scott Bruning





l to r: Audra Vinci, Chuck Superfon

SECOND GRADE



l to r: Eddie Ornelas, Scott Tucker

l to r: Stuart Giegling, Kathy Remillong,
Natasha Haase



l to r: Amy Biggs, Jennifer Evarts, Tim
Phillips





l to r: Stacey Tarone, Kriston Lundberg

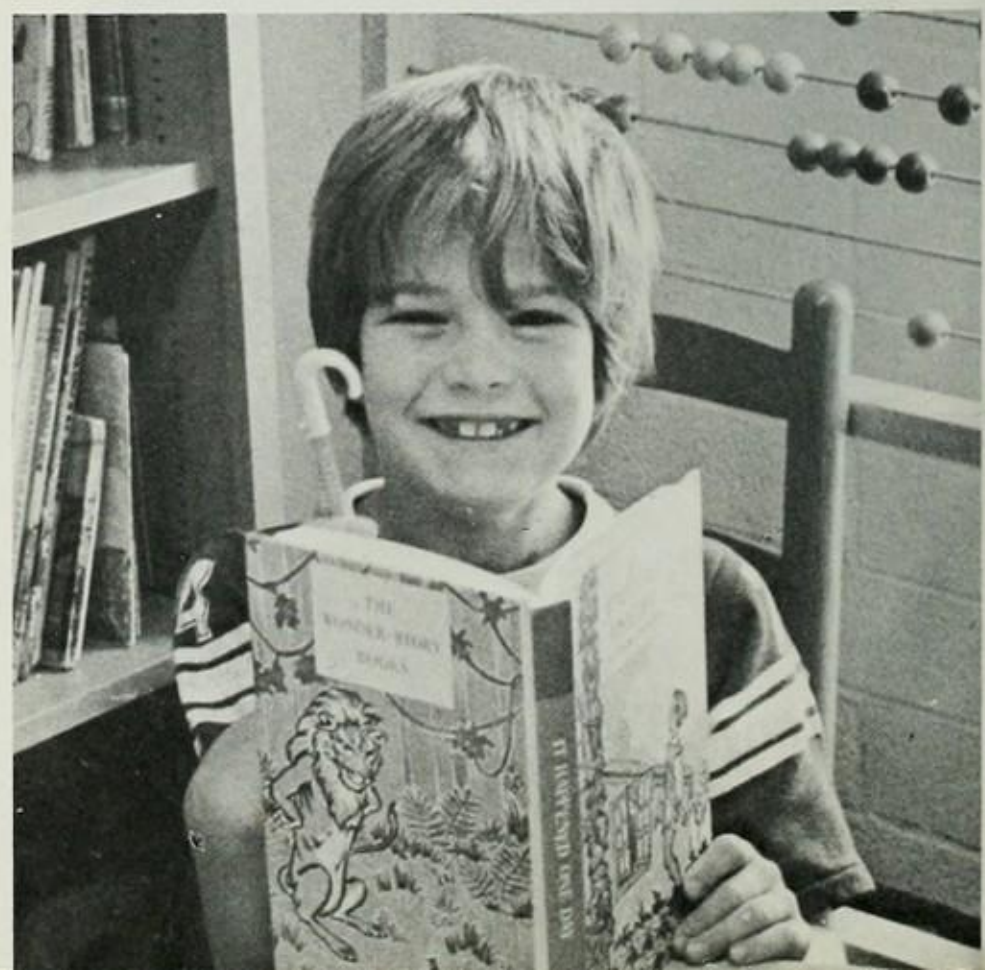


l to r: Catherine O'Kelley, Andrea Boltz

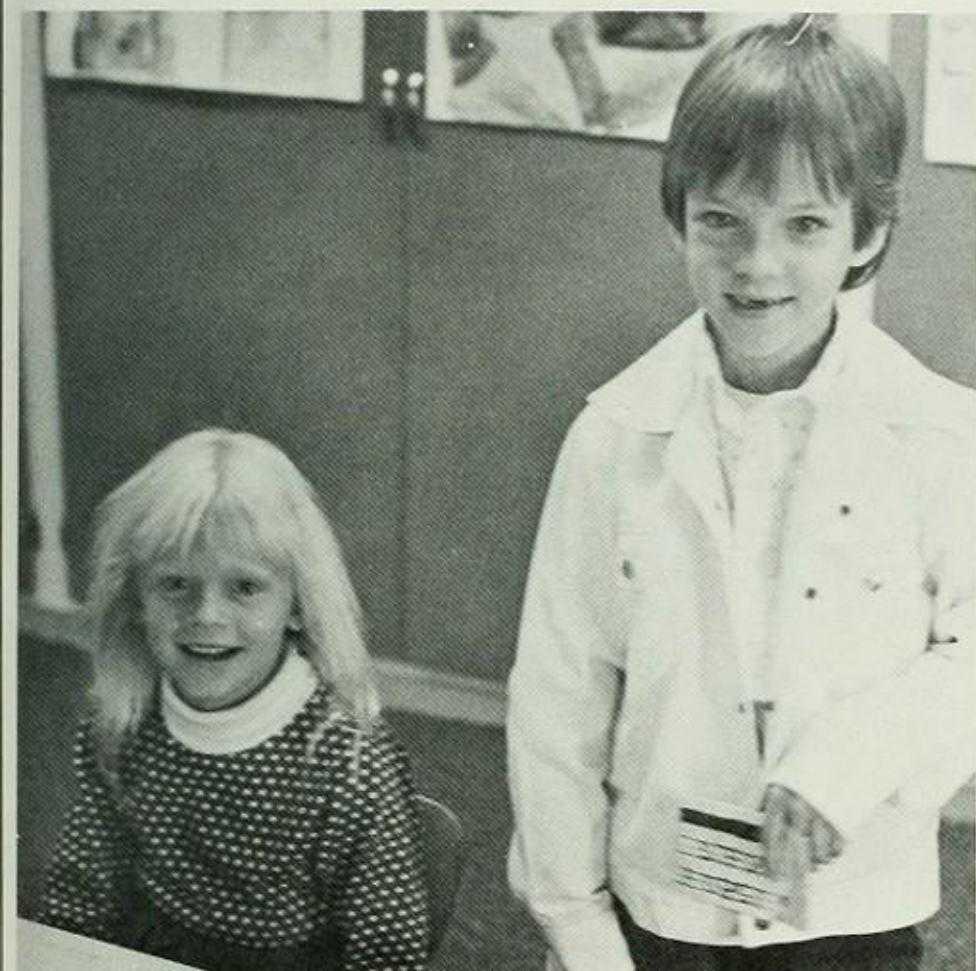
l to r: Carey Marks, Brooke Sterling



Hurst Dorman



Cynthia Clendenin, Kevin Musick



Randy Miller



Jennifer Grosso



l to r: first row: Steven Scott, Bret Hopper second row:
Beau Barton, Toni Bifano



l to r: Tim Phillips, Charlene Hovather
Emily Chrisman



l to r: Chad Rider, Maggie Roof



G. T. Knight

FIRST

Jason Kokalis



GRADE

l to r: Jimmy Jarko, William Allsworth

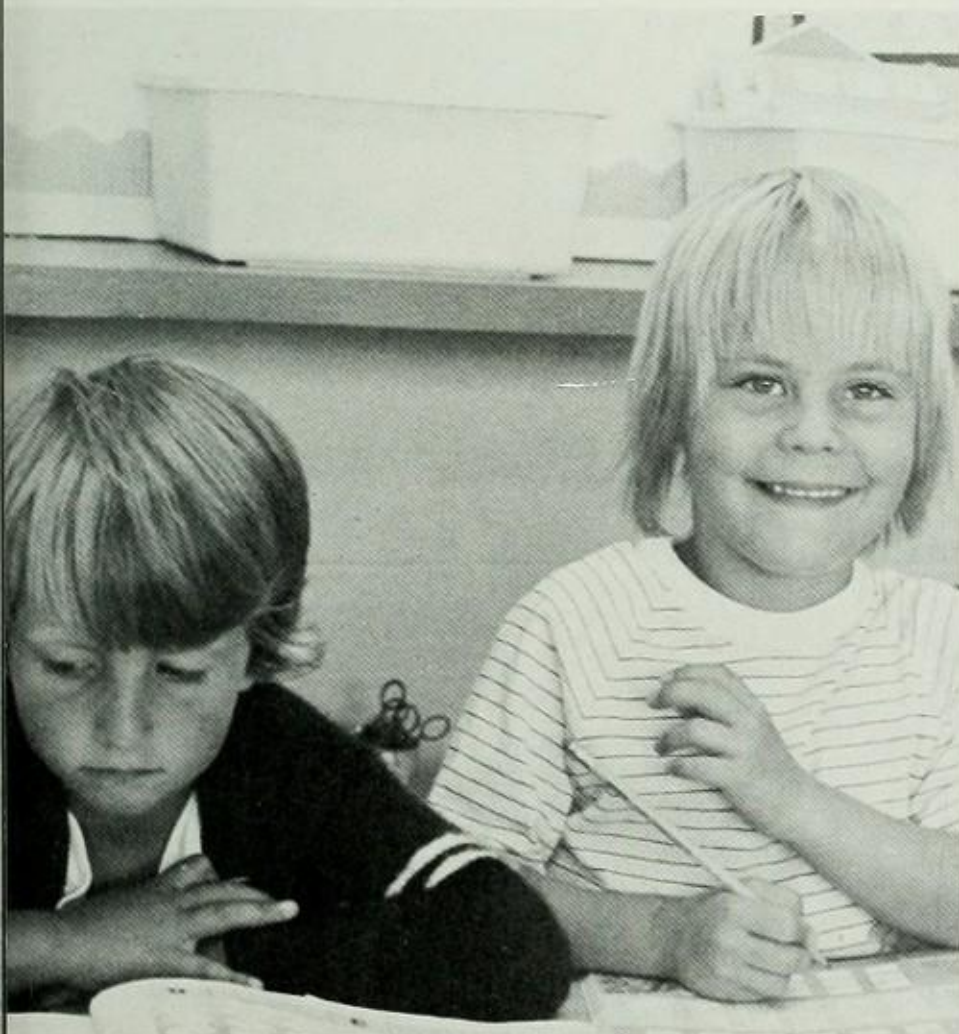




l to r: Sarah Payne, Stacey O'Donnell



l to r: Mark Barnes, Jennifer Mason



Cricket Alexander





Lara Sosnow



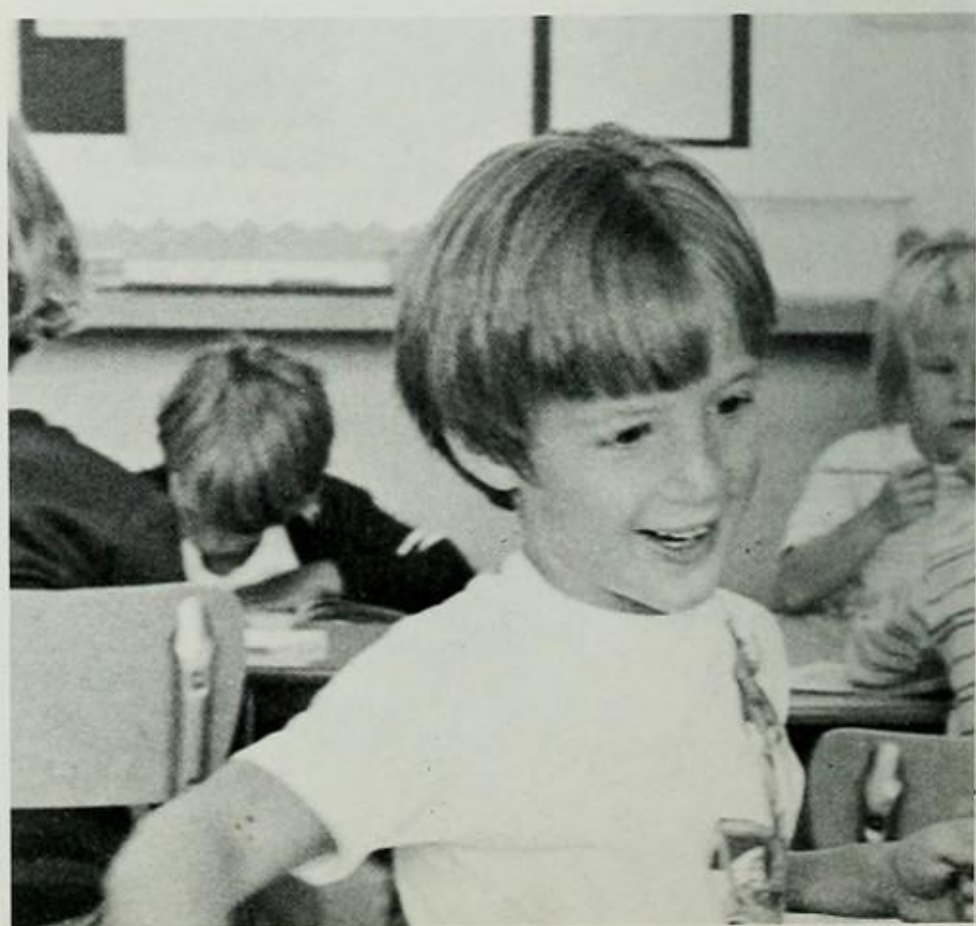
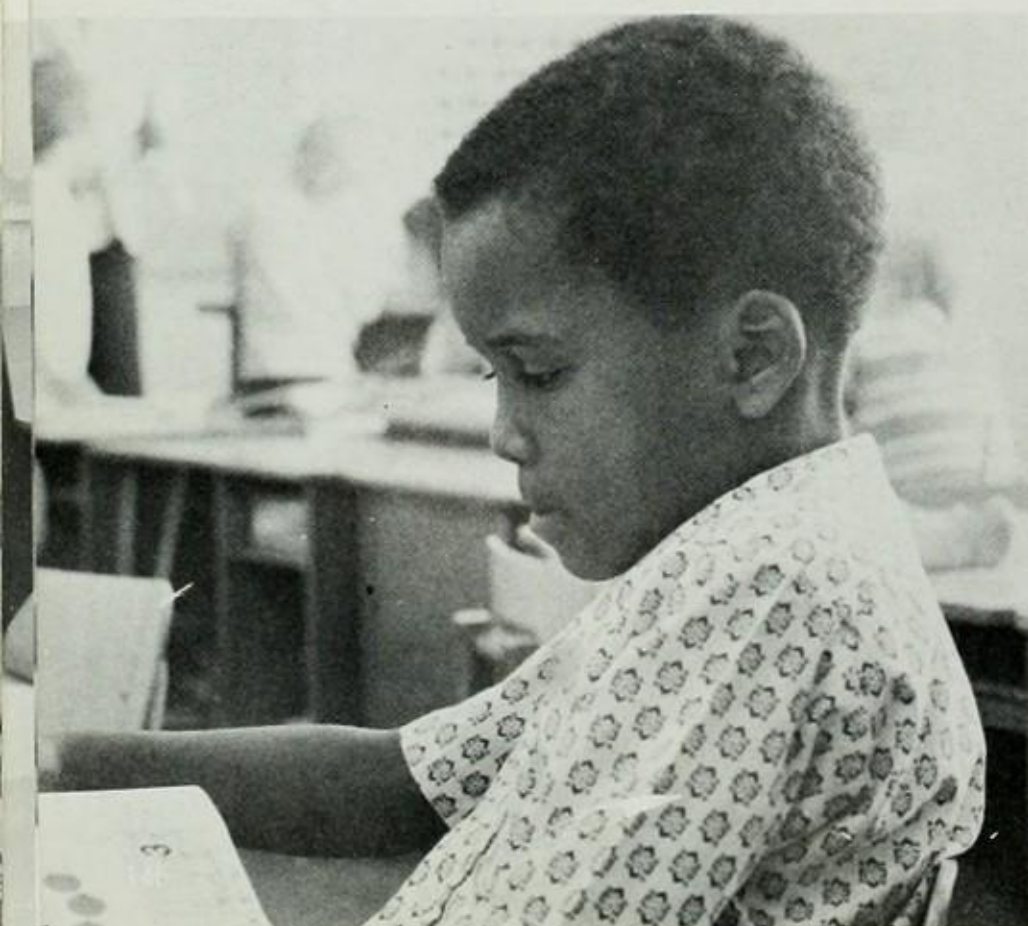
Lisa Wiskeman



l to r:
John Milton
Jason Schoeffler

Marc Parker

Daniel Donahoe

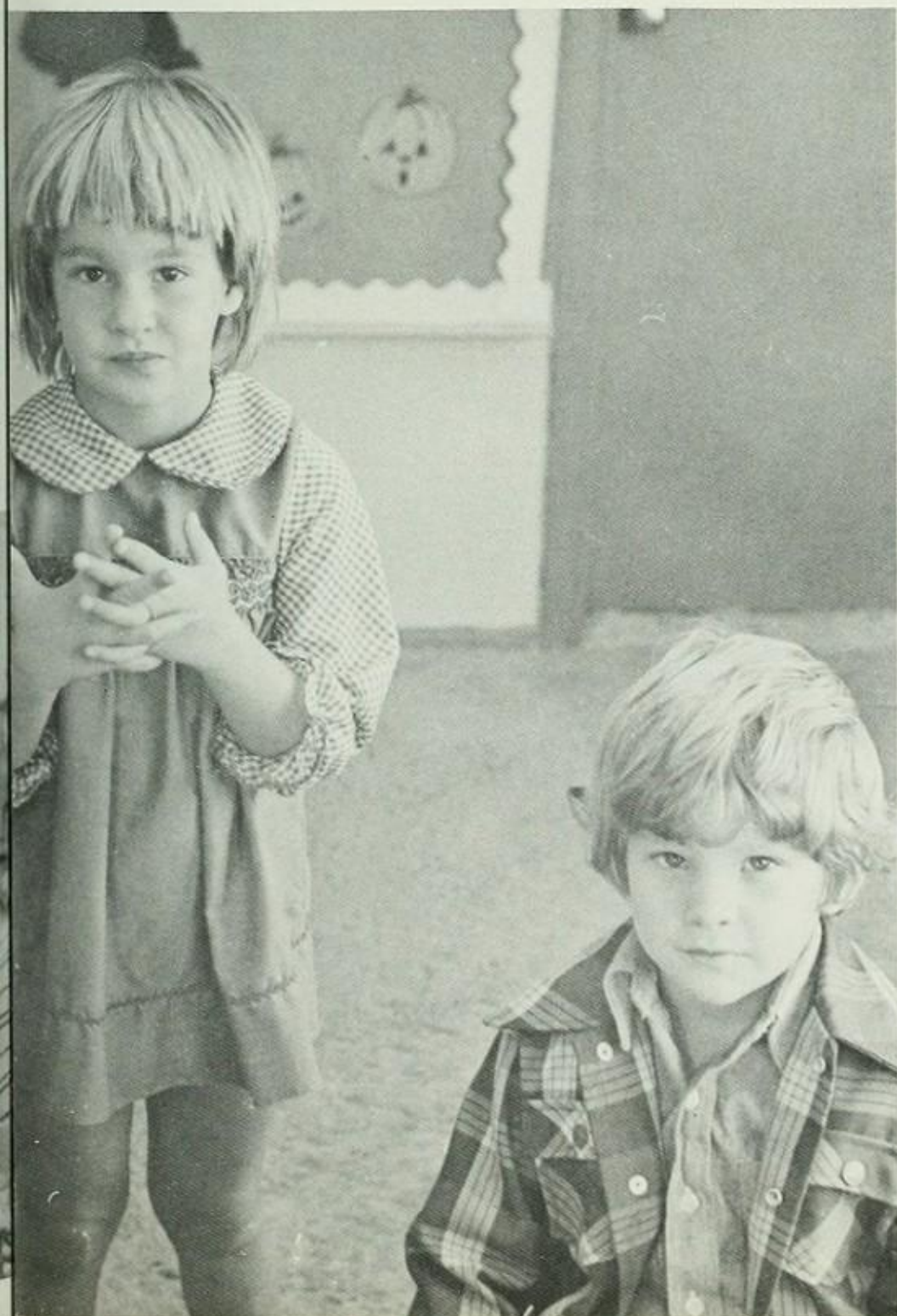


l to r:
Jana Rider
Leslie Leach
Catherine Withers



KINDERGARTEN

l to r:
Lucy Paris
Mark Chernoff



l to r:
Sean Whiskeman
Troy Phillips





l to r:
Lindsey Christensen
Kimberly Briggs



Tina Rizkallah

l to r:
Vincent Mortel
Sean Alexander



l to r:
Robin Hinchcliffe
Todd Steltzer





Diana Witt

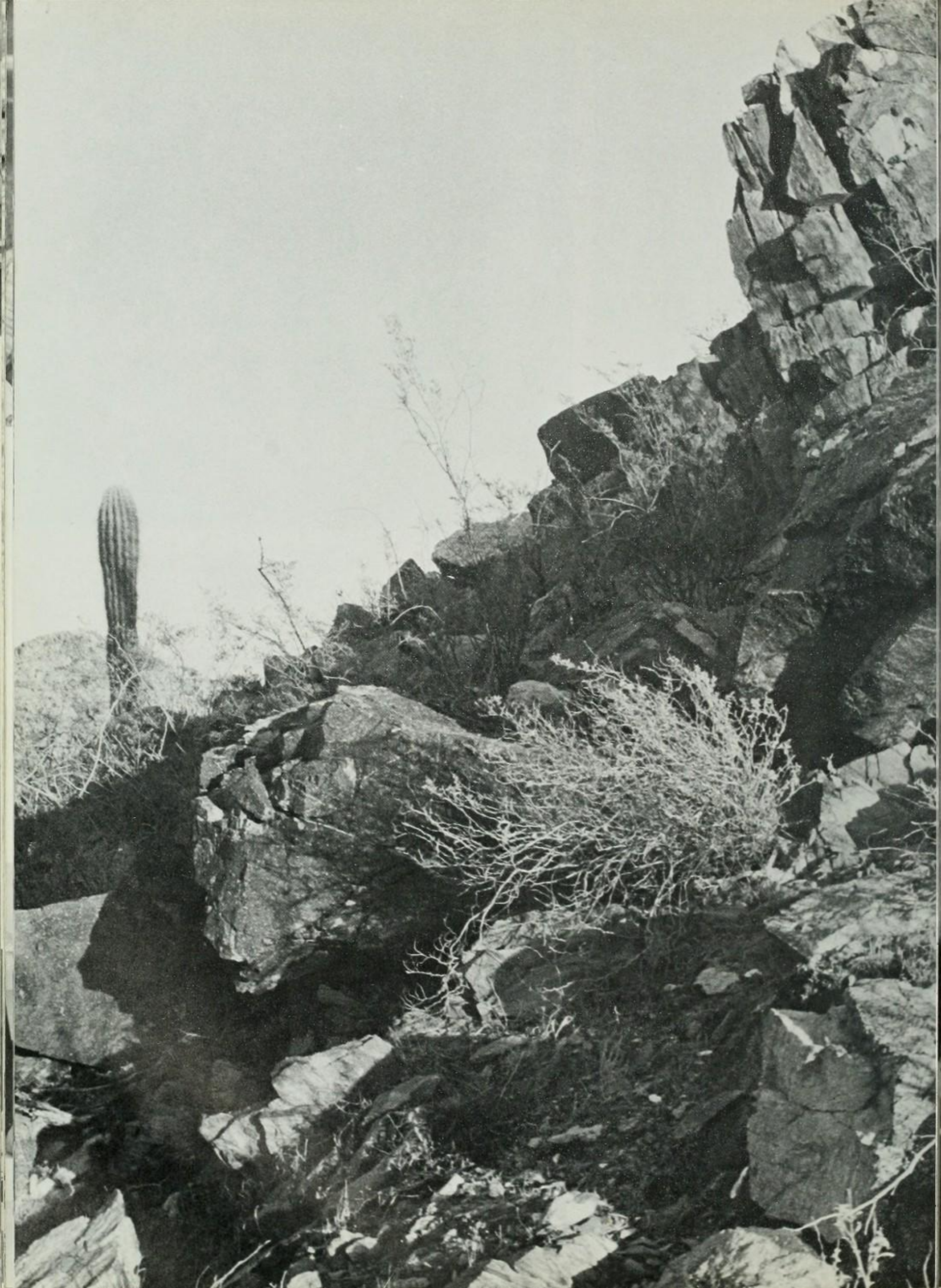


top: Terri Stean
l to r: Eleanora Vinci
Sara McNeff

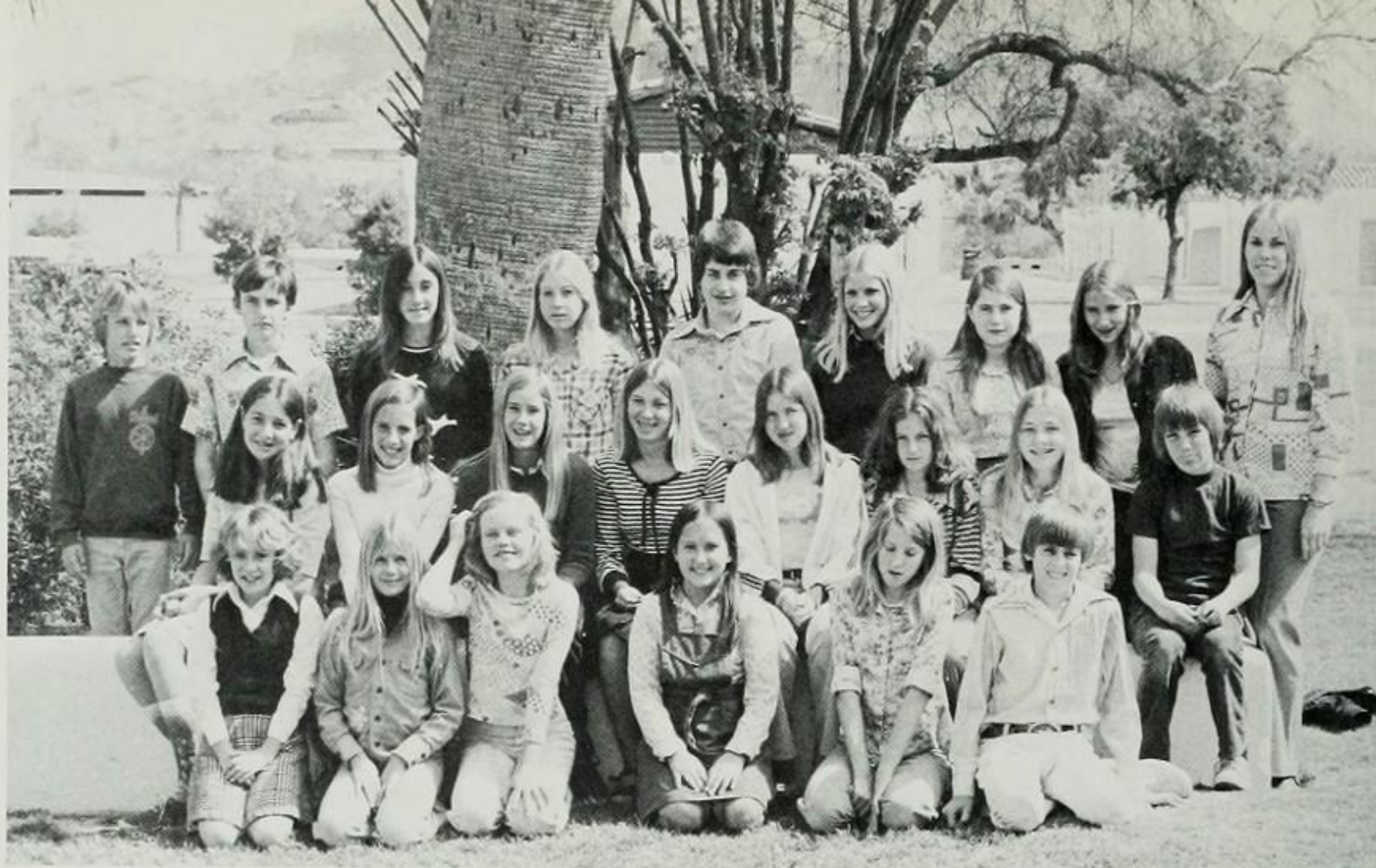
l to r:
Jeffrey Jacobs
Garrett Kent

l to r: Shane Gearty, Robin Barnes





ACTIVITIES



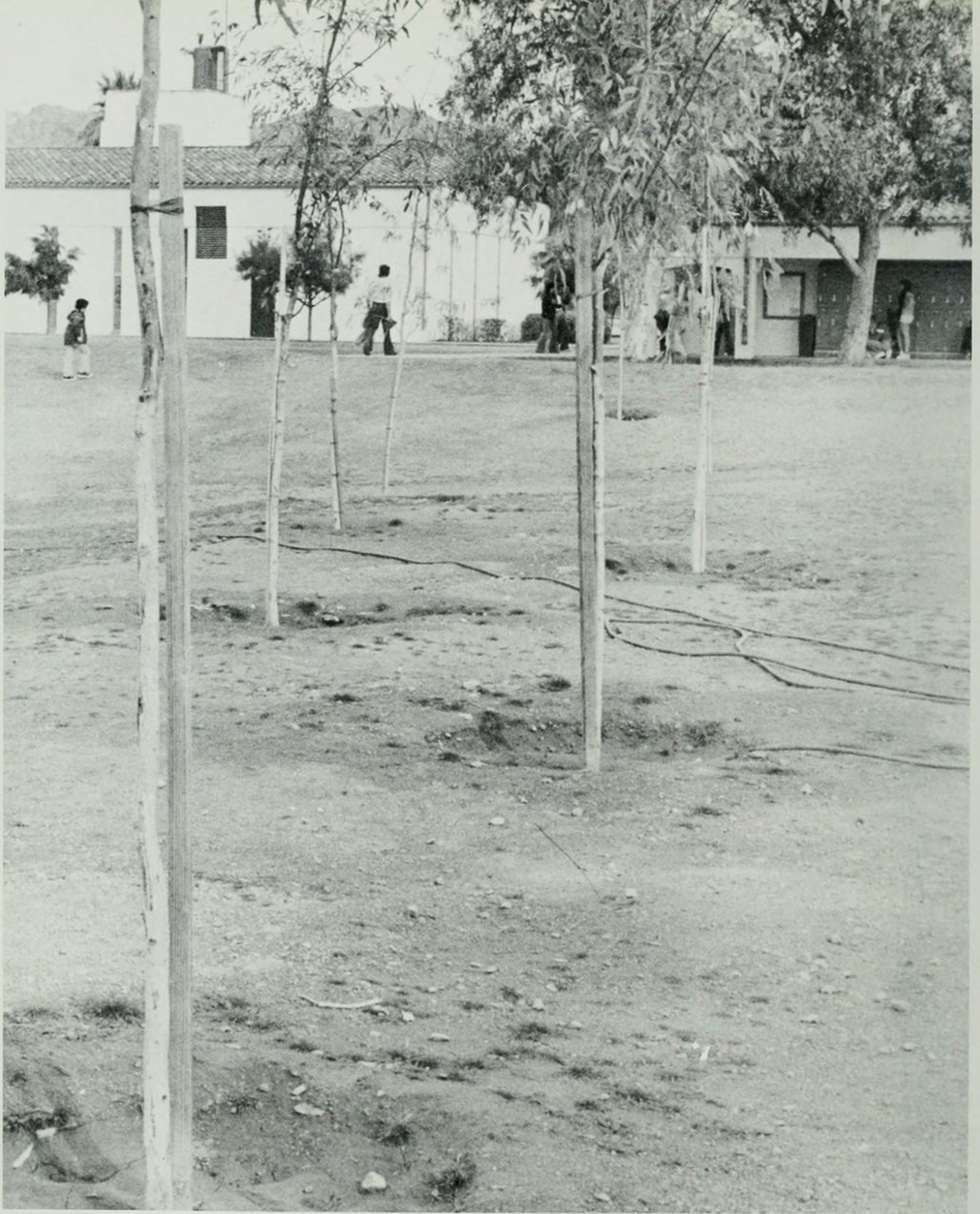
l. to r. front row: Annie Reis, Julie Brooks, Annette Smith, Becky Haycox, Sharon McCulloch, Bill Bohlman. l. to r. middle row: Linda Mason, Gay Donahoe, Jenny Rand, Cathy Laflin, Liza Nickerson, Joanne Taylor, Krista Magnusson, Arthur Luhrs. back row: Gordon Hardy, Douglas Dalglish, Kimer Wadsworth, Laurie Wray, David Miles, Mary Beth MacFarland, Natalie Pergeau, Ellen Smith, Mrs. Judy Riden.

MIDDLE SCHOOL CHOIR





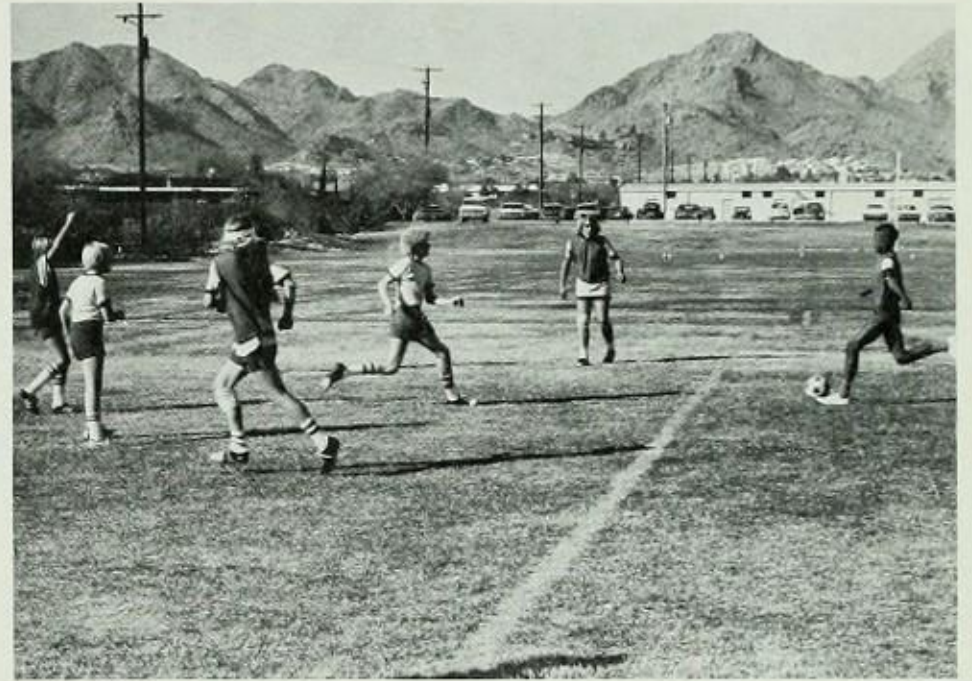
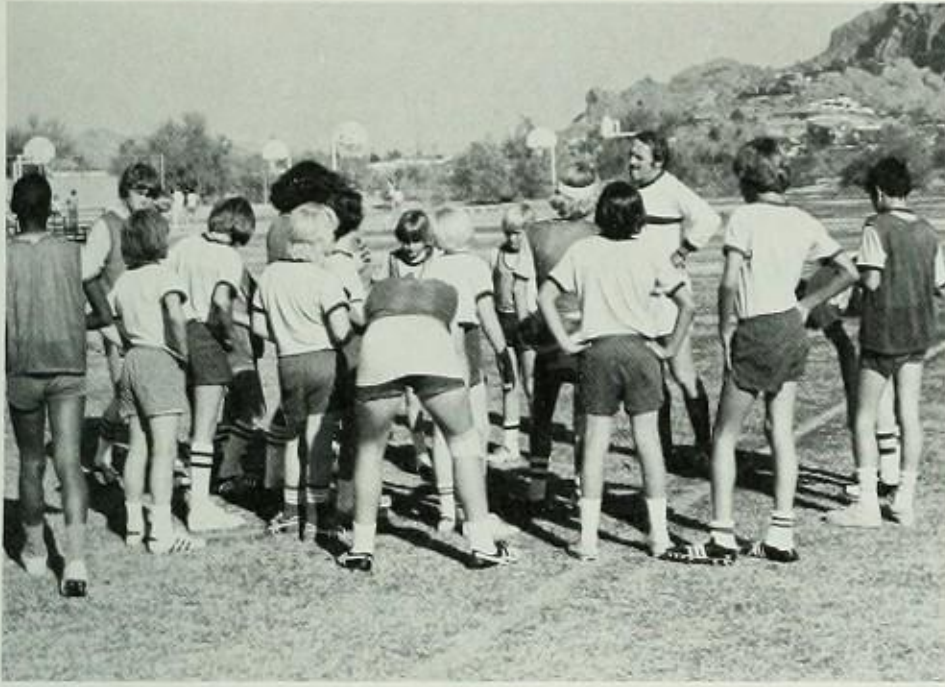
HONOR BAND



MIDDLE SCHOOL PROJECT...A BEGINNING

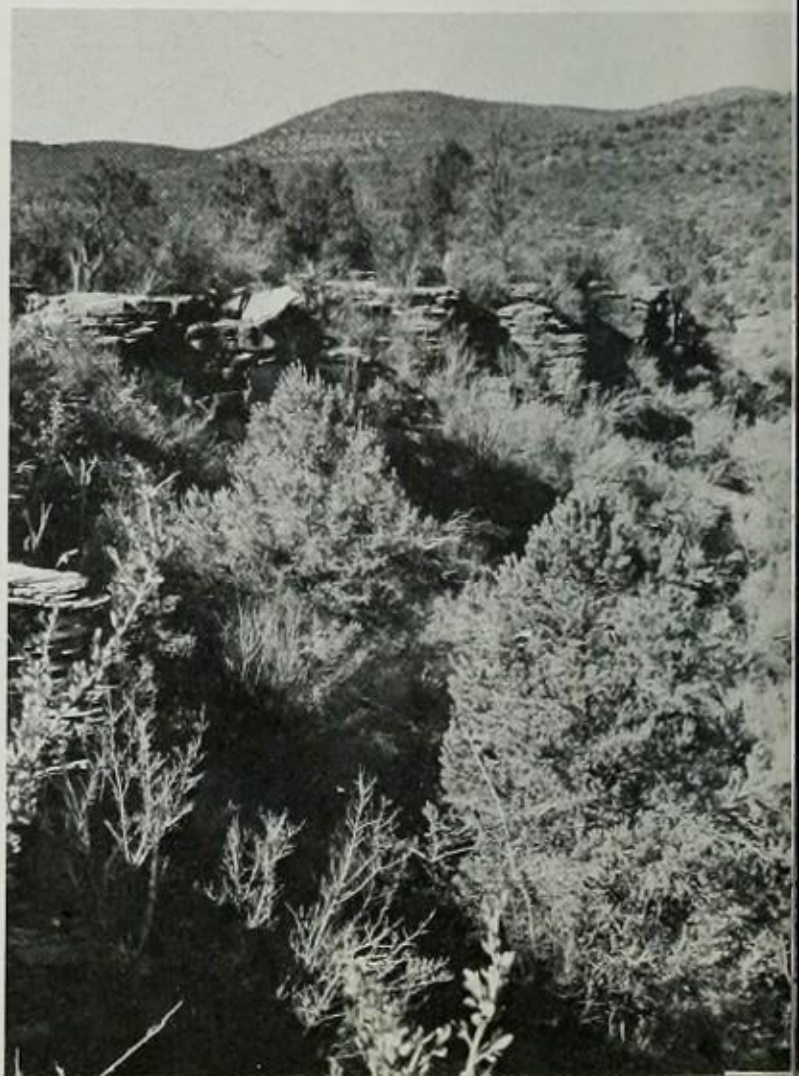
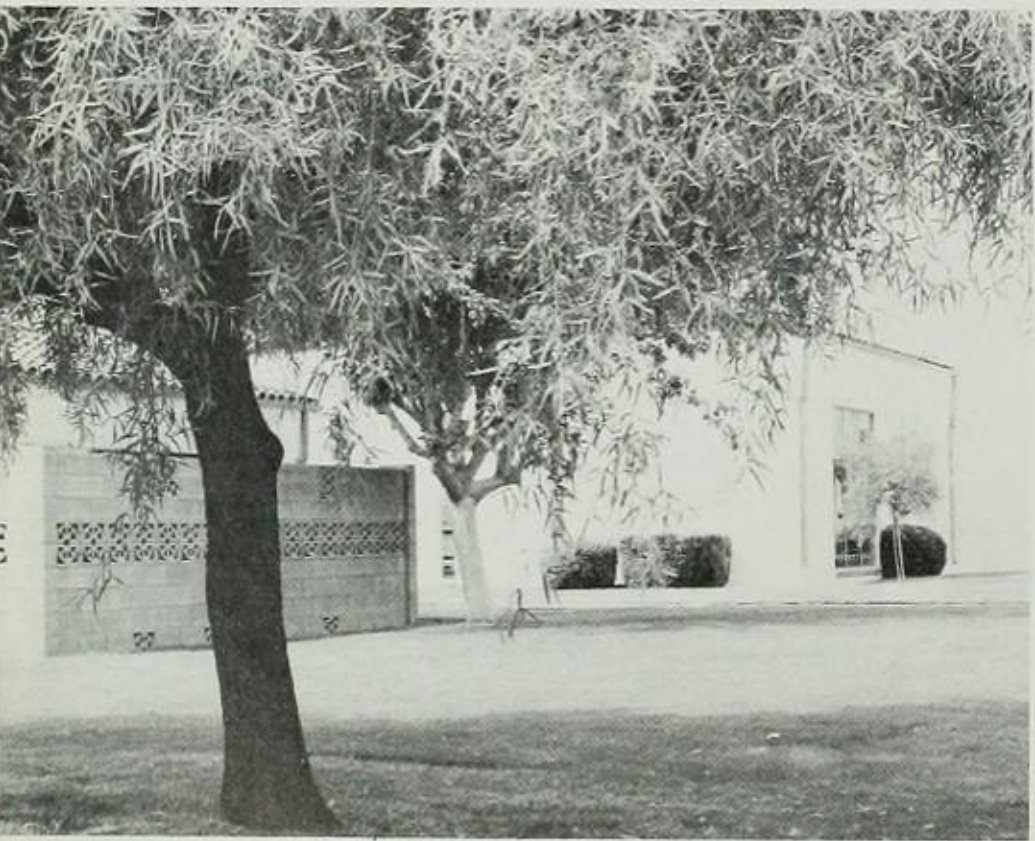
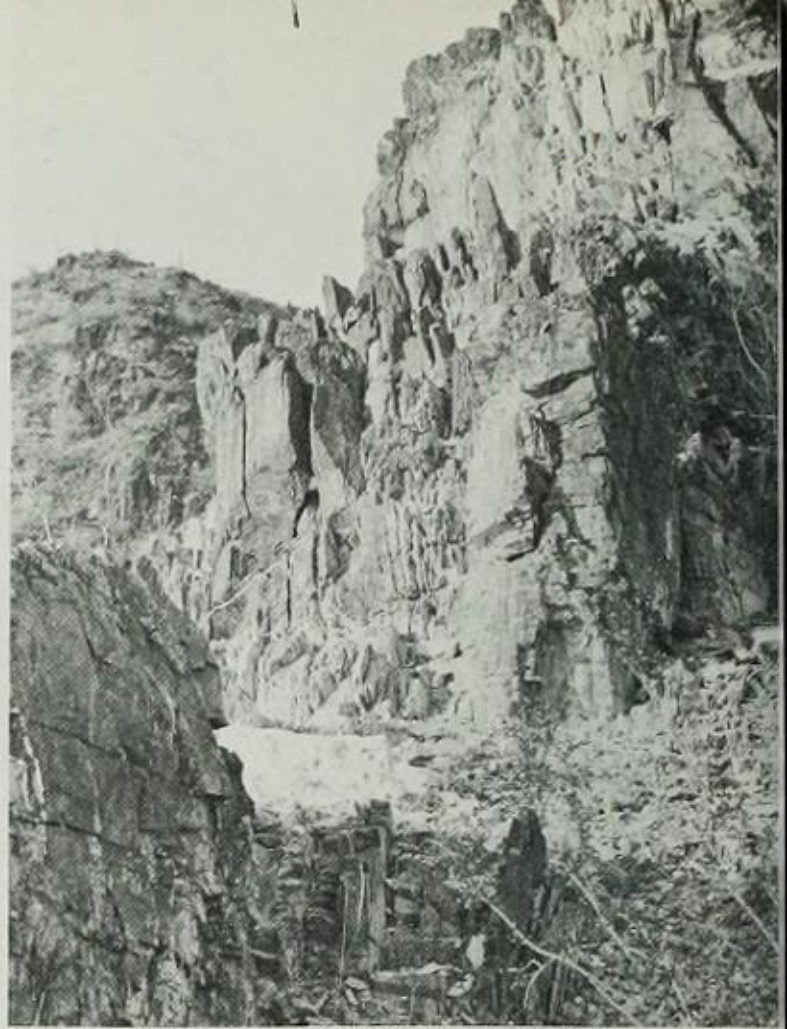
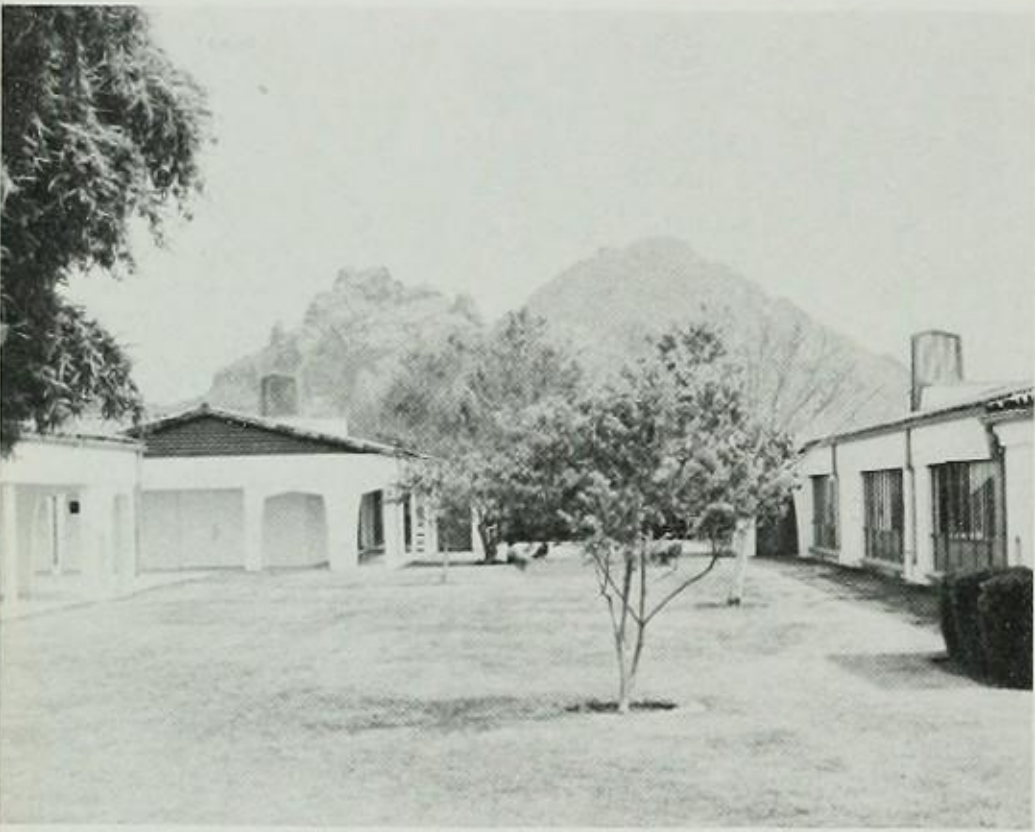
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SPORTS





i would like to thank ms. sonderman, yearbook advisor, and these special non-staffers: charles, debbie, cara, and peter. your assistance greatly facilitated the production of this yearbook.....

m

i would like to thank brian, and tim for their sincere efforts in photography

j

we would like to extend our gratitude and sincere appreciation to ms. english, and mr. raymond; your support made this yearbook a reality.....

m, j, & j



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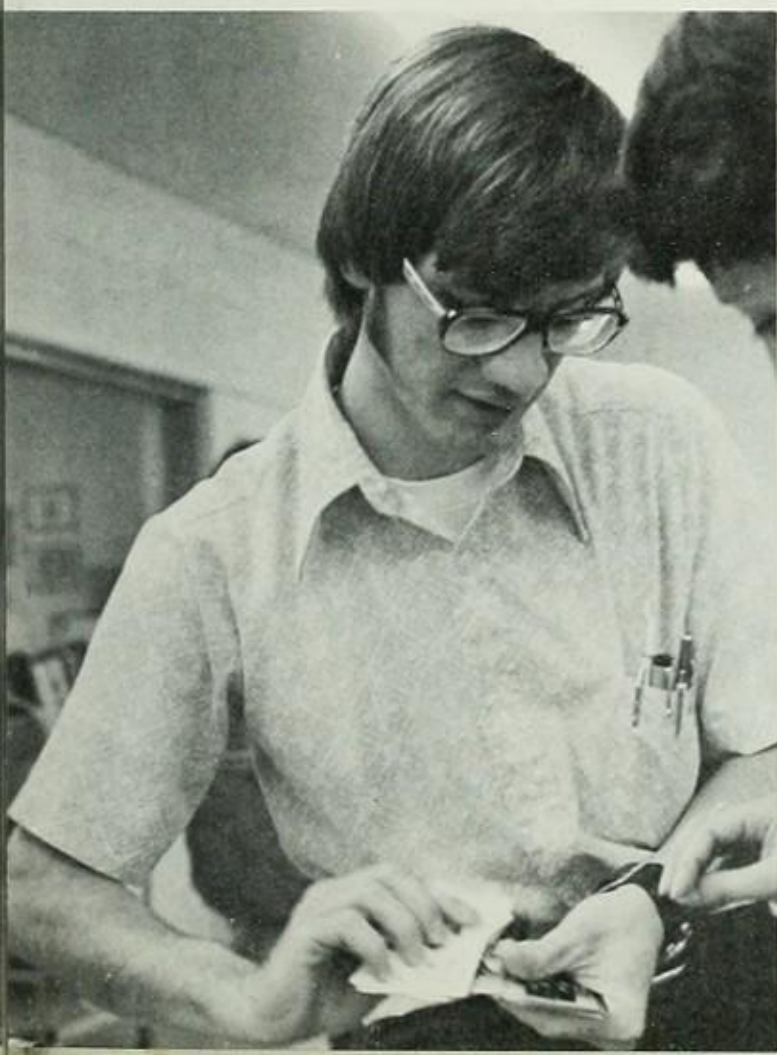
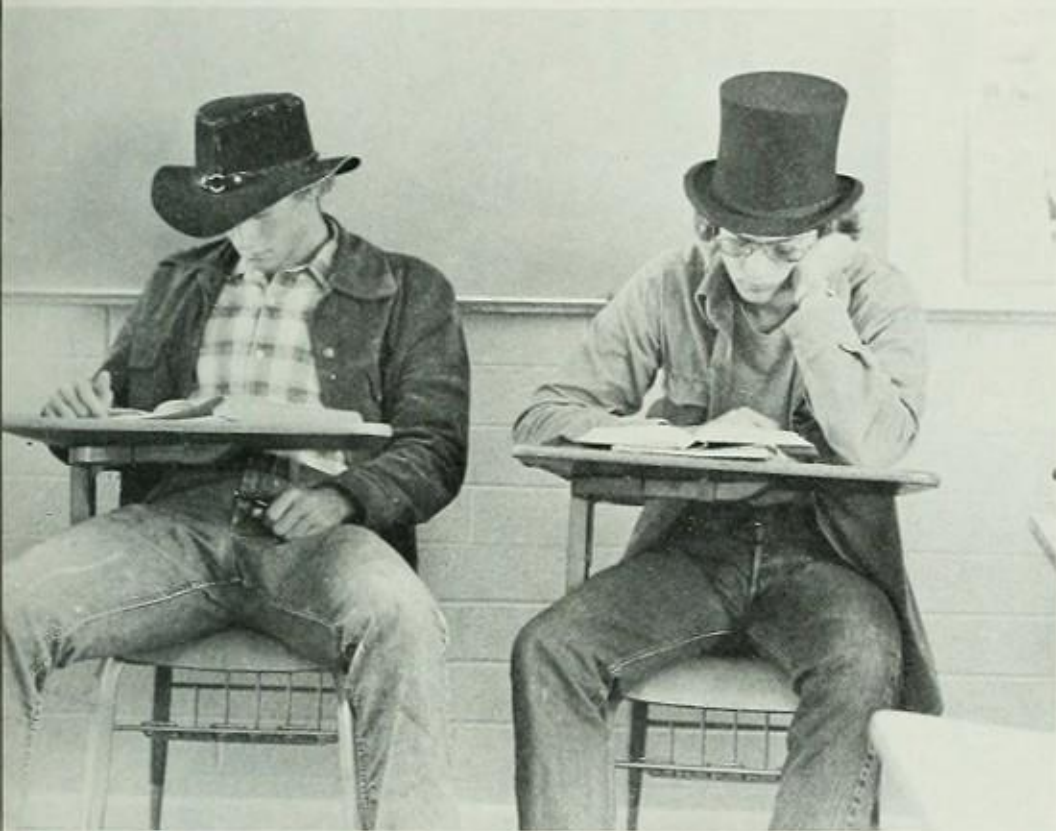
Mr. and Mrs. Clifton B. Cox
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THE THINGS CHILDREN DO...



FAREWELL, MR. PIERCE

Good-bye, Mr. Pierce, our fearless leader, thank you for devotion and energy. Good luck in all your pursuits.



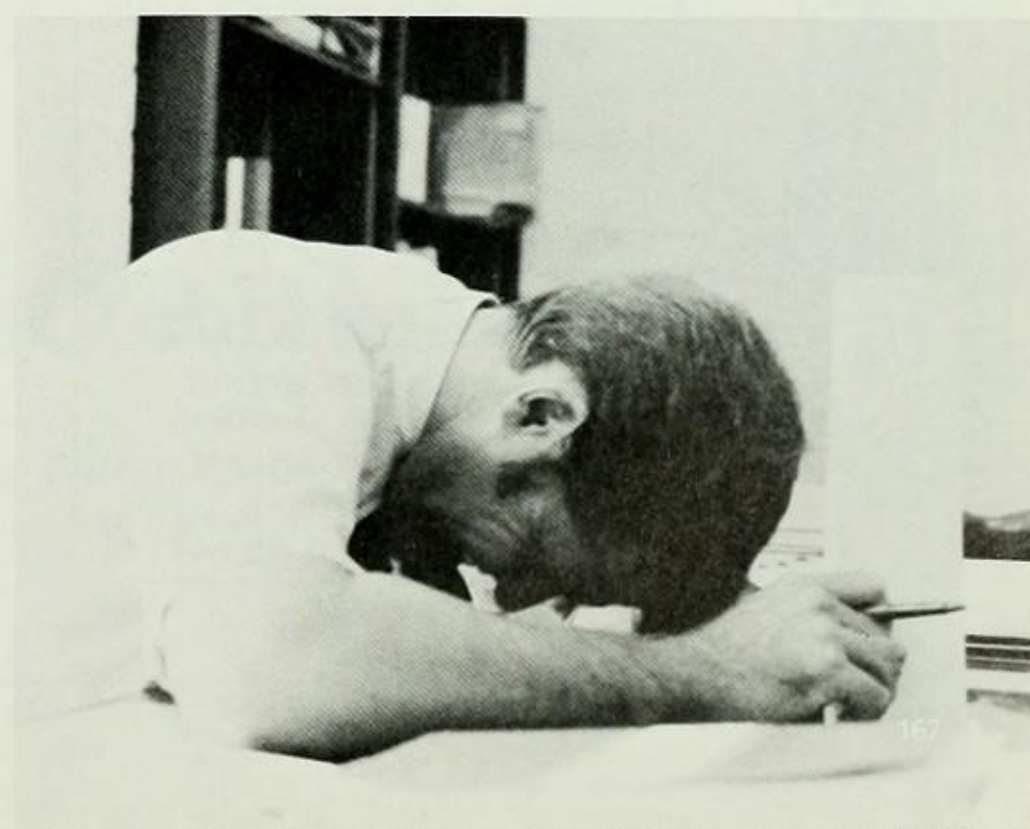
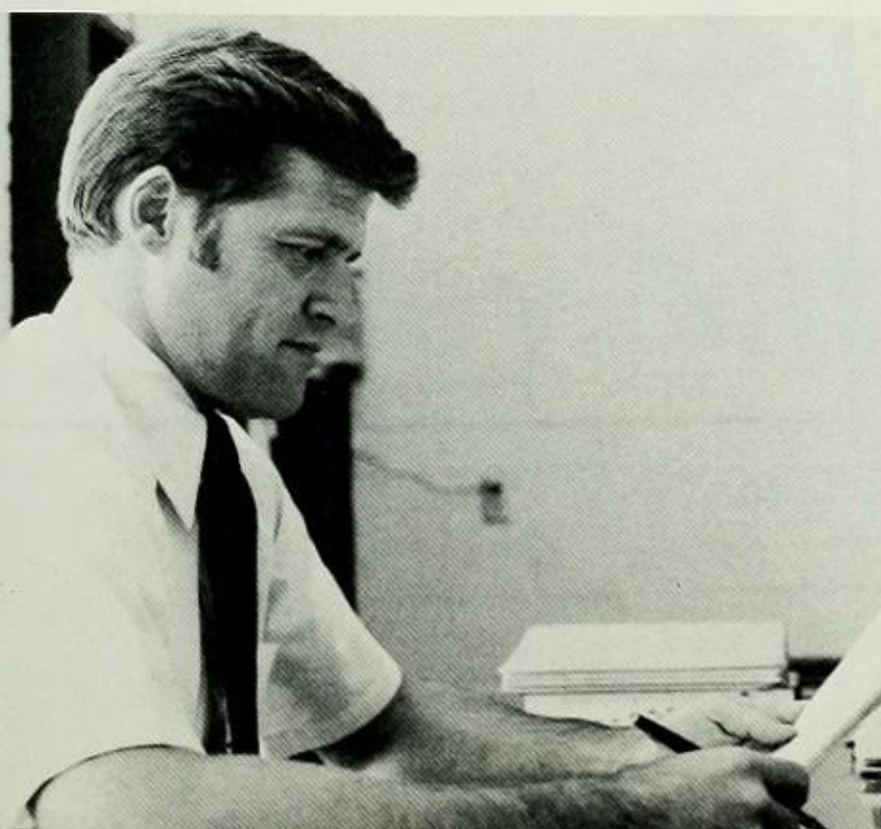
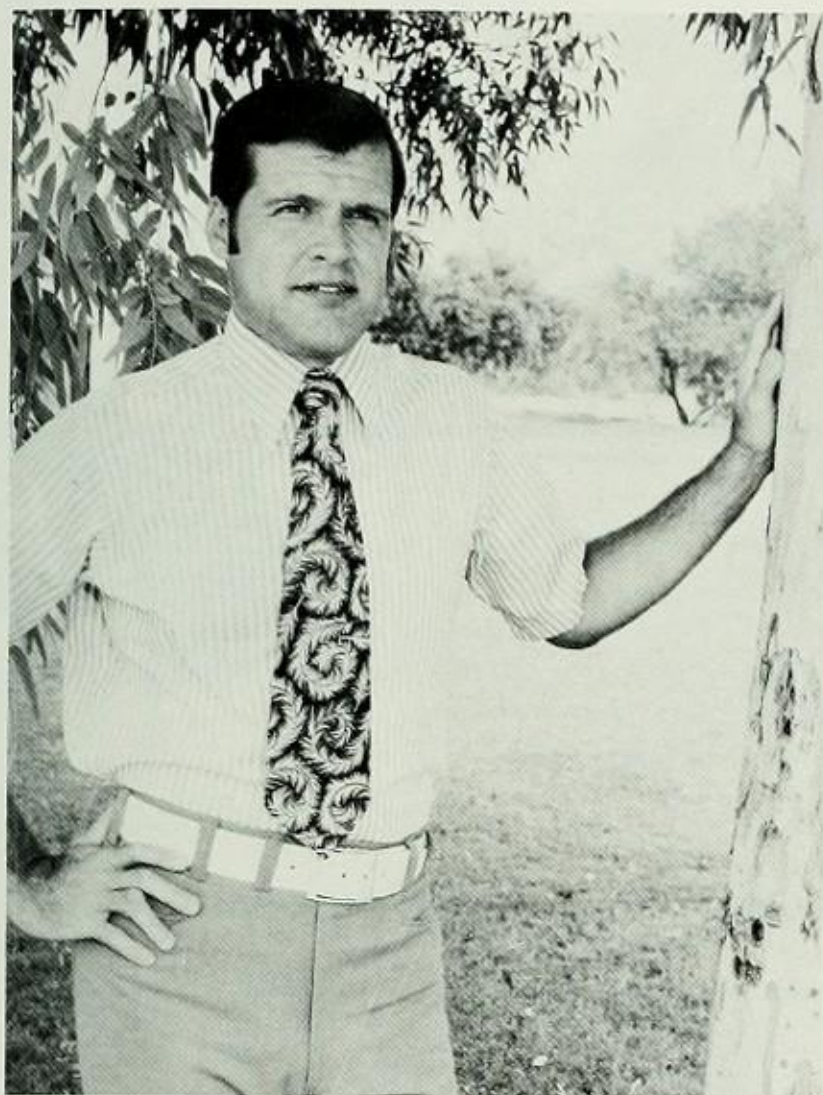
REFLECTIONS OF MR. PIERCE

before

and

after

The Class at 76



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BY

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ON HAPPY OCCASIONS

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*Like your fathers
before you, braving the fears;
who led, with courage,
through 200 years.*

*May your minds
unfold, with ideas anew;
to guide
and direct, our red, white and blue.*
4.

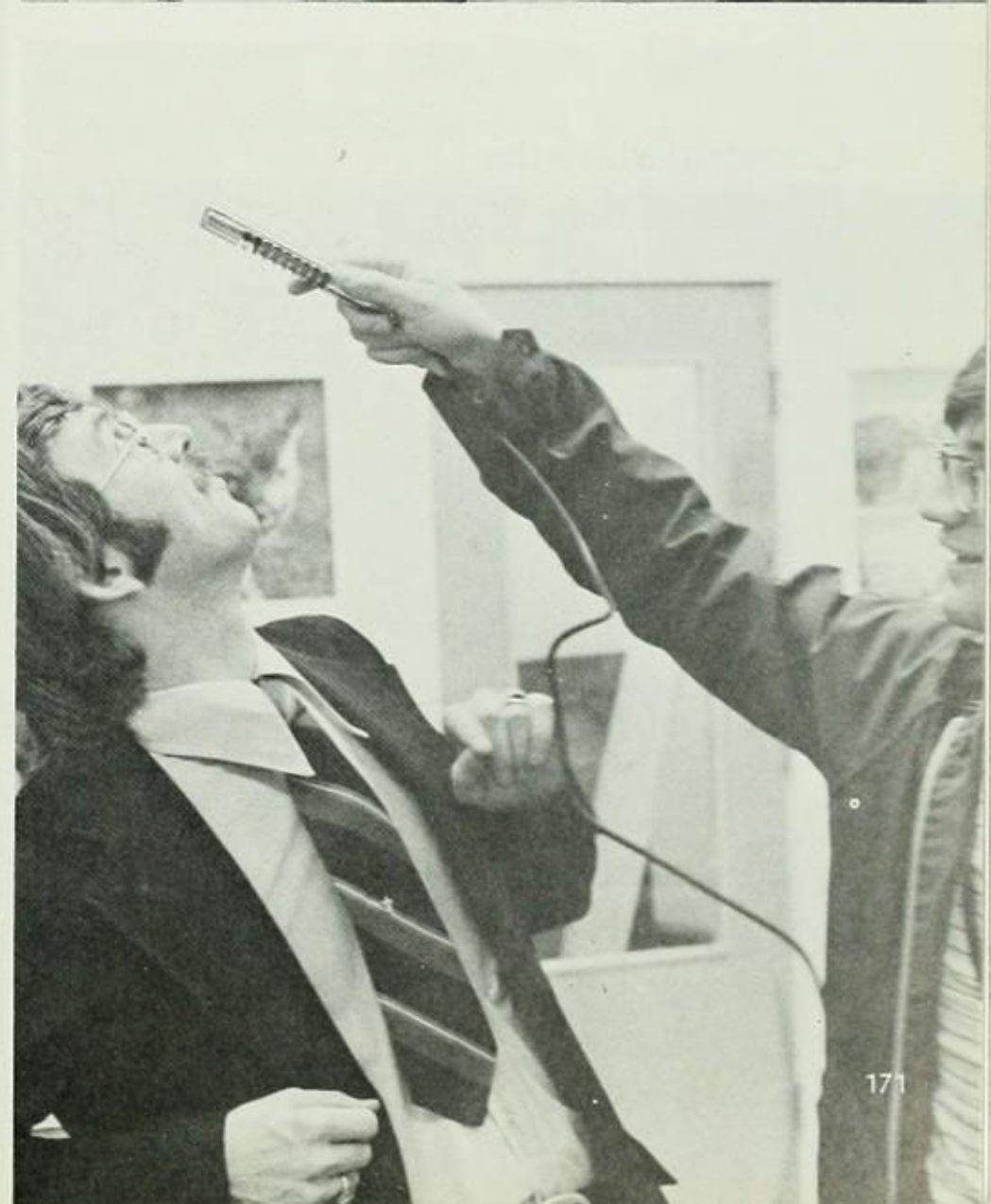
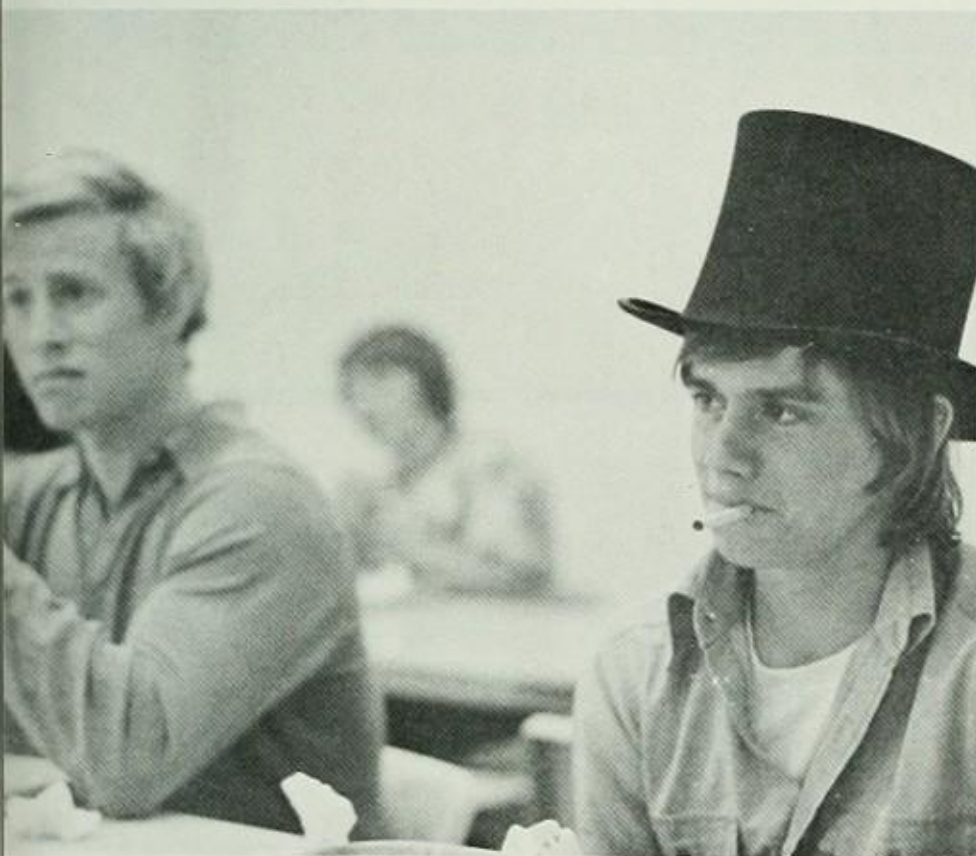
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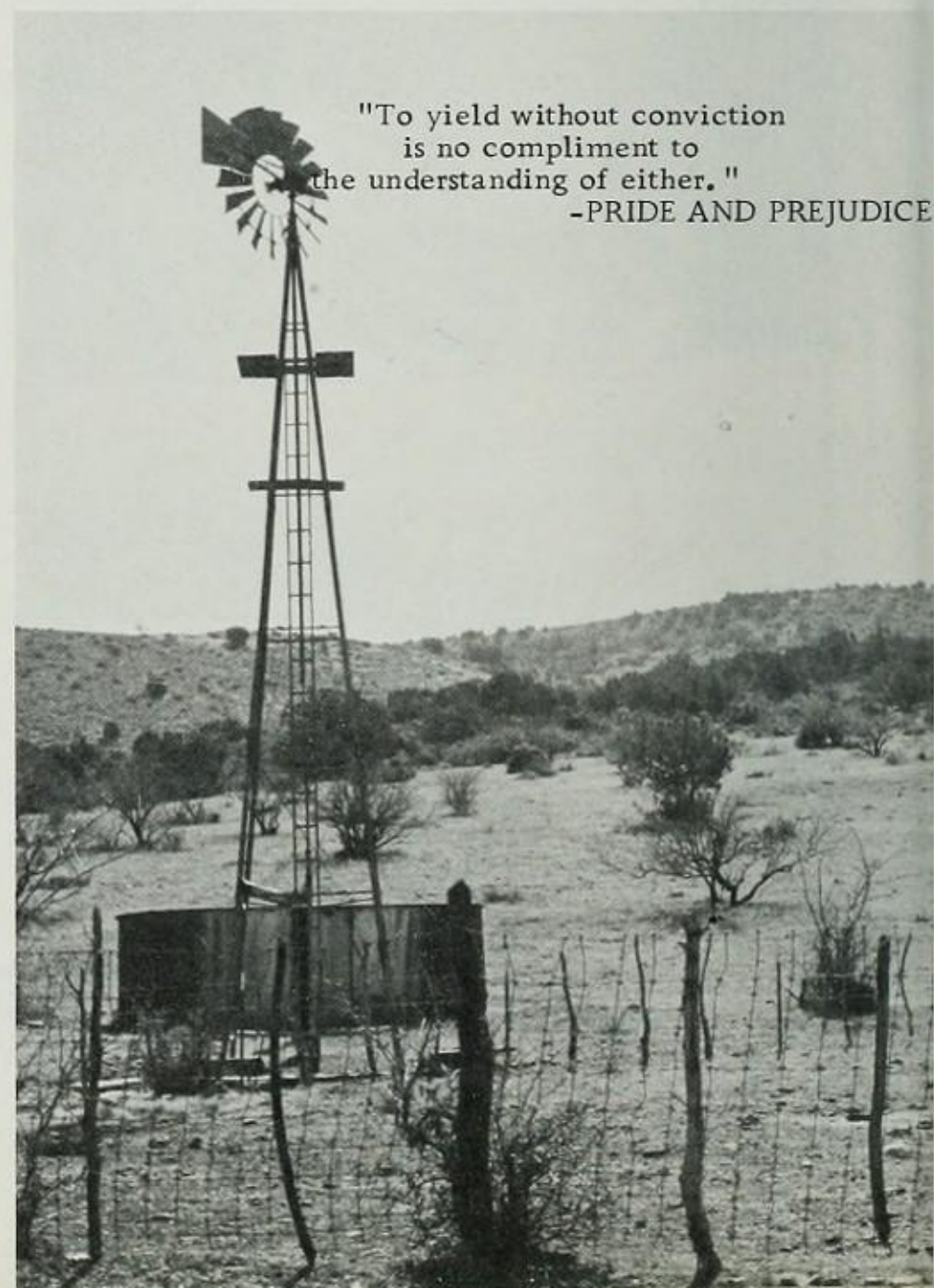
William K. Smith, Senior Associate

3550 N. Central Ave.

Phoenix, Arizona 85012

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Scottsdale, Arizona 85251
to the Class of '76



"To yield without conviction
is no compliment to
the understanding of either."
-PRIDE AND PREJUDICE



"Move it, buster!"

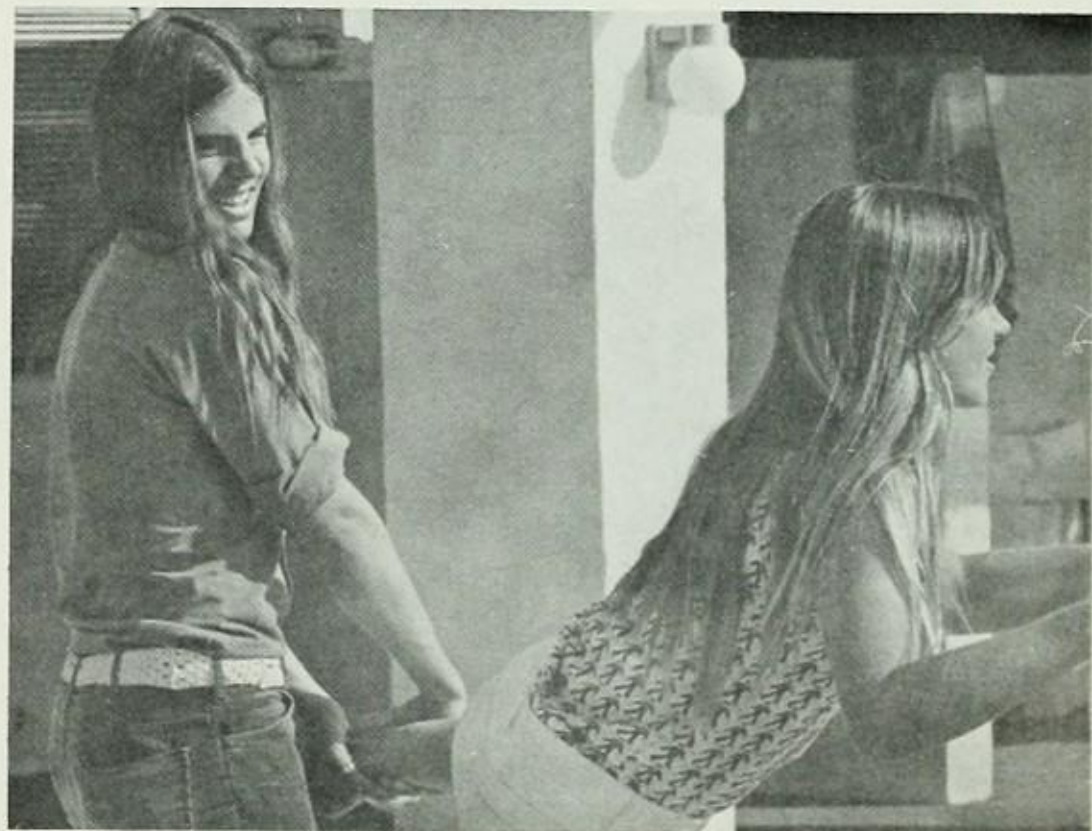


Whistle while you work.

Worth 1000 words?



Gimme a little kiss.





left, Jennifer
Gross-2



right,
Tracy
McCollum-5

ADDENDUM



above left,
Chris
McCollum-3



above right
Howard
Bell-1



left,
Arthur Sidell-k



right,
Peter
Nadler-3



Gordon Hardy-7

right,
Diane
Lorant
-11



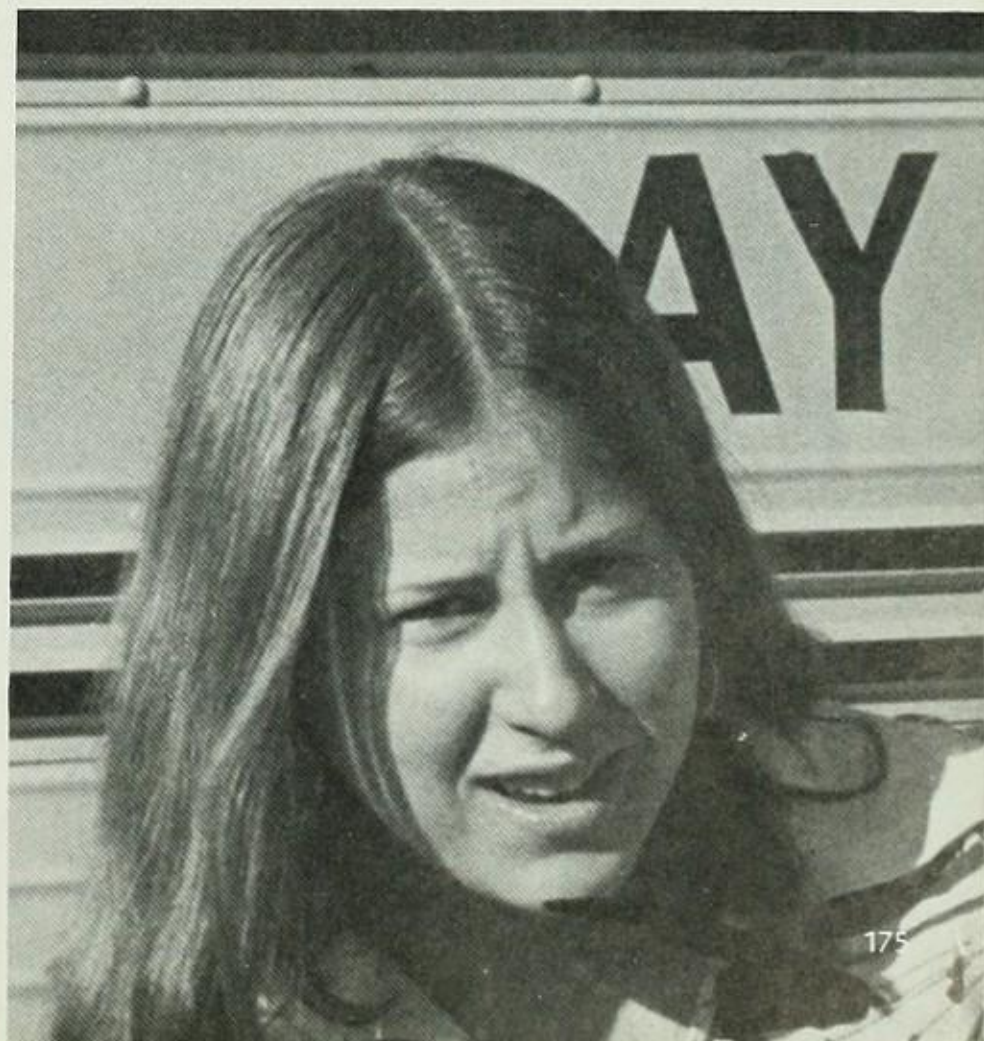
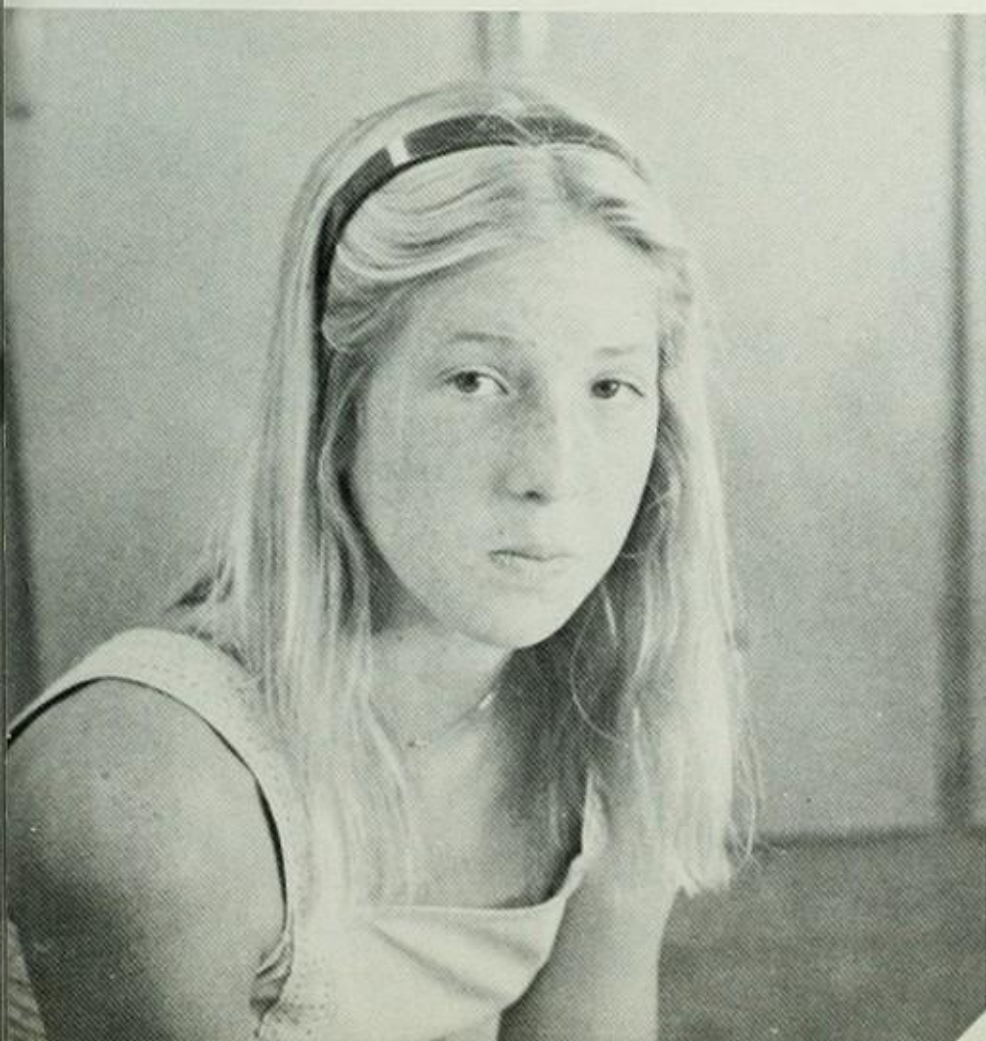
Cathy Lewhel-9

Lorena Lobel-9



below left,
Laurie Wray-8

Cathy Robbins-11



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Class of '76

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to each of you

for future happiness

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CONGRATULATIONS

TO THE

CLASS OF 1976

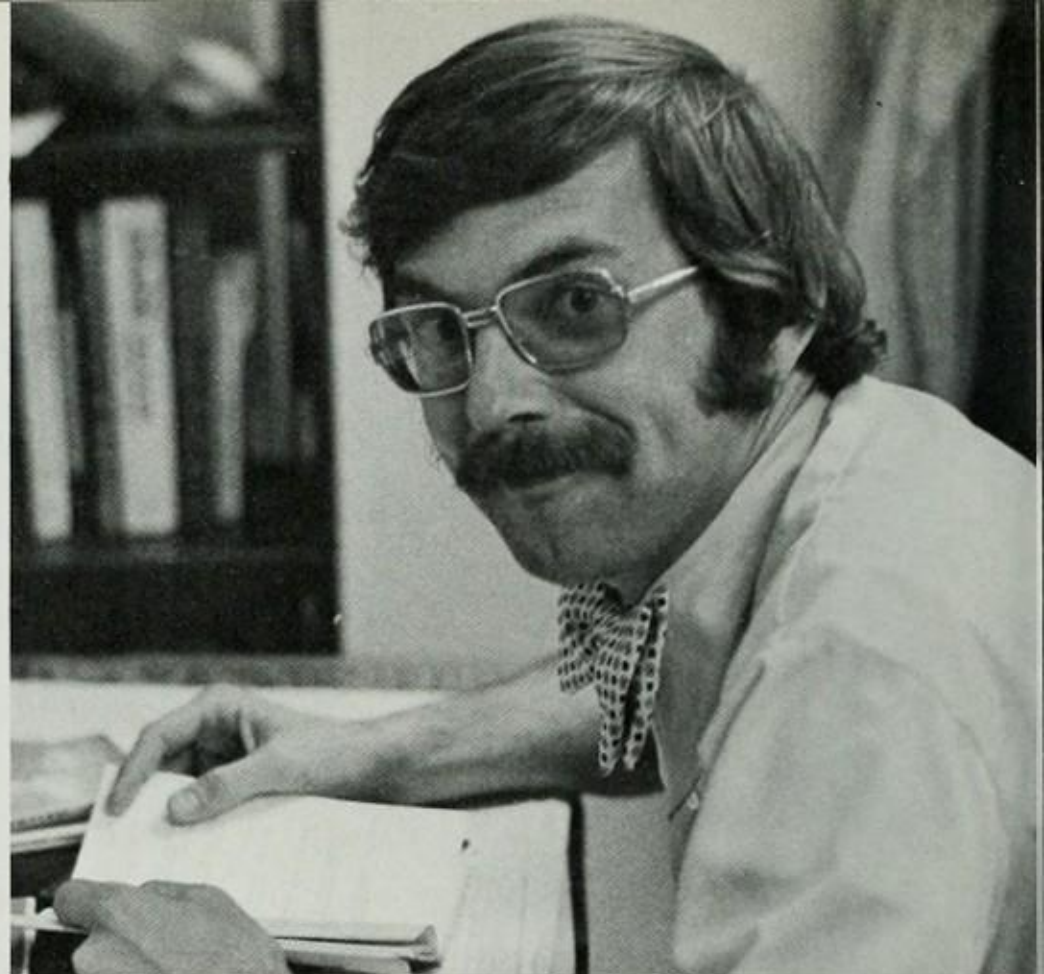
FROM THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

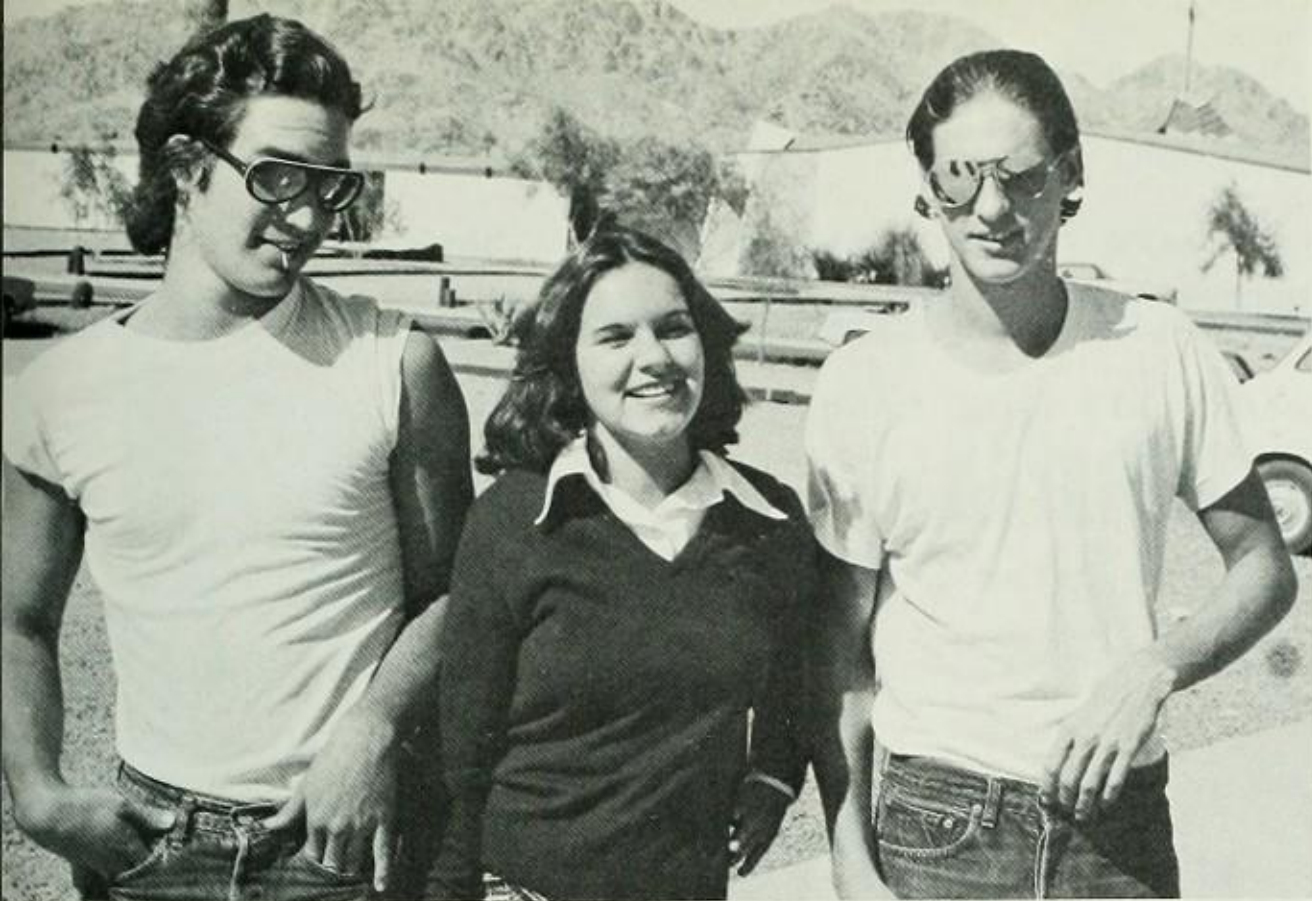
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(See Photos on Facing Page)







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ica Barahona Barbara Baxter Mike Begam Tim Bock Steve Cass
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Peter Wulsin Keith Yavitt Ken Zrike Monica Barahona Barbara Baxter Mike Begam
Tim Bock Steve Casselman John Cox Cara Ganter David Gates Herb Hamilton Chris
Holland Tuula Kaynee Susie Kerrigan Willy Korp Debbie Latish James Lincoln Ire
ne Marcarelli Mylessa Nickelson Layout Editor Jeannine Pickrell Walter Repenni
ng Steve Smith David Steiner Manuel Tancer Li Wrigley Peter Wulsin Keith Yavit
t Ken Zrike Monica Barahona Barbara Daxter Mike Begam Tim Bock Steve Casselman
John Cox Cara Ganter David Gates Herb Hamilton Chris Holland Tuula Kaynee Susi
e Kerrigan Willy Korp Debbie Latish James Lincoln You did very well.

Championship hockey

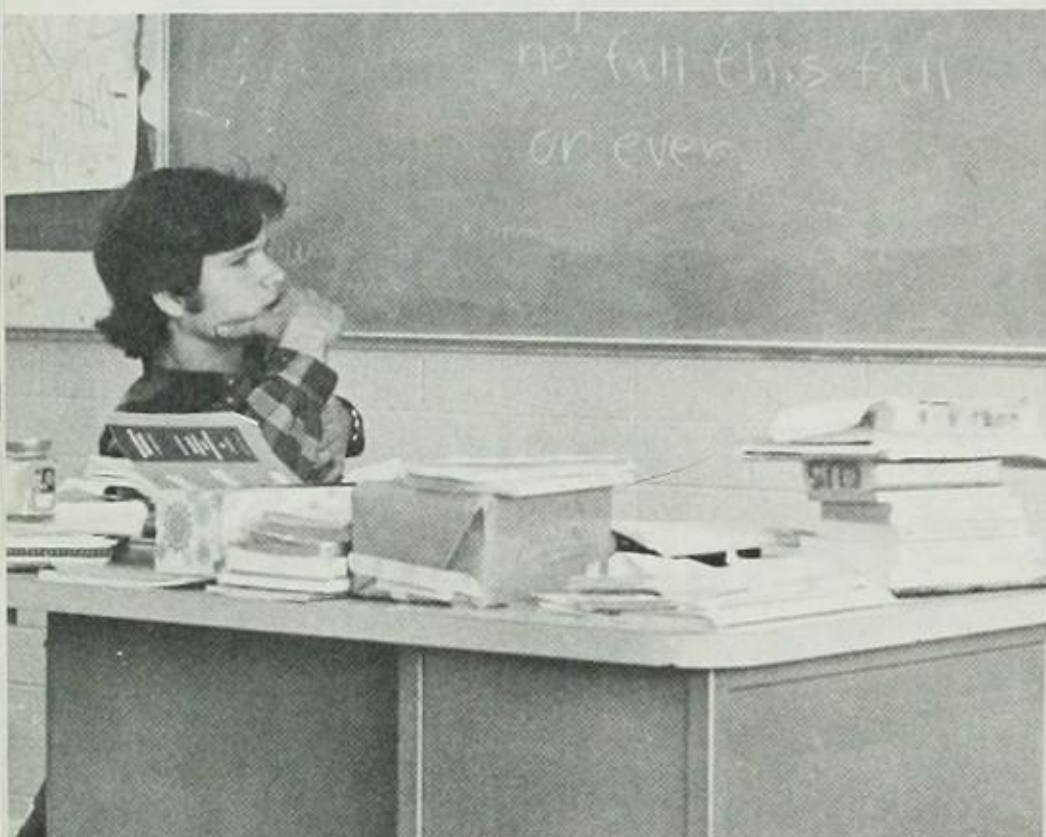
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tumultuous.**

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The Roadrunners



This year Phoenix Country Day welcomed John Levy, a former graduated student, as poet in residence. While attending P. C. D. S., he actively participated in both academic and athletic programs. In particular, he enjoyed representing Country Day as an undefeated wrestler. After his graduation in 1969, he attended Oberlin College in Ohio. It was there that he refined and extended his appreciation for the literary arts. After subsequent travel, he has returned to P. C. D. S., where he is encouraging the lower and middle school students to create their own poetry. He finds pleasure in reading, traveling, attending the theater, and obviously, writing poetry. A selection of his work follows. The creations of the students themselves appear immediately after.

About Last Night

Apology lumbers into the room
and begs for-
giveness for
not being sonata. You smile

as if there's nothing
lame. Apology forgets
each step toward you
felt clumsy. Apology admits

I feel close
to what I also regret.

Apology advances, whispering, cooing.

John Levy

Butterfly how come you land
in my hair

Amy
Kindergarten



from class collaborated poems:

I used to be a William, but now
I'm a valentine.

first grade

I wish I was a dog
so I wouldn't have to do my chores
I wish I was a tree so birds could live in me
I used to be a G.I. JOE
but now I'm a JAWS

second grade

I wish I was Snoopy so I could dance to the Music
on Charlie Brown every year
I wish I was Snoopy so I could play with Woodstock.

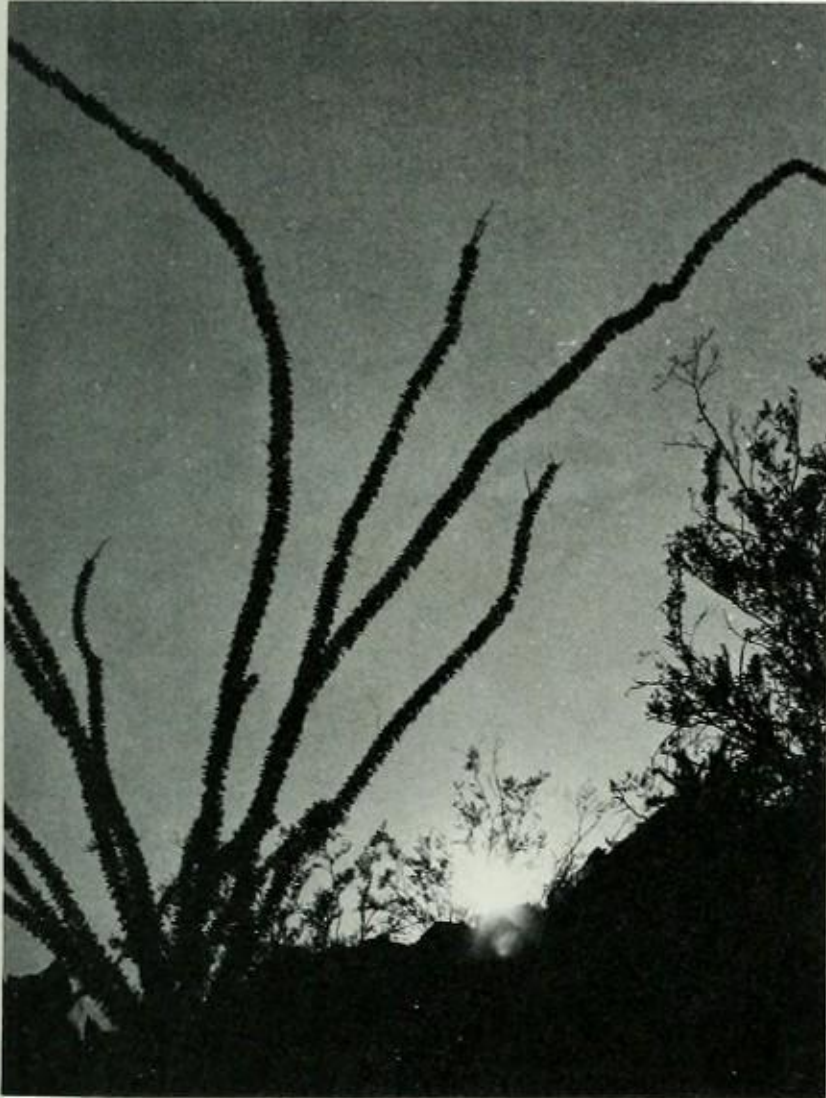
third grade

I feel like a book being read.

Sue
fifth grade

I feel like a big smile

Scott
fifth grade



I understand not
Things I used to like.
They seem to rot
Before my eyes.

Alas! I am alone,
I care not for
The seeds I have sown
In life.

I wish I still had him
My father. Alas!
My life without him
Is very sad.

I used to have
One with whom to play
Now I don't
Sadness I display.

Malcolm Clendenin
sixth grade

Stars are diamonds falling motionless in the sky.
Stars are splinters of a glass table being swept
up on a sheet of black paper.
Stars are light bulbs in a socket on the wall
turned on by the black darkness of the room.

Rob LeMarc
seventh grade

A HORSE

A horse is like a best friend.
You can depend on a horse to help you sometimes.

A horse is very affectionate if she trusts you.

She is some-one you can talk to for a long time.

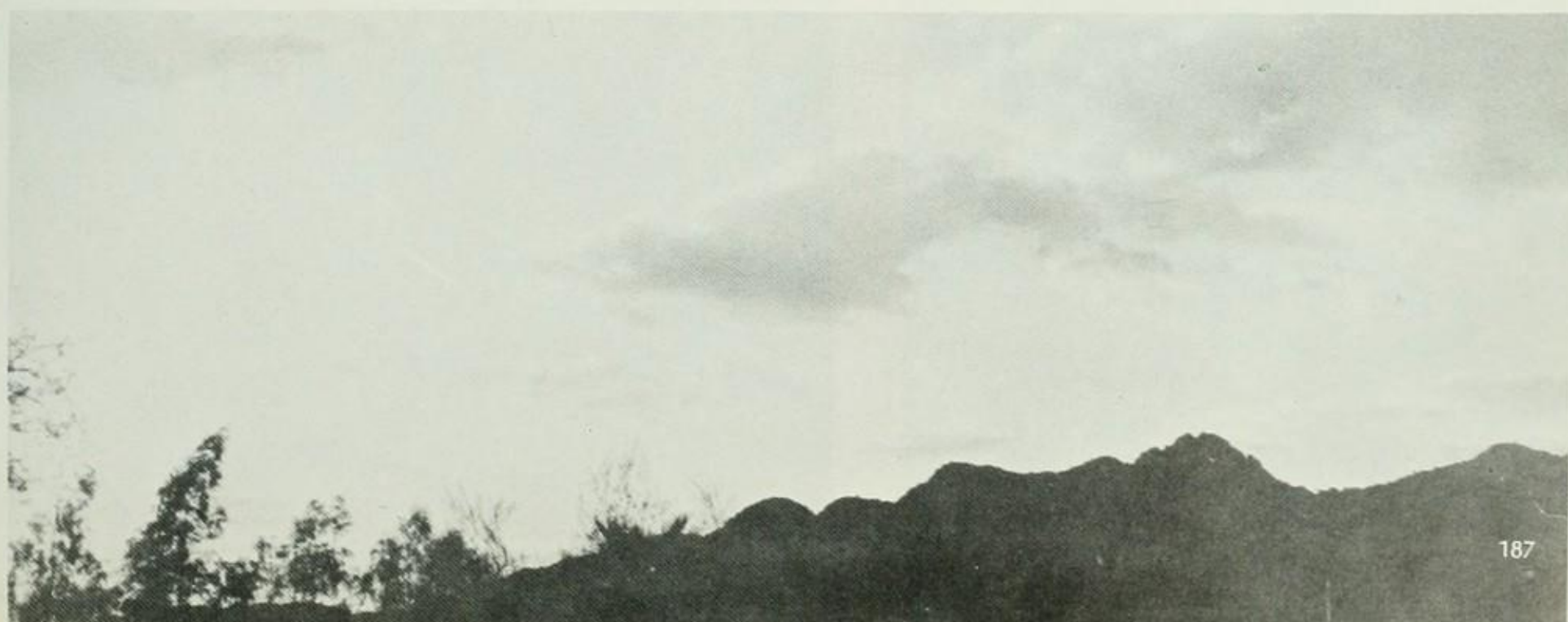
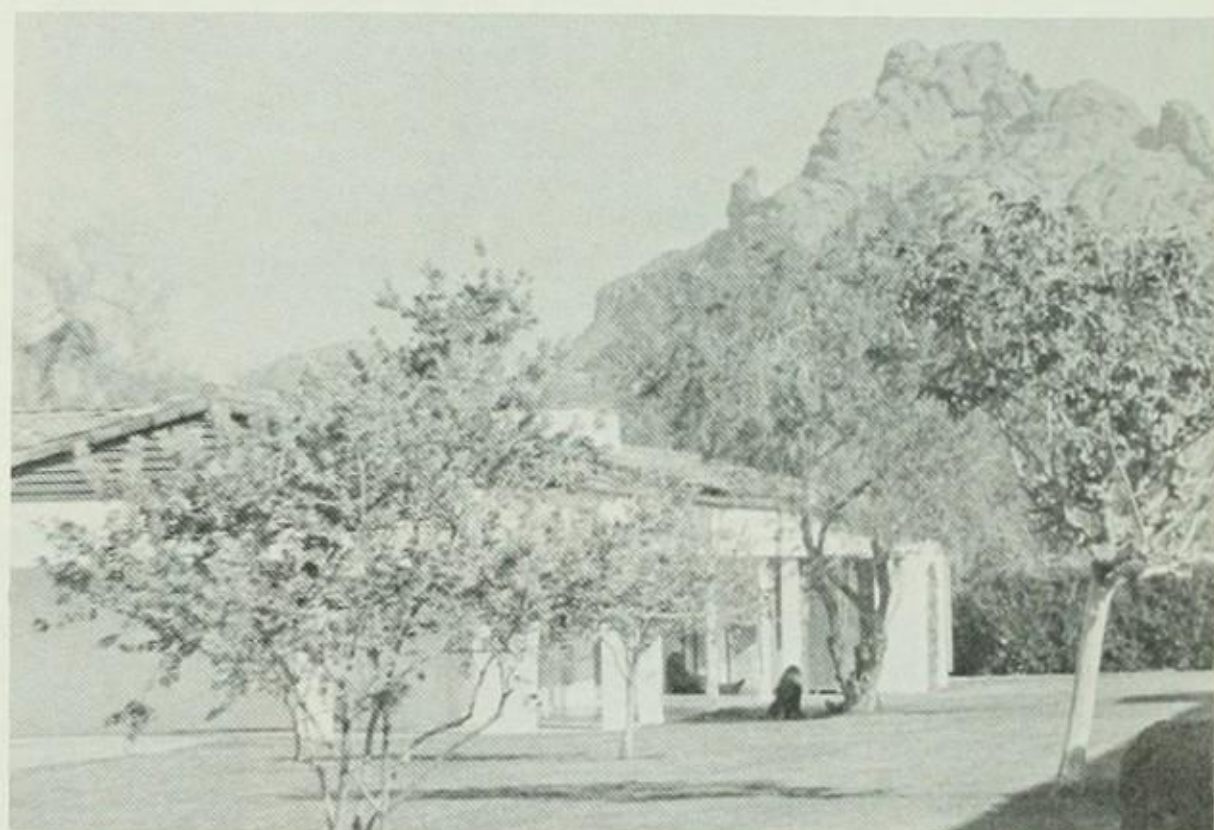
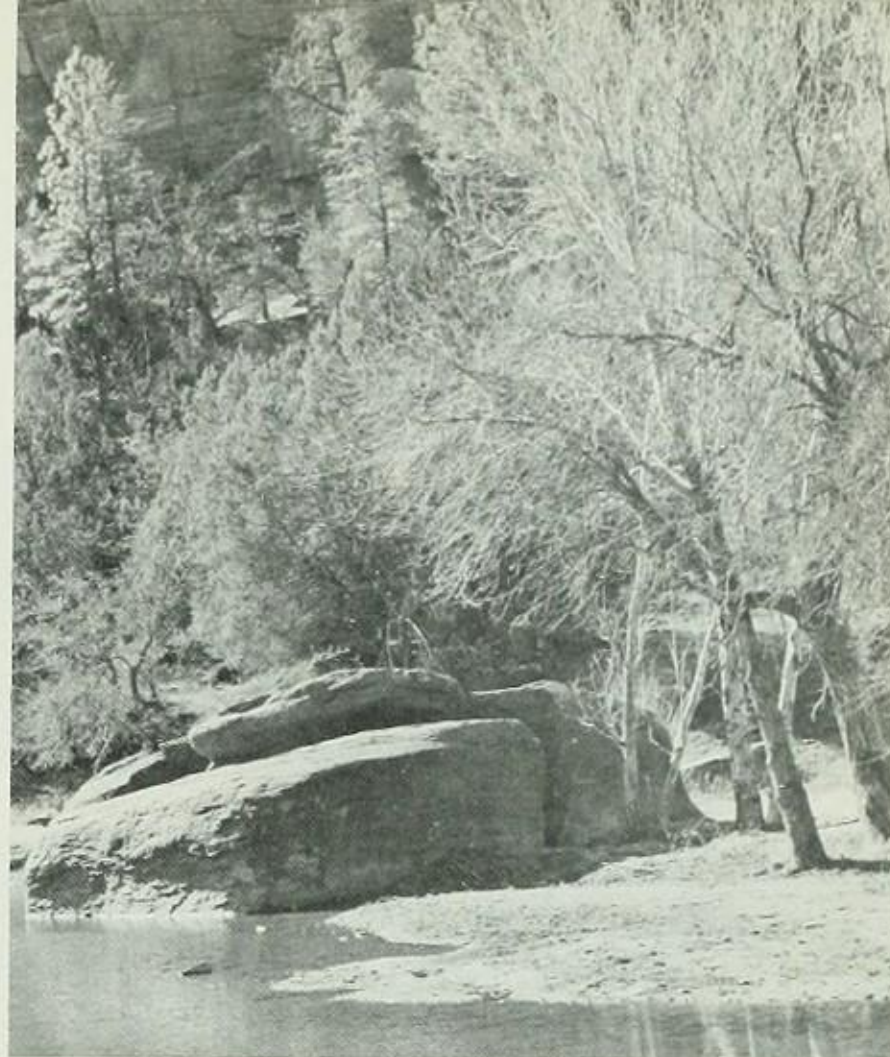
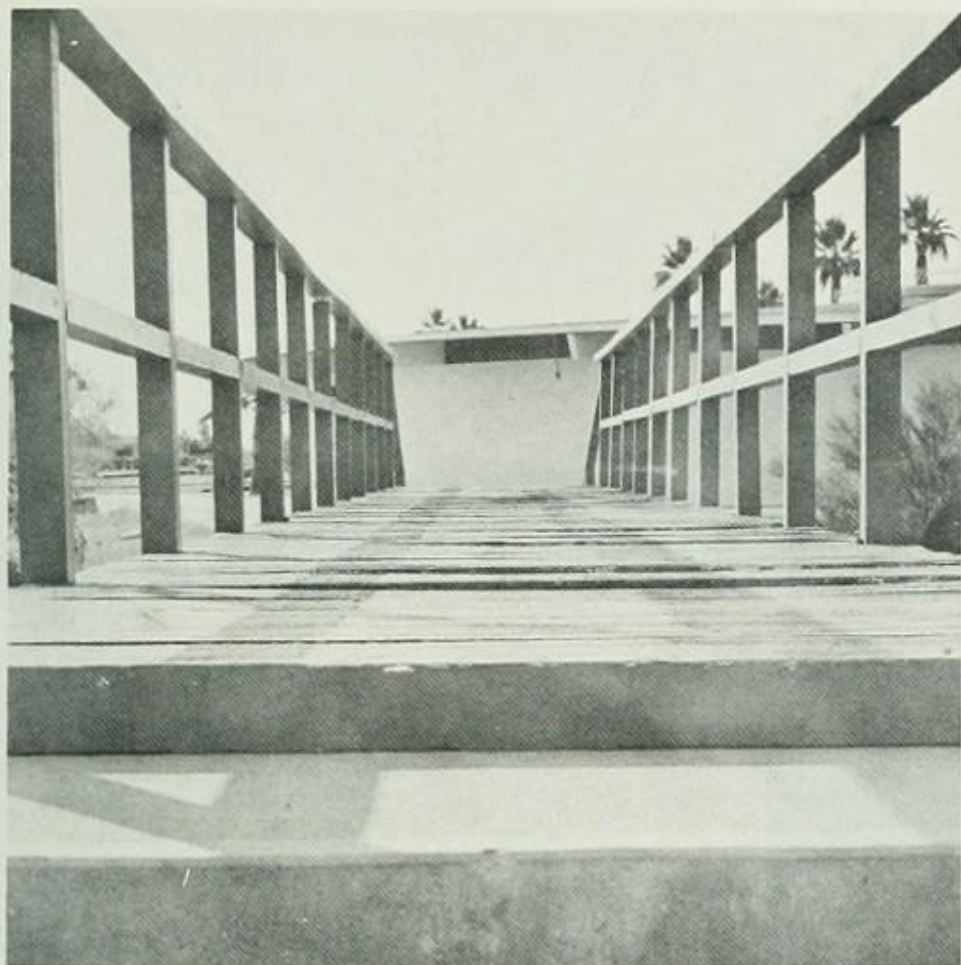
Faith Wulsin
eighth grade

From somewhere far away
a beautiful sound
floated through the air
and settled on a branch.

Kathy and Karen
eighth grade

We used to run and laugh together
climb trees and sing songs
ride horses on the mountains
and go camping on weekends.
We did everything together
but now it seems as if
we can't even talk to
each other. There seems
to be such a big dif-
ference between us now.
I try to understand her
but it's just not the
same

Renee Stewart
eighth grade





BALLOON MAN

Balloon man whistles
whistling eyes aflame
children among
where from he came
endless "amour" as if one day
He was:
in love with balloons
why?
because.

*cara

Stay awhile. All right, I will,
And try to ease the pain, but-
Not forever; only for awhile.
Only until the sun rises,
And then I must go.

Please, explain it again, how does it feel?
You are all right, you're sure?
No, don't go, wait...I...
I don't understand.

All's well that ends. Well,
Endings must always come,
And life's beginning must never end
While there are endings to be begun.
"In my end is my beginning..."
The door opens both ways.
Love leaves a small opening to see through,
And memories always remain.

So begin in your ending.
We shall continue in our beginning;
And the end of our ending--
When we finish beginning--
Will show us that ending is good
And all's well.

--with fond memories
and love.

an increasingly suspicious morning
lined with gray cold clouds
attempted to swallow me
succeeding to pull me out of bed
leaving my dreams to fade into the pillow.

the rain beat hard against my window
musky feelings rose inside
I gave in
and the day hurried me off to school
continueing to press its full weight upon me
until I was in despair and quite exhausted.

closing my eyes along with the day
slowly darkness pulled its shadow over
the light
the overpowering night
sent me off to fantansises and mysteries
unknown
boggling my mind

unable to waken
until his command
afraid, I'll face tomorrow

Susan

The delicate scent
of orange blossoms fills the
evening in springtime.

The pansies smile at
me from the garden's borders.
What a bright welcome!

Yellow butterflies
flit to and fro among the
flowers, not stopping.

Anonymous

Illusion

I fell in to a pool of blue
Upon a peacock's shining tail-
Into a world of green and gold,
With trim of lace and fairy-tale.
A crystal dandelion grew
And shattered in the first soft breeze;
The seeds fell back into the earth
Up in the sky, among the trees-
With fingers dainty as the night
She grasped the sky and held it there,
A silver Broach on velvet green,
Her olive hands fondling the air.

I woke again and saw the sky
Of shimmering, powdered egg-shell blue;
The trees of brown, the grass of green.
I wonder still which world was true.

Debra

Aspirations

The fragile moth formed of dust,
Flutters freely in the wind,
Seemingly content to stay
Near the earth in his brief life.

Yet who knows what dreams he holds-
Sparks of thought within his heart,
Flashes of hope, alive but a bit,
Only to disappear unheard.

The moth flitters quickly
In the night sky, and
With his last fleeting breath
Dreams to reach the stars.

Shadow of Beauty

Is there anything more beautiful
than
the
petals
of
a
flower
:unfolding
?
A blade
of
grass
:bending
(under
the
weight of
eons
:raining)
?
A lonesome
bird
:circling
the
sky
(desolate of
fear and pain
)
?
Or : a shadow of love on the
window sill; where many loves
have lain?

cara

AT ONCE

The thing
that is important
to me now
is not: the reality of god
 or
 angels
(i don't care as long as i can touch the sky)
and
not the theory of evolution
or
some mental patient's idea of the future
as it stands in his
 mind (which
 by the way
is still hung up on the stock market crash
of
1929
 !)

or
even the scientific explanation
(behind)
the emergence of a winged
 and
 wonderful

wander
ing
butterfly . . .
from an ugly, brown cocoon.
No: i dont care
if the wind moves southeast
at 8.10 miles per hour
and the days
depend on electrical power
(for
all i know:
there would be no daylight at all,
per
say,
if america turned off all its switches
:AT
ONCE)

I want just to have the security of knowing,
i can
blink
my , eyes ,
tickle a dande-
lion
(touch the sky)
and
out of joy
start crying.

IF EVER I DIE

if ever i die
 if ever i leave
 (here)

 Suddenly!
 and without warning . . .
 like a storm;
 laugh at my departure
 giggle
 at my
 demise.
 Don't let the edges of your
 smile
 droop
 down
 ward
 into despair,
 inch those quivering edges
 into a smile and
 don't
 let it collapse
 'cause
 (when you do)
 i think i will die
 inside
 for good.
 Until then,
 my mind is still romping
 in grass roots
 and dandelions
 and
 grasping
 at
 butter-
 flies

 . . . so let it remain
 at
 peace
 smile at my
 still
 body
 and
 know that it is happy
 with
 in.
 *

FROM A FRIEND

This page
is for

MRS. ENGLISH

so she
can have
all
the
room she needs. . .

It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbled, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs and comes short again and again; who knows the great enthusiasm, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause, who at best, knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who, at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those timid souls who know neither victory or defeat.

Theodore Roosevelt
(HH)

Congratulations

Class of 76

We hope that the end
of your high school career
and your future, prove to
be very successful

Val and Willy

Thanks, Tuula
for always
being there--
to share in the
fun- or to
just listen...

Smiles take so little
and mean so much...
Thank-you Mrs. E.--
for always knowing
what to say
and for understanding
me...

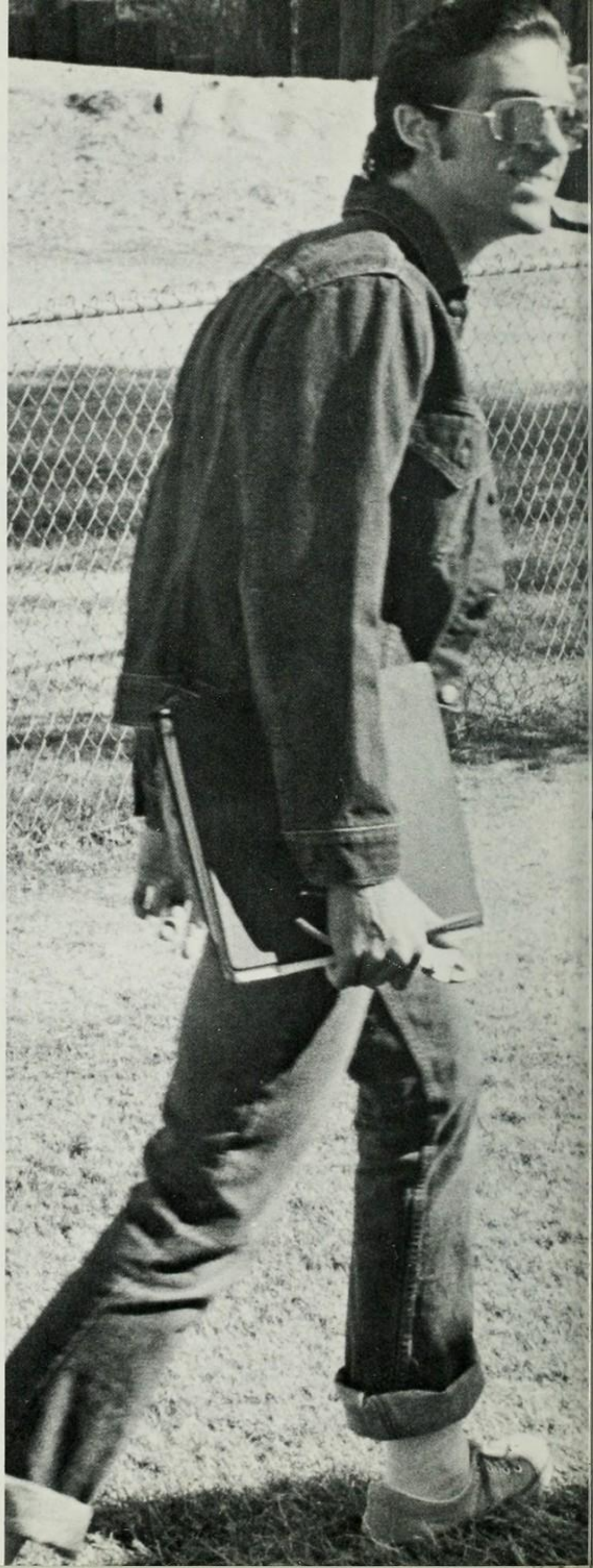
Thanks, James
for being there
when I've needed
a friend--
and for just being
you...

Thank-you Mr. Roof
for your inspiration
and encouragement--
and for believing
in me...

Thanks, Manuel
for caring enough
to always be there
with a smile
and some cheerful
pessimism.

Thanks, Steve
for never being
too busy
to listen...

Thanks, Peter
for all your help
and for your
perpetual, crazy
happiness.





Time goes by
As you sit still

The moments we have spent
Though brief in time
Are eternal memories

Reflections of thoughts
Like a mirror
You have inspired many
And I'm one of them
A friend in time

CHAO

Take it easy.



A simple thought
Is never done

Since I have a mother
whose many interests
keep her excited and occupied.

Since I have a mother
who interacts with so many people
that she has a real feeling for the world.

Since I have a mother
who has always been strong
through any period of suffering.

Since I have a mother
who is a complete person,
I have always had a model
to look up to.
And that has made it easier
for me to develop into
an independent woman.

-Susan Polis Schutz

You know how I feel
you listen to how I think
you understand...

you're
my
friend.

-Susan Polis Schutz

Thanks Mom
for so much...
I love you.

-Li

Never let the waters slow down
their pace
I'll ride with the tide until
I find my place,
For those who have helped me
along the way
Thanks for smiling, sharing,
guiding, laughing, caring, and
being you.
Special Thanks to:
Chris, Debbie, Tuula, Valerie,
Willy, Mark, Monica, Mr. Schweikher,
Mrs. English, Mrs. Sonderman,
and Mr. Roof.

-Susie



"At least humans don't stand in the corner and shed their feathers..." c.n.

"...but that's feudalism!...
That's why it's under FEUDALISM..." l.r.

"something's wet" "Well i
should hope so..." c.g.

"i'm in love again..." s.d., b.m., m.n., etc.

"Oh, mylessa, i forgot..." b.m.

"CHRISTOLOGY" "nymphos, bimbos, nimbos..." c.e.

my lovable teddy bear
always...mark

"Hey, you wanna
injure my olives?"
c.g.

"BEAR"



"Even after the departure of the
class of '76, there will be plenty
of nuts on campus."

Along the many roads I have traveled,
looking for something hard to grasp,
something I can hold forever,
this is what I have found in you.

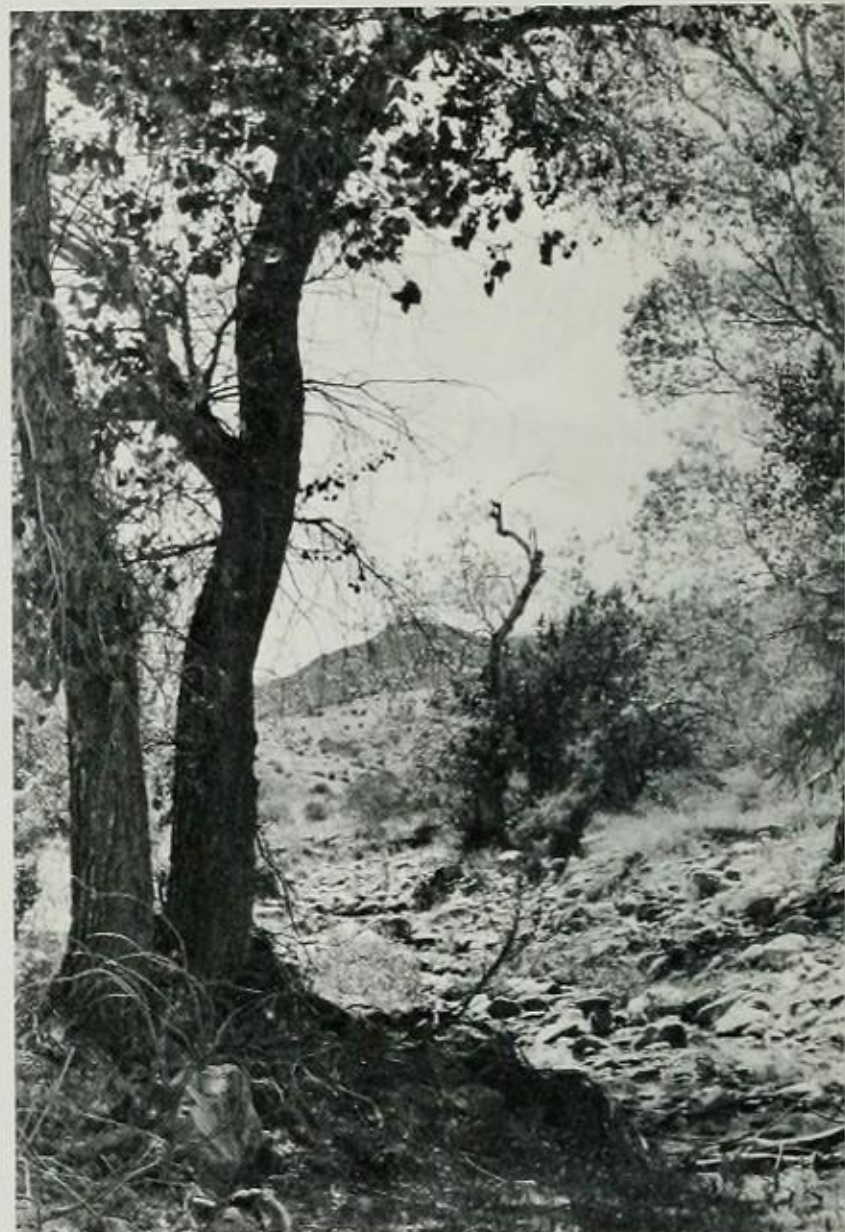
Not in between the trees.
or underneath the rocks.
but in you, and I always
keep it near inside of me.

Thanks for all the love and care
you have given me, for all the
memories I will hold, and for
all the things that we have done
together.

To John with all my love!

Thanks to all my friends and teachers
who have made this year very special
to me.

Monica



GOOD-BYE FOREVER

TO THE PIT

Many thanks to: Mr. Schwelker, Mr. Roof and Mrs. Sykes

Jeannine

